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Sing Unto the Lord

A Collection of Sacred Songs

FOR

SUNDAY-SCHOOLS, YOUNG PEOPLE'S
SOCIETIES, EVANGELISTIC SERVICES

AND ALL OCCASIONS OF

CHURCH WORK AND WORSHIP

EDITED BY

CHAS. H. GABRIEL

and

W. E. M. HACKLEMAN

STYLES AND PRICES

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"Sing Unto the Lord

a new song"---The love of God for a world of sin, and the congruous praise of Christ everywhere, in every place, and at all times, is the leading theme of this collection of songs and hymns.

Recognizing the power and usefulness of special gospel solos, a goodly number have been provided---the singing of which by the whole congregation will be as helpful, perhaps, as when sung by a single voice.

"Battle cries," for those who "fight a good fight," have also been incorporated, together with hymns and songs to meet every phase of Christian work and worship.

A goodly number of new pieces will be found herein; these, accompanied as they are by many of the prime favorites of our day, make, we believe, a collection of gospel music excelled by none.

THE EDITORS AND PUBLISHERS.

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Sing Unto the Lord.

No. 1.

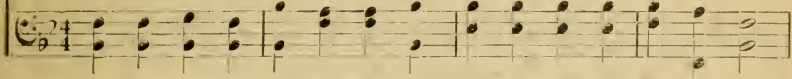
Love Divine.

CHARLES WESLEY.

JOHN ZUNDEL.



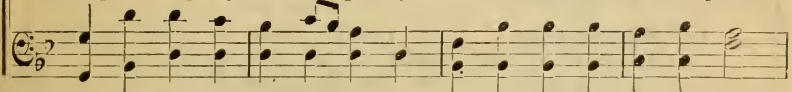
1. Love di - vine, all love ex - cell - ing, Joy of heav'n, to earth come down!
2. Breathe, O breathe Thy lov - ing Spir - it In - to ev - 'ry troubled breast!
3. Come, al - might - y to de - liv - er, Let us all Thy grace re - ceive!
4. Fin - ish then Thy new cre - a - tion, Pure and spot - less may we be;



Fix in us Thy hum - ble dwell - ing, All Thy faith - ful mer - cies crown;
Let us all in Thee in - her - it, Let us find the prom - ised rest;
Sud - den - ly re - turn and nev - er, Nev - er more thy tem - ples leave;
Let us see our whole sal - va - tion, Per - fect - ly se - cured by Thee!



Je - sus, Thou art all com - pas - sion, Pure, un - boun - ded love Thou art;
Take a - way the love of sin - ning; Al - pha and O - me - ga be;
Thee we would be al - ways bless - ing, Serve Thee as Thy hosts a - bove,
Changed from glo - ry in - to glo - ry, Till in heaven we take our place;



Vis - it us with Thy sal - va - tion, En - ter ev - 'ry trem - bling heart.
End of faith, as its be - gin - ning, Set our hearts at lib - er - ry.
Pray, and praise Thee with - out ceas - ing, Glo - ry in Thy per - fect love.
Till we cast our crowns be - fore Thee, Lost in won - der, love and praise.



No. 2.

The Call to Arms.

CHARLOTTE G. HOMER.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. The trum-pet of bat-tle issounding! O sol-dier, e-quip for the fight!
 2. North, east, south and west new oppres-sions Of sin are re-veal'd ev-'ry day;
 3. The le-gions of Sa-tan ad-vanc-ing With boldness our val-or de-fy;
 4. A - rise, in the name of Je-ho-vah, And go to the front at His word!

The slo-gan of love is re-sound-ing, A-rouse ye for God and the right!
 Then Christian, why yet will you slum-ber? To arms! and to du - ty a - way!
 Entrenchments they dai-ly are build-ing! Oh, why will we stand i - dly by!
 Be loy - al and true and cour-age-ous To die, if you must, for the Lord.

CHORUS.

Slum - ber no long - er, O sol - dier Go forth at our
 Sol - dier, a - wake!

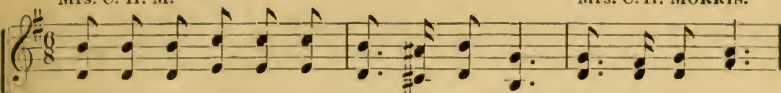
Lead - er's com - mand; There's a fight to be fought And a
 go forth;

work to be wrought, And the king - dom of God is at hand.

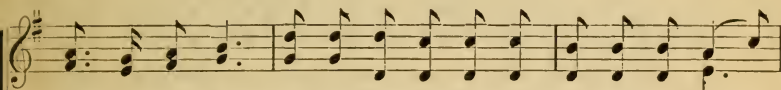
No. 3. Take Me, Dear Lord.

Mrs. C. H. M.

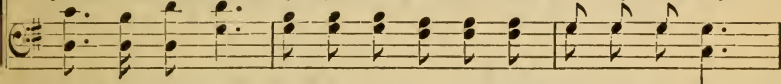
Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.



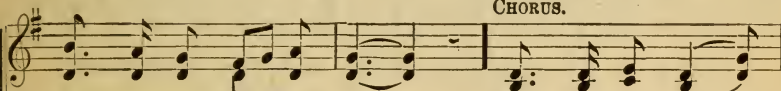
1. Un - to the foot-stool of mer - cy I come, Take me, dear Lord,
2. On - ly Thy blood can for sin - ners a - tone, Take me, dear Lord,
3. Noth - ing but self can I of - fer to Thee, Take me, dear Lord,
4. All my self-cleans - ing is ut - ter - ly vain, Take me, dear Lord,
5. Faith claims the prom - ise of mer - cy to - day; Take me, dear Lord,



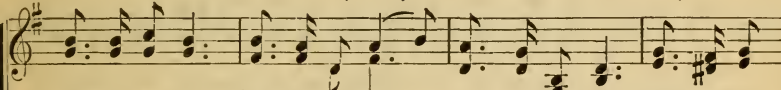
just as I am; Wea - ry and sin - sick no lon - ger to roam,
just as I am; Par - don and cleanse me, and seal me Thine own,
just as I am; Make of me what Thou wouldst have me to be,
just as I am; Pen - i - tent tears can - not wash the dark stain,
just as I am; Emp - ty Thou'lt nev - er turn a - ny a - way,



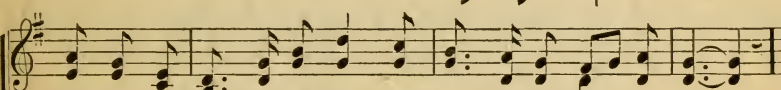
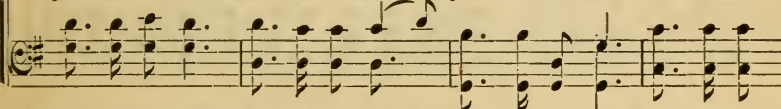
CHORUS.



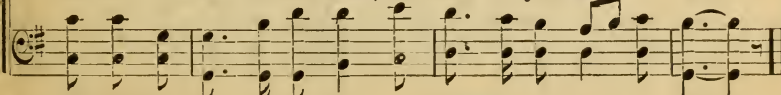
Take me just as I am. . . . Take me, dear Lord,



just as I am, Just as I am, just as I am; Save me thro'



mer - its of Je - sus' dear name, And take me just as I am.



No. 4.

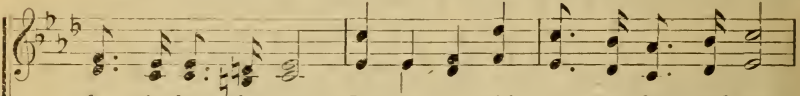
Loyal to Jesus.

C. H. G.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



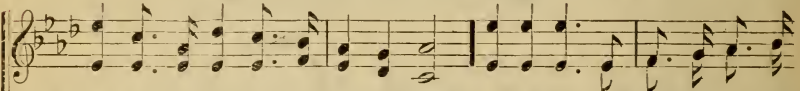
1. In this world there is so much to do,— Work for me, and
 2. In - to homes all dark with want and woe, Where the tares of
 3. In the strength He gives us from a - bove, Ev - 'ry - where we



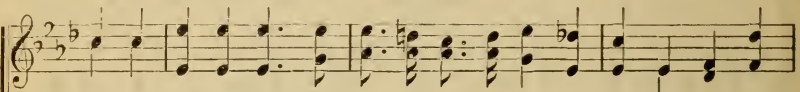
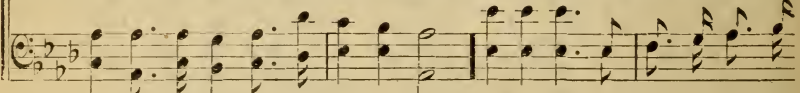
du - ties large for you; Let us go with pur - pose firm and true,
 sin and sor - row grow, Speak - ing kind - ly words of love we go,
 tell. His won - drous love, To the world, by dai - ly liv - ing, prove



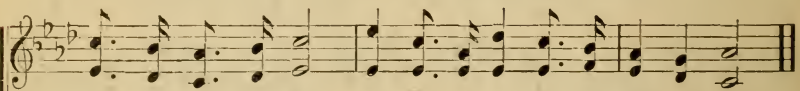
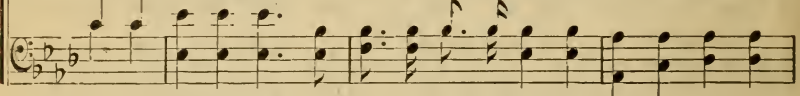
CHORUS.



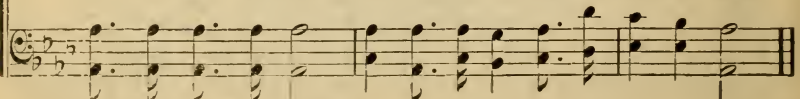
Loy - al to Je - sus, the Christ, our King! In His name, with ear - nest con - se -



ra - tion, Go we forth to her - ald His sal - va - tion! To the cross of



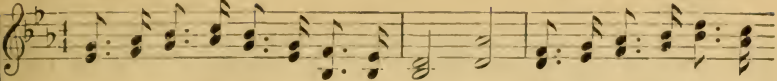
Cal - va - ry we cling, Loy - al to Je - sus, the Christ, our King!

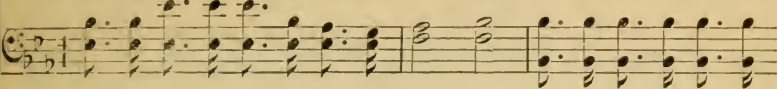


No. 5. Take Time to Talk With Jesus.

LIZZIE DEARMOND.

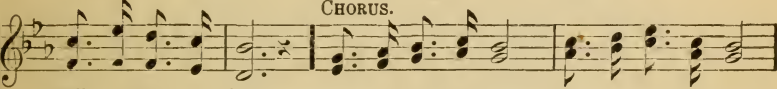
WM. EDIE MARKS.

- 
1. Take a lit - tle time to talk with Je - sus; Tell Him how your faith and
 2. Kneel-ing at His feet to seek for par - don, Touch with loving hands His
 3. Take a lit - tle time to talk with Je - sus, Wait be-fore the Lord His

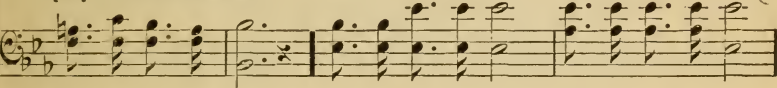


hope are tried; How in tri-al's hour your friends for-sock you; How your soul is gar-ments' hem; In the arms of grace you'll find a ref - uge, Tho' your ma - ny voice to hear; Ho - ly is the day whose dawn shall find you On the mount of

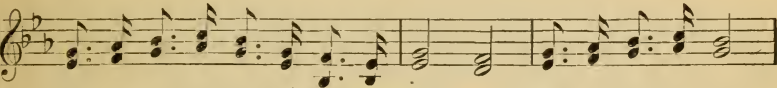
CHORUS.



still un-sat - is - fied.
sins He may con-demn. Take a lit - tle time, take a lit - tle time,
pray'r with Christ so dear.



Take a lit - tle time to talk with Je - sus; Ere the weight of care



Greets you un - a - ware, Take a lit - tle time to talk with Je - sus.



No. 6.

O Ye of Little Faith!

C. H. G.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL

1. O ye of lit - tle faith, why will ye doubt? Why will ye not the
 2. Who is He yon - der in Geth - sem - a - ne, His hair all wet with
 3. He's stand - ing at your side this ver - y hour, Hark! for He soft - ly

truth re - ceive? Thy Lord stands wait - ing just out - side the door And
 mid - night dew, Who prays a - lone in ag - o - ny of blood For
 speaks to thee; Turn not a - way! per - haps when next you hear His

CHORUS.

calls; how can you still His Spir - it grieve?
 you, for you, O care - less one, for you? If you could see Him
 voice, it will be in e - ter - ni - ty.

on the cross to - night, Could hear His dy - ing prayer— "For - give them,

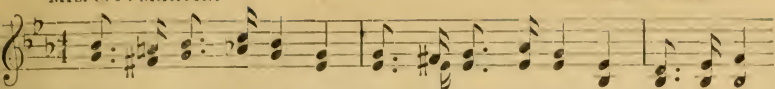
for they know not what they do," O then would you be - lieve Him, hanging there?

No. 7.

Praise Him.

Mrs. C. D. MARTIN.

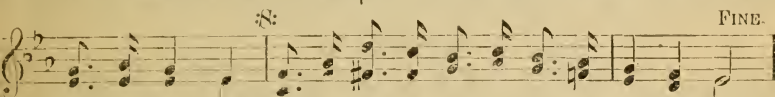
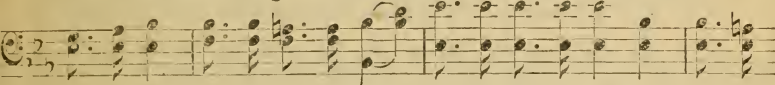
W. STILLMAN MARTIN.



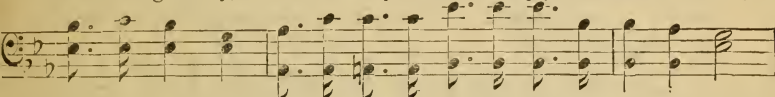
1. When the day is drear-y, And the heart is wea-ry, Learn to sing
2. When the foe en-gag-ing, And the bat-tle's rag-ing, Don't for-get
3. Songs of praise un-end-ing From our hearts as-cend-ing, Will be seed



to your King, Hap-py songs of praise; As He lives a-bove you, Je-sus there is yet One who loves His own; In His care con-fid-ing, In His sown in-deed For our gracious King: Think of love's sweet sto-ry, And His

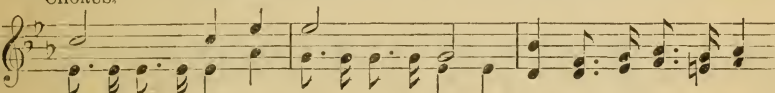


still doth love you, And His mer-cy yet is crown-ing all your days. mer-its hid-ing, Prais-es give for what His love for you hath done. won-drous glo-ry, Then un-to your Sav-ior joy-ful serv-ice bring.

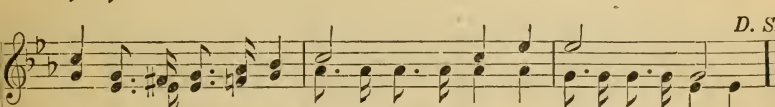
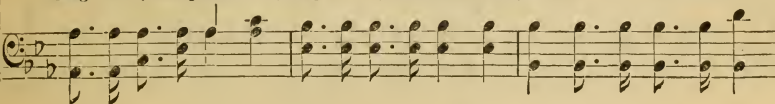


D. S.—Laud and mag-ni-fy our bless-ed Lord and King.

CHORUS.



Praise Him, O praise Him, And, be it un-der-stood,
Mag-ni-fy and praise Him, mag-a-l-fy and praise Him,



All things shall work for good, Praise Him, O praise Him;
Mag-ni-fy and praise Him, mag-ni-fy and praise Him;



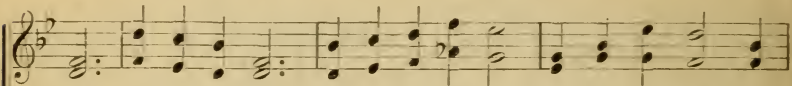
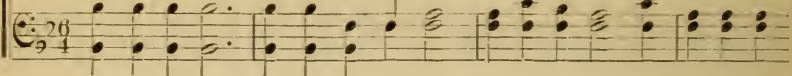
No. 8. You Ought to Know Him.

H. O. DEVAH.

WM. EDIE MARKS.



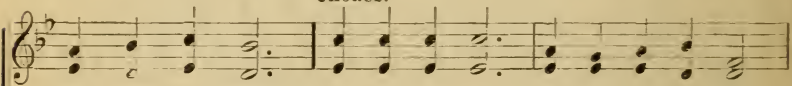
1. I have a friend—you ought to know Him, He is a Sav - ior, ten - der and
2. I have a friend—you ought to know Him, He is a faith - ful Shep - herd and
3. I have a friend—you ought to know Him; Will you not let Him en - ter your



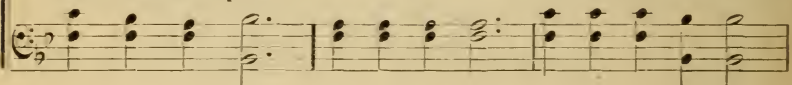
true. Je - sus, my King — how I a - dore Him, And He should be as
Guide; Sor - row He shares, bur - dens He light - ens, Ev - 'ry good thing by
heart? Peace He will give you without measure, Bless - ing un - told, that



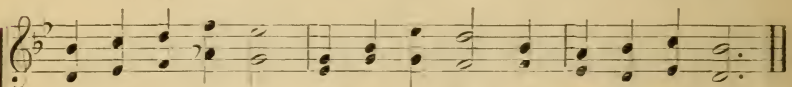
CHORUS.



pre - cious to you.
Him is sup - plied. I have a Friend—you ought to know Him;
will not de - part.



Will you not come and meet Him to - day? Wait - ing He stands,



ten - der - ly plead - ing:— "I am the Life, the Truth and the Way."

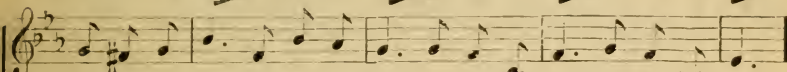
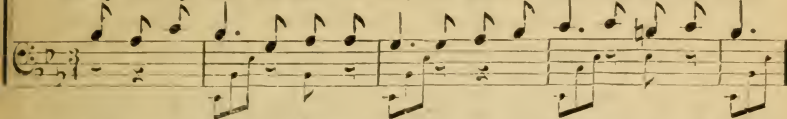


REV. W. P. TOWNSEND.

GEO. S. SCHULER.



1. O Christ, on Thee my sins were laid, Thou hast for me the ran-som paid;
 2. My soul, with shackles once bound fast, Cause to re-joice hath found at last:
 3. My ma-ny sins are wash'd a-way, In Thee I stand com-plete to-day;



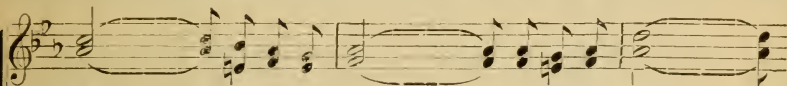
Thy cross a-lone has made me free, I now have par-don, Lord, thro' Thee.
 And for the love Thou'gav-est me, I'll praise Thee thro' e-ter-ni-ty.
 O bless-ed Sav-ior, Ho-ly One, 'Twas by Thy cross the work was done.



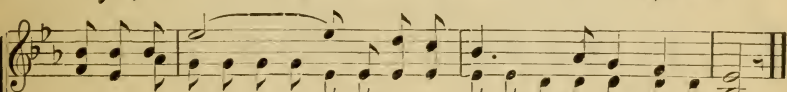
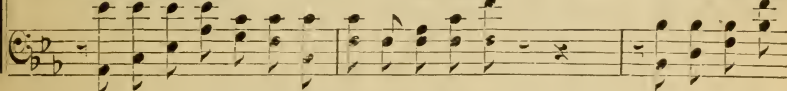
CHORUS.



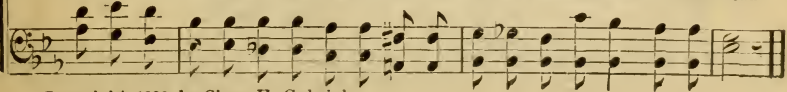
For all the world His love is free, As well for
 For all the world His love is free.



thee, as well for me; Up-on His prom-
 As well for thee. as well for me; Up-on His prom



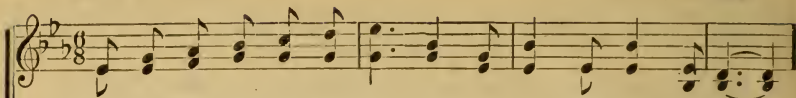
ise all may lean, From ev-'ry sin may be made clean.
 ise And thro' His grace from ev-'ry sin may be made clean. be made clean.



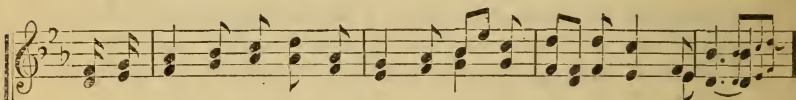
No. 10. Don't Let Your Sickle Get Rusty.

Mrs. H. E. JONES.

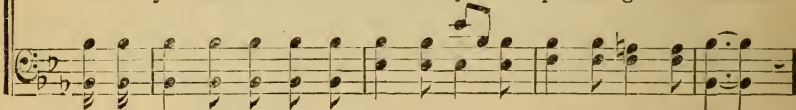
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



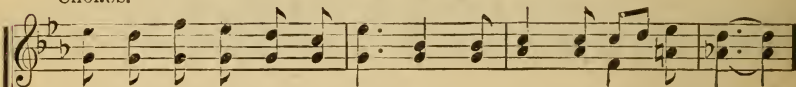
1. Don't let your sick - le get rust - y, The Lord hath need of thee!
2. Don't let your sick - le get rust - y, The time to reap is *now*!
3. How can you dare to stand i - dle When all the fields are white!
4. Don't let your sick - le get rust - y, For 'mid the tares and leaves



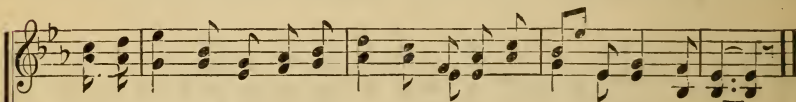
It is har - vest time in each land and clime, And dare we i - dle be?
Just be - yond the blue, lo! the Cap - tain true Has crowns for ev - 'ry brow.
Lend a help - ing hand! 'tis the Lord's command To la - bor in His might.
There may hid - den lie from the care - less eye Some precious gold - en sheaves.



CHORUS.



Don't let your sick - le get rust - y, There's work that we must do!



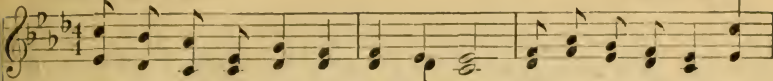
There is grain to reap, there are vows to keep, Let us loy - al be, and true.




No. 11. Walking With My Savior.

THORO HARRIS.

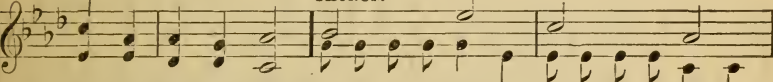
JAMES ROWE.

- 
1. Walk-ing with my Sav - ior here be - low, Thro' the midst of dan - ger,
 2. Walk-ing with my Sav - ior! O how blest! Walk-ing with my King is
 3. Walk-ing with my Sav - ior all the way, Till I reach the shin - ing
 4. Walk-ing with my Sav - ior day and night, He will guide my fal - t'ring

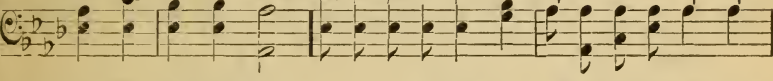


toil and woe; Hand in hand I jour - ney by His side, Trust - ing in my
 per - fect rest; O what sweet com - pan - ion - ship is mine! O what bless - ed
 gates of day; Then with Him thro' all e - ter - ni - ty, "Where - so - e'er He
 steps a - right; Till I reach the star - ry heights sublime, Walk - ing with my

CHORUS.



faith - ful Friend and Guide. On - - - ward, home - - - ward,
 fel - low - ship di - vine!
 go - eth" I will be.
 Sav - ior all the time. Walk - ing with my Sav - ior, In His light and fa - vor,



Hand in hand we jour - ney In the up - ward way; Je - sus walks be - side me,



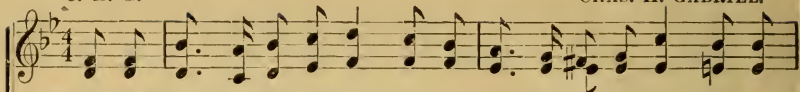
He will cheer and guide me Till I reach the land of per - fect day.



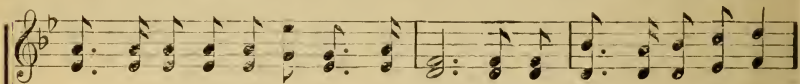
No. 12. Keep Your Heart Singing.

C. H. G.

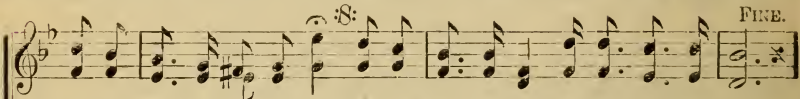
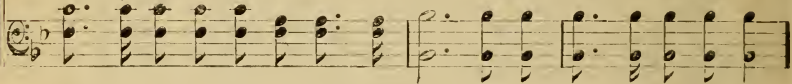
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. We may light - en toil and care, Or a heav - y bur - den share, With a
2. If His love is in the soul, And we yield to His con - trol, Sweet-est
3. How a word of love will cheer, Kin - dle hope, and ban - ish fear, Soothe a



word, a kind-ly deed, or sun - ny smile; We may gird - le day and night
mus - ic will the lone-ly hours be-guile; We may drive the clouds a - way,
pain, or take a - way the sting of guile; Oh, how much we all may do,

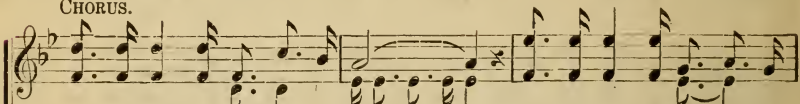


FINE.

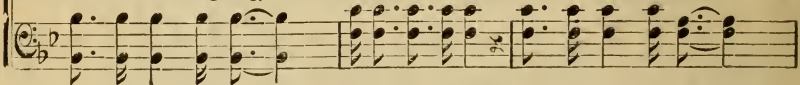
With a ha - lo of de-light, If we keep our hearts sing-ing all the while.
Cheer and bless the dark-est day, If we keep our hearts sing-ing all the while.
In the world we trav-el through, If we keep our hearts sing-ing all the while.



CHORUS.

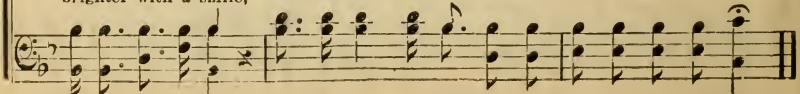


Keep your heart singing all the while, Make the world brighter with a
sing - ing, singing all the while; bright - er,



D.S.

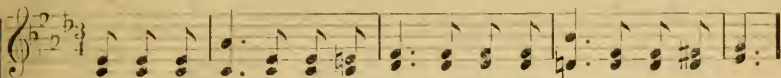
smile, Keep the song ring-ing! lone-ly hours we may be-guile,
brighter with a smile;



No. 13. Thy Faith Hath Saved Thee.

JULIA H. JOHNSTON.

J. E. DELMARTER.



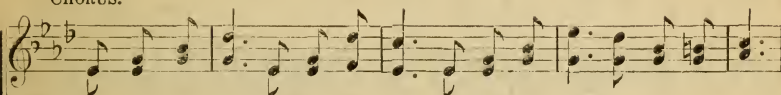
1. Thy faith hath saved thee, go in peace, From sin and fear thou hast re - lease;
2. Thy faith hath saved thee, trust a-lone; No oth - er way the Lord will own;
3. Is He not true and faithful still? He bids thee come, say now "I will!"
4. The peace of Christ shall rule with-in The heart that leaves the paths of sin,



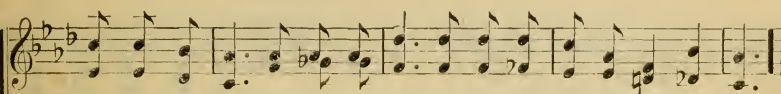
The Son of God bends low to say: "Thy sins are pardoned, go thy way."
In con - fi - dence, come near and claim Sal - va - tion full, in Je - sus' name.
His par - don free shalt thou receive When thou shalt cry, "Lord, I believe!"
And, trust - ing still, from day to day, In pa - tience treads the up - ward way.



CHORUS.



Thy faith hath saved thee, go in peace, At Je - sus' word let doubt - ing cease;



Wher - e'er He bids thee, go thy way In grate - ful serv - ice, day by day.



No. 14. I Want to Get Closer to Jesus.

JESSIE BROWN POUNDS.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. I want to get clos - er to Je - - sus, — My vi - sion so
 2. I want to get clos - er to Je - - sus, For oft - en I
 3. I want to get clos - er to Je - - sus, Still clos - er and

oft - en is dim; To look on His face and be filled with His grace,
 fol - low a - far; His voice I would hear sounding close to my ear
 clos - er each day; Till clasp - ing His hand I shall en - ter the land

CHORUS.

I want to get clos - er to Him. Clos - er to Je - sus, clos - er to
 To tell what His prom - is - es are. Clos - er to Je - sus, clos - er to
 Where I shall be near Him for aye. Clos - er to Je - sus, clos - er to

Je - sus, Clos - er to Him I would be; To look on His
 Je - sus, Clos - er to Him I would be; His voice I would
 Je - sus, Clos - er to Him I would be; Till clasp - ing His

face and be filled with His grace, I want to be clos - er to Him.
 hear sounding close to my ear, To tell what His prom - is - es are.
 hand I shall en - ter the land, Where I shall be near Him for aye.

No. 15.

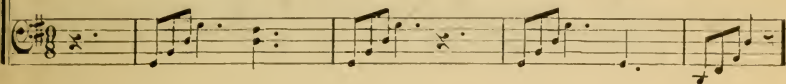
Missing.

JULIA H. THAYER.

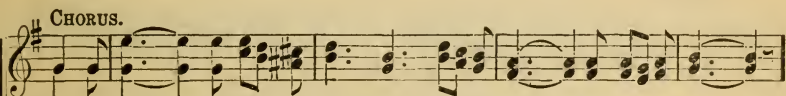
THORO HARRIS.



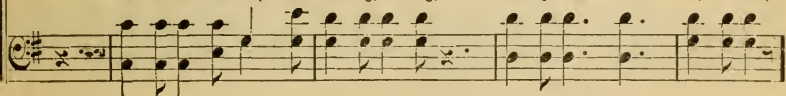
1. Late at night I saw the Shep-herd Toil-ing slow a-long the hill,
2. On His face I saw the an-guish, In His locks the dews of night,
3. Just one ten-der lamb was miss-ing When He called them all by name;
4. Far a-way the tru-ant sleep-ing By the chasm of de-spair,
5. But at last the Shep-herd found it—Found it ere in sleep it died—
6. Then I saw the east-ern spac-es Part be-fore a shin-ing throng,



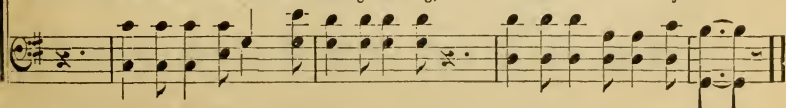
Tho' the flocks be-low were gath-ered In the fold so warm and still.
 As He search'd the mist-y val-leys, As He climbed the frost-y height.
 While the oth-ers heard and fol-lowed This one on-ly nev-er came.
 Lay un-con-sci-ous of its dan-ger, Shiv-ring in the mountain air.
 Took it in His lov-ing bo-som, And His soul was sat-is-fied.
 And the gold-en dome of morn-ing Ech-oed with re-demp-tion's song.



Hear the ten-der Shep-herd call-ing, Wea-ry wan-der-er, to thee,
 Hear the ten-der Shep-herd call-ing, call-ing, Wea-ry wan-der-er, to thee,



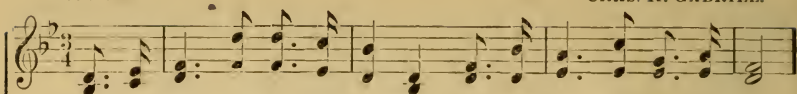
From the wilds . . of sin and dan-ger To His arms . . for safety flee.
 From the wilds of sin and dan-ger call-ing, To His arms for safe-ty flee.



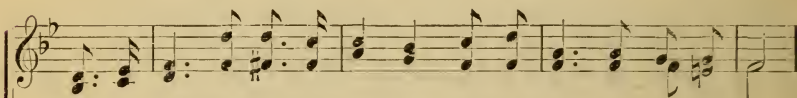
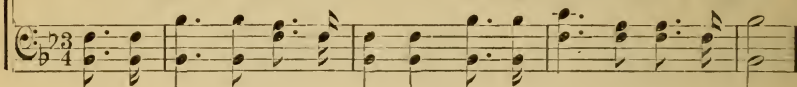
No. 16. I Shall Go to Be With Jesus.

C. H. G.

CHAS. II. GABRIEL.



1. When this bus - y life is end - ed, And my work on earth is done;
2. When the sun goes down for - ev - er, And the moon her way for - sakes,
3. Loved ones who have grown a - wea - ry, And have left me by the way,
4. O Thou ev - er - last - ing Fa - ther, Love me, guide me, keep me still,



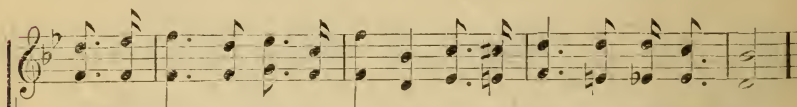
When I lay a - side my bur - den, At the set - ting of the sun:
With the dawn of judg - ment morn - ing, When my soul from sleep a - wakes:
I shall meet a - gain, and with them, At the break - ing of the day:
That when Thou shalt have com - plete - ly Wrought in me Thy per - fect will:



CHORUS.



I shall go to be with Je - sus, I shall see His bless - ed face;



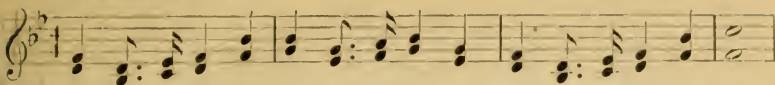
I shall sing His praise in glo - ry, Saved by His re - deem - ing grace.



No. 17. I Am Resolved no Longer to Linger.

PALMER HARTSOUGH.

J. H. FILLMORE.



1. I am re-solved no long-er to lin-ger, Charm'd by the world's de-light;
2. I am re-solved to go to the Sav-ior, Leav-ing my sin and strife;
3. I am re-solved to fol-low the Sav-ior, Faith-ful and true each day,
4. I am re-solved to en-ter the kingdom, Leav-ing the paths of sin;
5. I am re-solved and who will go with me? Come, friends, with-out de-lay,



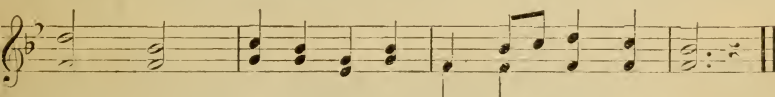
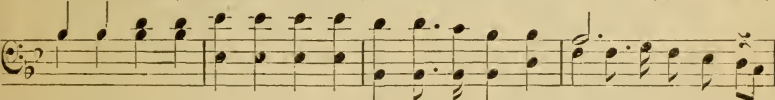
Things that are high-er, things that are no-bler, There have allured my sight.
He is the true one, He is the just one, He hath the words of life.
Heed what He say-eth, do what He will-eth, He is the liv-ing way.
Friends may op-pose me, foes may be-set me, Still will I en-ter in.
Taught by the Bi-ble, led by the Spir-it, We'll walk the heav'nly way.



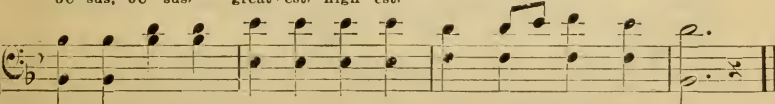
CHORUS.



I will hast-en to Him, Hast-en so glad and free,
I will hast-en, hast-en to Him, Hasten, glad and free;



Je - sus, great-est, high - est, I will come to Thee.
Je - sus, Je - sus. great - est. high - est.

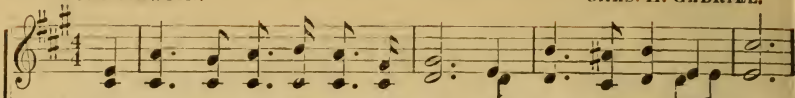


No. 18.

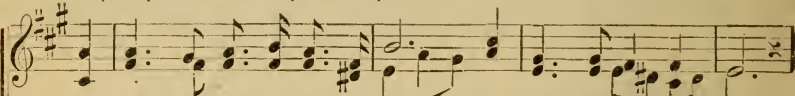
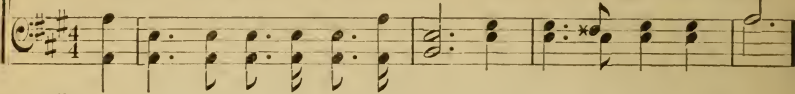
Amazing Grace.

JOHN NEWTON.

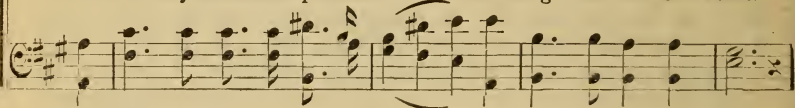
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. A - maz - ing grace! how sweet the sound, That saved a wretch like me!
2. 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear, And grace my fears re - lieved;
3. Thro' ma - ny dan - gers, toil, and snares, I have al - read - y come;
3. The Lord has prom-ised good to me, His word my hope se - cures;



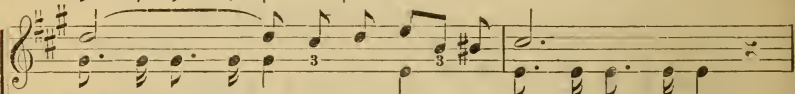
I once was lost, but now am found, Was blind, but now I see.
 How pre - cious did that grace ap - pear The hour I first be - lieved.
 'Tis grace hath brought me safe thus far, And grace will lead me home.
 He will my shield and por - tion be As long as life en - dures.



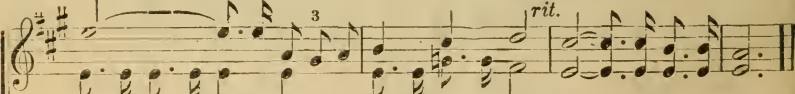
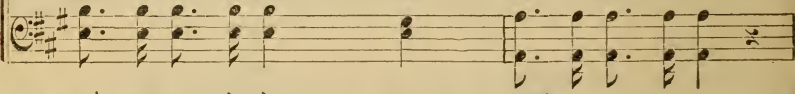
CHORUS.



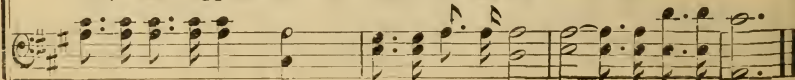
Grace so free and bound - less,
 Grace, a - maz - ing grace so rich, so full and boundless,



Broad as e - ter - ni - ty;
 Grace, a - maz - ing grace. broad as e - ter - ni - ty;



Grace so wonderful, rich, and free, Grace, a - maz - ing grace.
 Grace, a - maz - ing grace. so won - der - ful and free.



No. 19. There is Always Light Ahead.

Mrs. C. D. MARTIN,

W. STILLMAN MARTIN.

1. Tho' a - round us all seems drear, Tho' the clouds a - bove ap -
 2. Tho' we bear some heav - y load, O'er life's rough and rug - ged
 3. Let us sing a hap - py song, As by faith we move a

pear, There is al - ways light a - head, praise the Lord!
 road, There is al - ways light a - head, praise the Lord!
 long, There is al - ways light a - head, praise the Lord!
 praise the Lord!

Tho' we may not al - ways know Where our Lord would have us go, There is
 When the shades of night are past, Day will sure - ly come at last, There is
 Tho' we can - not see His face, We can trust His love and grace, There is

FINE. CHORUS.

al - ways light a - head, praise the Lord! Light a - head! . . . light a -
 all the way.

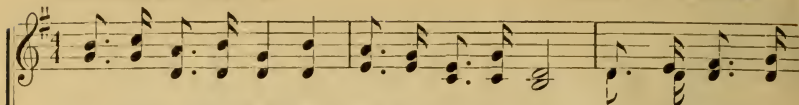
head! . . . There is al - ways light a - head, praise the Lord!
 ev - 'ry day, . . . praise the Lord!

D. S.

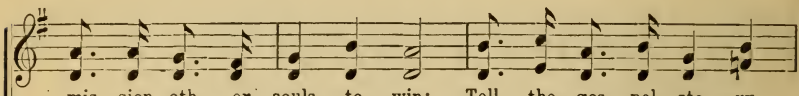
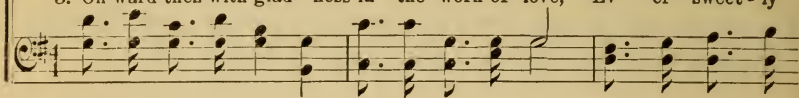
No. 20. Witness For the Lord

ALICE JEAN CLEATOR.

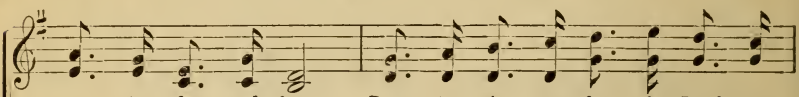
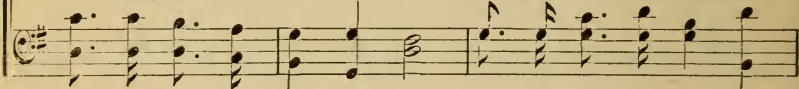
WILLIAM W. BENTLEY.



1. If the Lord hath led you from the pow'r of sin, You are giv'n a
 2. Ma - ny souls are wand'ring in the shad-ows drear: Point them to the
 3. On-ward then with glad - ness in the work of love, Ev - er sweet - ly



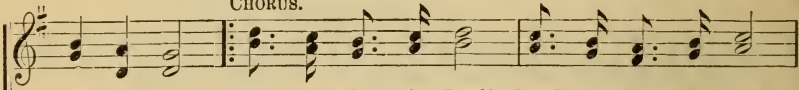
mis - sion oth - er souls to win; Tell the gos - pel sto - ry
 bless - ed Sav - ior, Friend so dear, God will send rich bless - ings
 trust - ing in the Friend a - bove; He will be your coun - sel,



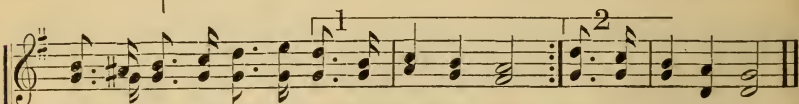
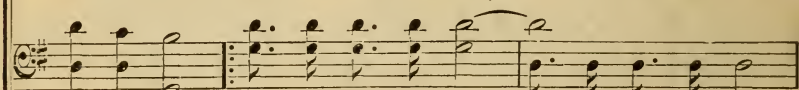
ev - 'ry day and hour, Dare to wit - ness for the Lord, pro -
 in a - bund - ant show'r; Dare to wit - ness for the Lord, pro -
 your a - bid - ing tow'r, Dare to wit - ness for the Lord, pro -



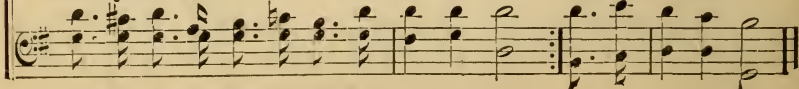
CHORUS.



claim His pow'r Wit - ness for the Lord! Speak a lov - ing word,
 Lord,



Cour-age, hope and strength to oth-er hearts af - ford; }
 Free - ly tell to oth - ers (Omit) } that you love the Lord.



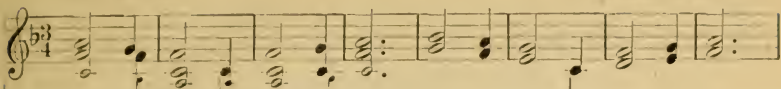
No. 21.

Holy Bible, Book Divine.

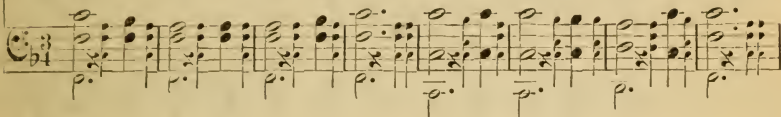
Solo, or Sop. and Alto Duet with Chorus.

JOHN BURTON.

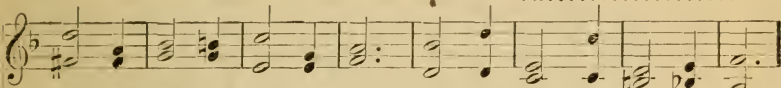
W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.



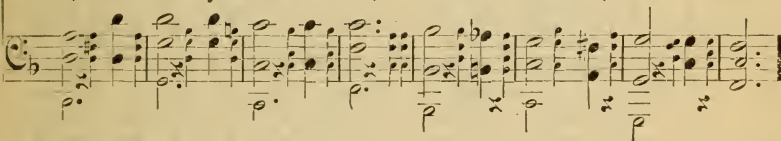
1. Ho - ly Bi - ble, book di - vine, Pre - cious treas - ure thou art mine;
2. Mine to chide me when I rove, Mine to show a Sav - ior's love;
3. Mine to com - fort in dis - tress, Suf - f'ring in this wil - der - ness;
4. Mine to tell of joys to come, And the reb - el sin - ner's doom;



rit......



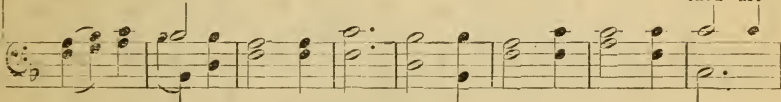
Mine to tell me whence I came, Mine to tell me what I am.
 Mine thou art to guide and guard, Mine to pun - ish or re - ward.
 Mine to show by liv - ing faith, Man can tri - umph o - ver death.
 Oh, thou ho - ly book di - vine, Pre - cious treas - ure, thou art mine.



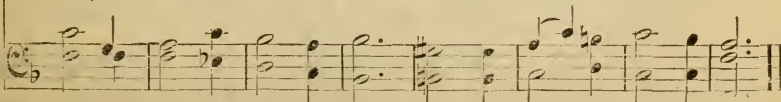
CHORUS.



Mine, mine, Book di - vine, Pre - cious treas - ure, thou art mine;
 Ho - ly Bi - ble, thou art



Oh, thou Ho - ly Book di - vine, Pre - cious treas - ure, thou art mine.
 mine,



No. 22. I Knew It Was to Save.

Mrs. C. D. MARTIN.

Dr. S. B. JACKSON.

1. I won - dered why the Lord of light should ev - er come to earth,
 2. I won - dered why He raised the dead or gave the blind their sight,
 3. I won - dered why He ev - er said "come un - to me and rest,"

Or why He ev - er chose to live with men of low - ly birth;
 Or why to men He ev - er said "I am this dark world's light,"
 Or why He ev - er gen - tly drew the chil - dren to His breast;

I won - dered why to bless the world His heart and hand he gave,
 Or why, when crown'd with cru - el thorns, He lov - ing - ly for-gave,
 I won - dered why He ev - er claimed a vic - t'ry o'er the grave,

But when I saw Him on the cross I knew it was to save.

FINE.

D. S.—when I saw Him on the cross I knew it was to save.

CHORUS.

I knew it was to save . . . I knew it was to save . . . But
 I knew it was to save, I knew it was to save,

D. S.

No. 23.

Jesus Needs Me.

E. E. HEWITT,

J. B. HERBERT,

1. Je - sus in His serv - ice will His child em - ploy; What a won - drous
 2. Will - ing hands may scat - ter seeds to bloom a - bove; Lips re - ech - o
 3. Some the pre - cious sto - ry nev - er have been told; Some are lost, and
 4. May Thy light, dear Sav - ior, keep my heart a - glow, May Thy grace per -

fel - low - ship, O what a joy! He will be my wis - dom, He will
 mes - sag - es of peace and love; Look - ing for His fruit - age, thro' life's
 wan - d'ring from the Shepherd's fold; Some a - mid the bri - ers hard - ly
 vade and sweet - ly o - ver - flow; Help - ing oth - er sin - ners to the

CHORUS.

be my pow'r, Je - sus needs me ev - 'ry hour.
 sun and show'r, Je - sus needs me ev - 'ry hour. Je - sus needs me
 find a flow'r, Je - sus needs me ev - 'ry hour.
 might - y Tow'r, Je - sus needs me ev - 'ry hour.

all a - long the way; Je - sus needs me, needs me ev - 'ry day;

He will be my wisdom, He will be my pow'r, Je - sus needs me ev - 'ry hour.

No. 24.

I Shall Behold Him.

C. H. G.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. I know it was Je - sus, who suf-fered to be The Sav - ior from
 2. I care not how rough or how long be the way, Of this I am
 3. What joy to be-lieve, trust, yea, serve and a - dore The Lord who for

sin to a fall - en race, And that when His will is made per - fect in me,
 sure, thro' a - maz - ing grace, With all the redeemed of the earth, in that day
 me has pre - pared a place Where, with all the loved ones who've gone on be - fore,

rit. CHORUS.
 I shall be - hold Him, Shall see His face. What glo - - - - ry, O what
 glo - ry it will be. what

glo - ry, When thro' His re - deem - ing grace Clad in
 glo - ry it will be When thro' His re - deem - ing grace, When thro' His re - deem - ing grace, Clad in

robes of life im - mor - tal, I shall see His bless - ed face.
 robes of life im - mor - tal, robes of life im - mor - tal.

No. 25.

I See It Differently Now.

W. E. M.

WM. EDIE MARKS.

1. Be - fore I knew Je - sus my Lord No joy could the world me af - ford; But,
 2. I un - der - stood not that by grace He could my transgressions ef - face, And
 3. I knew not that He was so good, Nor knew that all troub - le He could Re -
 4. Some things I do not un - der - stand, But still I hold on to His hand; Some

oh, what a change, so sweet and so strange Has come since to Him I'm re - stored!
 make my heart pure, from danger se - cure And give me be - side Him a place.
 move from my heart, and sweet peace impart; His great love was not un - der - stood.
 day He will tell, and all will be well With me in yon beau - ti - ful land.

CHORUS.

I see it so dif - f'rent - ly now! With
 see it so dif - f'rent - ly now!

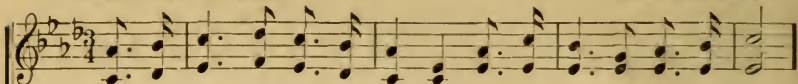
joy He doth rich - ly en - dow; I love Him still more than
 joy He doth rich - ly en - dow;

ev - er be - fore, I see it so dif - f'rent - ly now.

No. 26. Hasten, Reapers of the Harvest.

CHARLOTTE G. HOMER.

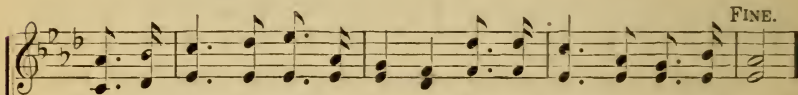
ELISHA S. RICE.



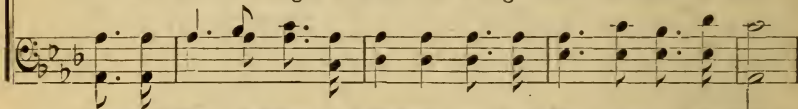
1. Pa - tient reap - ers of the harv - est, Toil - ing in the burn - ing heat,
2. Hast thou been since ear - ly morn - ing At thy la - bor in the field?
3. La - bor on a lit - tle long - er Add - ing to thy pre - cious store



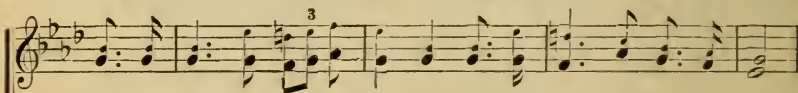
D. C.—Hast - en, reap - ers of the har - vest, That thy toil be not in vain;



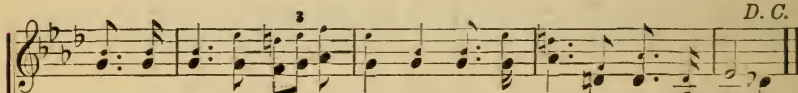
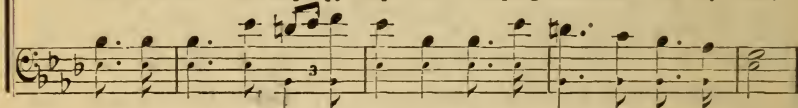
FINE.
Fal - ter not nor cease thy la - bor In the field of rip - ened wheat;
Wea - ry not, nor be dis - cour - aged, Fruit at last shall be re - vealed.
Ere the sun now bright in heav - en Shall go down to rise no more.



While the sun is bright - ly shin - ing, Gath - er in the gold - en grain.



Hear the prom - ise He hath giv - en:—"Be thou faith - ful"—in the strife
"He that shall en - dure," it say - eth In His word, "un - to the end,
Then with all the hap - py reap - ers Trooping homeward one by one,



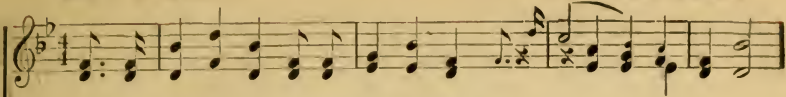
D. C.
"Un - to death, and I will give thee"—Hear ye Him—"A crown of life."
Shall be saved." Not all this mean - ing Canst thou, reap - er, com - pre - hend.
Thou shalt hear the Mas - ter's wel - come, At the set - ting of the sun.



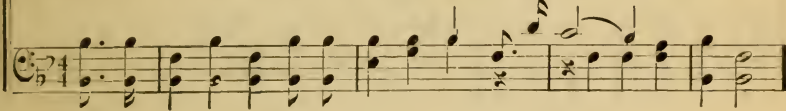
No. 27. Just Because He Loved Me.

Mrs. C. D. MARTIN.

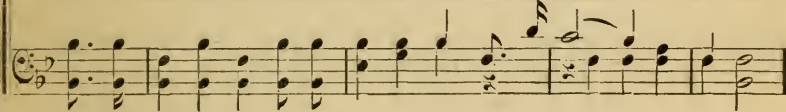
W. STILLMAN MARTIN.



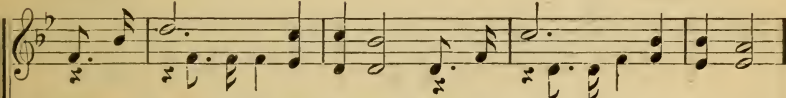
1. Je - sus took me in, saved my soul from sin,
2. Came He down to die from His throne on high, Because He loved me;
3. By the world de-nied, suf-fered He and died,
4. He at Pen-te-cost sent the Ho-ly Ghost, Just be-cause He loved me;



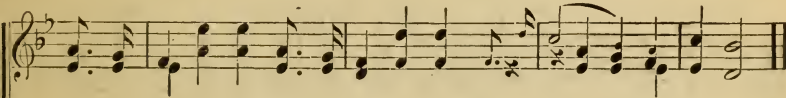
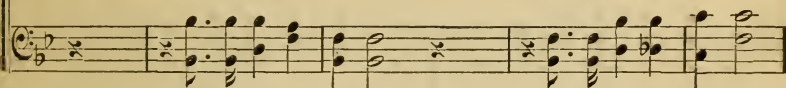
Full a-tonement made, ev-ry debt He paid,
 Lived a low-ly life, suffered care and strife, Because He loved me.
 Vic-tor He a-rose o-ver all His foes,
 Ev-er by my side will my Lord a-bide, Just be-cause He loved me.



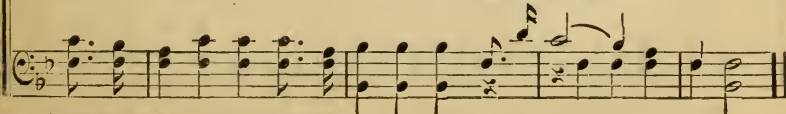
CHORUS.



Just be-cause He loved me, Just be-cause He loved me;
Just be-cause, Just be-cause



For the Son of God shed His precious blood, Because He loved me.
Just be-cause

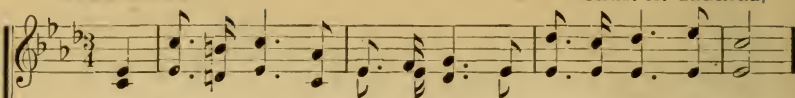


No. 28.

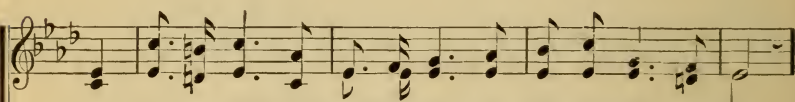
The Love of Jesus.

JAMES ROWE.

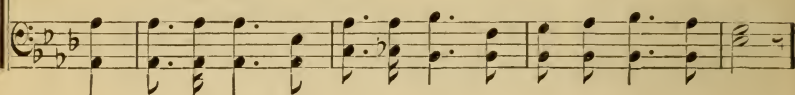
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



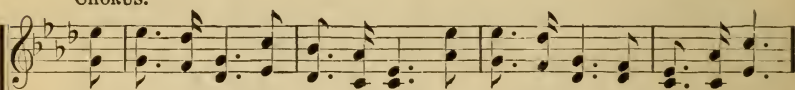
1. The love of Je - sus fills my soul, And makes me sing for joy;
2. The love of Je - sus is my light, My guide from day to day;
3. The love of Je - sus is my shield When en - e - mies as - sail;
4. The love of Je - sus draws me on To rest and joys un - told,



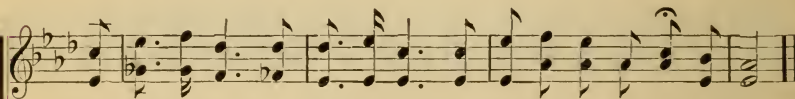
It helps me bear with pa-tience all The troub-les which an - noy.
 My com- fort in the cheer-less night, My song a - long the way.
 It gives me strength the sword to wield, And helps me to pre - vail.
 To that blest land of fade - less dawn, Be - yond the gates of gold.



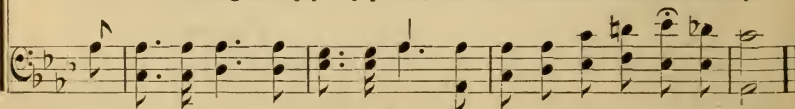
CHORUS.



O pre-cious love, O love di-vine, A - bide with-in this soul of mine,



And I will sing with joy Thy praise, Still more and more thro' endless days.

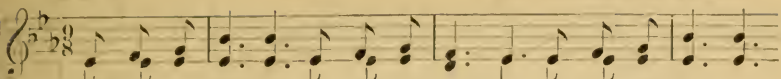


No. 29.

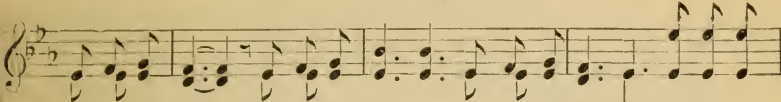
I Must Tell Jesus.

E. A. H.

Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.



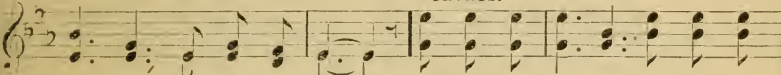
1. I must tell Je - sus all of my tri - als I can-not bear these
2. I must tell Je - sus all of my troubles; He is a kind, com-
3. Tempted and tried I need a great Sav - ior, One who can help my
4. O how the world to e - vil al - lures me! O how my heart is



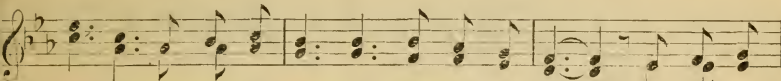
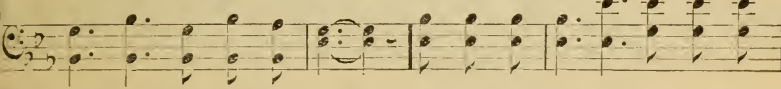
bur-dens a - lone; In my dis-tress He kind - ly will help me; He ev-er
 pas-sion-ate Friend; If I but ask Him, He will de - liv - er, Make of my
 bur-dens to bear; I must tell Je - sus, I must tell Je - sus; He all my
 tempt-ed to sin! I must tell Je - sus, And He will help me O-ver the



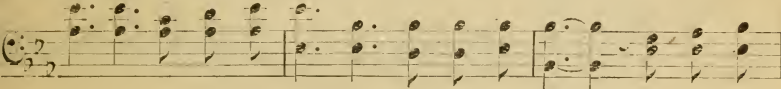
CHORUS.



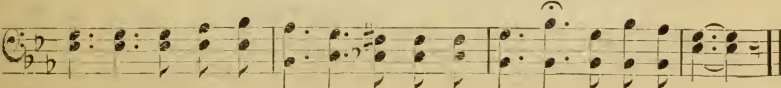
loves and cares for his own. I must tell Je - sus! I must tell
 troub - les quick - ly an end. I must tell Je - sus! I must tell
 cares and sor - rows will share. I must tell Je - sus! I must tell
 world the vic - try to win. I must tell Je - sus! I must tell



Je - sus! I can-not bear my bur - dens a - lone; I must tell



Je - sus I must tell Je - sus! Je - sus can help me, Je - sus a - lone.



No. 30.

A Sinner Made Whole.

W. M. LIGHTHALL.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. There's a song in my heart that my lips can - not sing, 'Tis
 2. I shall stand one day fault - less and pure by His throne, Trans-
 3. There the mu - sic of heav - en, so per - fect and sweet, Shall

praise in the high - est to Je - sus, my King; Its mu - sic each
 formed from my im - age, con-formed to His own; Then I shall find
 blend with my song, and will make it com-plete; Thro' a - ges un-

mo - ment is thrill - ing my soul, For I was a sin - ner and
 words for the song in my soul, The song of a sin - ner made
 end - ing its mu - sic shall roll—The song of a sin - ner made

CHORUS.

Christ made me whole.
 per - fect - ly whole. A sin-ner made whole! a sin-ner made whole! The
 per - fect - ly whole.

rit.
 Savior hath bought me and ransomed my soul! My glad heart is sing-ing, the

A Sinner Made Whole.

rit.

an - them is ring - ing, For I was a sin - ner, and Christ made me whole.

No. 31. All Things to Me.

ADA BLENKHORN.

CAR FISCHER.

1. Hope of the hope-less, Guide of the lost, Sav - ior of sin - ners,
 2. Help of the help-less, Faith - ful and true; Strength in their weak-ness
 3. Joy of the mourn-er, Com - fort - er kind; Balm for the spir - it,

At such a cost; Ref-uge un-fail - ing Where we may flee; Pre-cious Re-
 He will re - new; Friend to the friend-less, Al - ways is He; Pre-cious Re-
 Peace for the mind; Blessings He giv - eth, Num - ber-less, free; Pre-cious Re-

CHORUS.

deem-er, He is all things to me. All things to me, He is

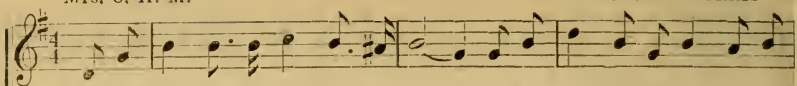
all things to me, My pre-cious Re-deem-er, He is all things to me.

No. 32.

No More Dying.

Mrs. C. H. M.

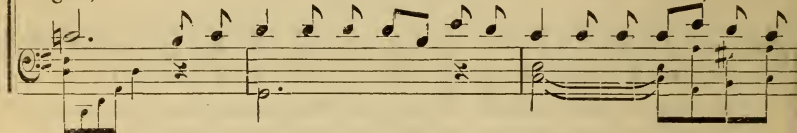
Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.



1. He has gone to pre-pare us a place In that cit - y of pal - a - s
2. He has gone to pre-pare us a place Where the shad-ows of night nev-er
3. He has gone to pre-pare us a place, And our loved ones a - gain we shall
4. He has gone to pre-pare us a place, And has said He is com - ing a -



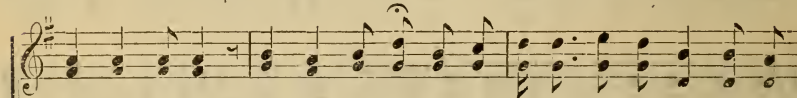
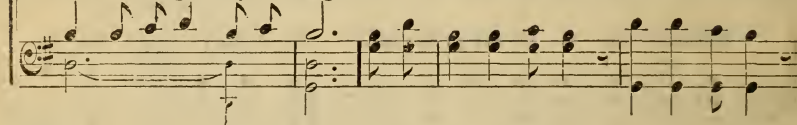
fair, Where the streets are of gold, and, 'mid beau - ty un - told, We a
 fall; Sor-row, sick-ness or pain ne'er shall troub-le a - gain, Or grim
 see; They have gone from our sight to that land of de - light—Oh, that
 gain, To Him - self to re - ceive those who on Him be - lieve, With Him



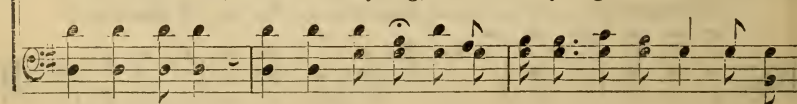
CHORUS.



home with the ransom'd shall share.
 death with his ter - rors ap - pall. There'll be no more sor-row, no more sigh-ing;
 meet-ing! how sweet it will be.
 ev - er in glo - ry to reign.



No more sad-ness, no more cry-ing; In that cit - y bright and fair, which our



No More Dying.

Sav - ior doth pre-pare, Sin can nev-er en-ter there, There'll be no more dy-ing.

Musical score for 'No More Dying.' featuring a treble and bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature. The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef.

No. 33. His Eye Never Slumbers.

Mrs. C. D. MARTIN.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. His eye nev-er slumbers! my Lord nev-er sleeps; He ev - er is
2. His eye nev-er slumbers! each step of the way He go - eth be-
3. His eye nev-er slumbers, and con - stant His care; How safe, then, to

Musical score for 'His Eye Never Slumbers.' (First part) featuring a treble and bass clef with a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a 3/4 time signature. The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef.

watching His own. From dan-ger and ru - in our footsteps He keeps; Each fore us, to lead; His love will pro-ect us by night and by day, He's trust in His pow'r! His presence each moment will ban-ish our fear, He'll

Musical score for 'His Eye Never Slumbers.' (Second part) featuring a treble and bass clef with a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a 3/4 time signature. The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef.

CHORUS.

name un - to Him is known.
just the Friend we need. His eye nev-er slum-bers, my
keep us in peace ev-'ry hour.

Musical score for 'His Eye Never Slumbers.' (Chorus) featuring a treble and bass clef with a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a 3/4 time signature. The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef.

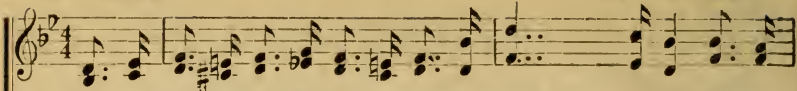
Lord nev-er sleeps; The poor-est and weak-est He con - stant-ly keeps.

Musical score for 'His Eye Never Slumbers.' (Final part) featuring a treble and bass clef with a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a 3/4 time signature. The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef.

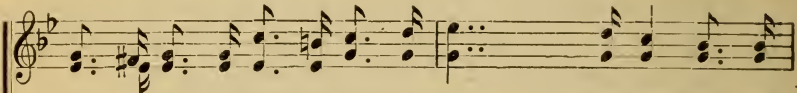
No. 34. Marching On With Jesus.

J. T. LATTA.

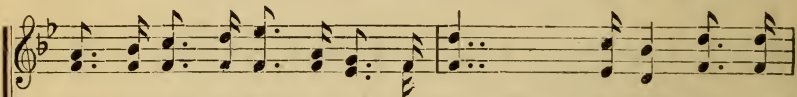
IRA B. WILSON.



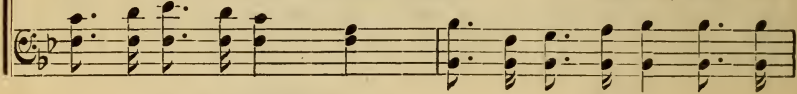
1. We are marching on with Je - sus to the land of light, Where is
 2. We are marching on with Je - sus to the land of light Led by
 3. We are marching on with Je - sus to the land of light, Where the



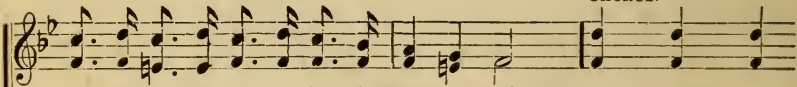
nev - er a - ny sor - row, where there is no night; Tho' the
 Him in - to the bat - tle for the truth and right; He will
 tears we shed in sor - row turn to jew - - els bright; Where the



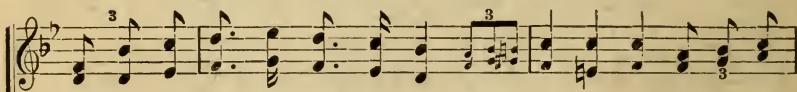
path - way may be thorn - y, and the way be hard, We will
 lead us on in tri - umph un - to vic - - to - ry, Then with
 stains of scar - let shall be made as white as snow, And for -



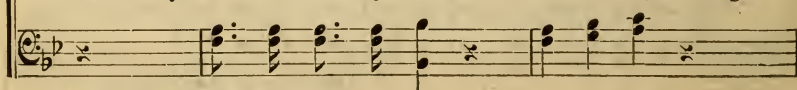
CHORUS.



ev - er look be - yond us for the great re - ward.
 all the ransomed we shall reign e - ter - nal - ly. March - ing on
 ev - er will be vanished all our grief and woe. Marching, marching on



stead - i - ly to the heav'n - ly land, On, on, on, Marching at



Marching on With Jesus.

His di-vine com-mand; Hal - le - lu - jah's sing - ing, Songs of glad-ness

ring-ing, Joy - ful - ly, joy-ful-ly on we go, on we go.
On, on, Joy-ful-ly on we go.

No. 35. Thy Way is Best.

Dr. VICTOR M. STALEY.

C. D. EMERSON.

1. Teach me, O God, to yield my all To Thy de - cree;
2. Tho' storms may for a time rage wild, And buf - fet me,
3. If Thou, O Fa - ther, be my Guide In weal or woe,

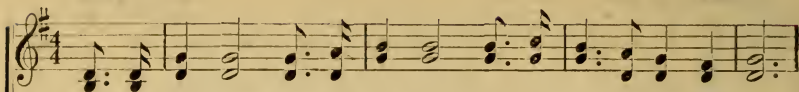
What-e'er in life shall me be - fall, Make me to see
Thou wilt not e'er for-sake Thy child, And I shall see
I will not fear what-e'er be - tide, For I shall know

Thy way is best, is ev - er best, And lead - eth un - to rest.
Thy way is best. is ev - er best, And leadeth un - to sweetest rest.

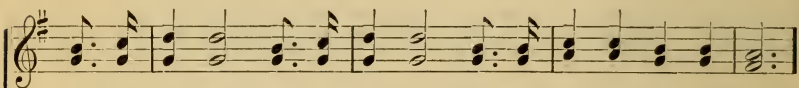
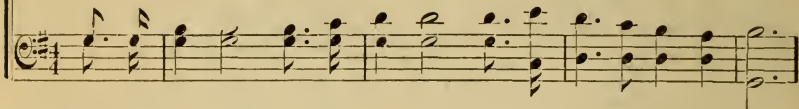
No. 36. Speak of Jesus and His Love.

JAMES ROWE.

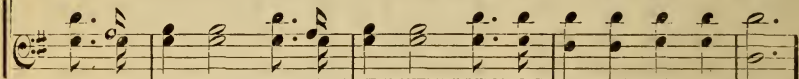
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



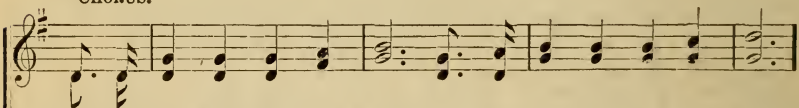
1. In the high-ways and the by - ways Speak of Je - sus and His love;
2. Ban-ish sad - ness with the glad-ness Which He gives to you each day;
3. Tell op-pressed ones and dis-tressed ones How He died to set them free;
4. Laud Him ev - er, slight Him nev - er, Sound His praise all praise a - bove;



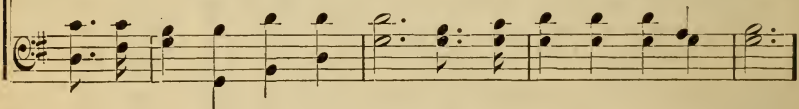
Tell the sto - ry of His glo - ry, That His love the world may prove.
Guide the wea - ry and the drear - y To the bet - ter, bright-er way.
Bid them love Him, trust and prove Him, That their souls may hap - py be.
In the high-ways and the by - ways, Speak of Je - sus and His love.



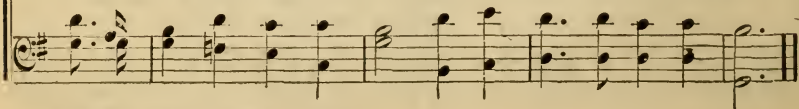
CHORUS.



Praise Him ev - 'ry - where you go; Let His love your heart o'er - flow;



Let the world His good - ness know, Speak of Je - sus and His love.



No. 37. Scattering Precious Seed.

W. A. OGDEN.

GEO. C. HUGG.

1. Scat - ter - ing pre - cious seed by the way - side, Scat - ter - ing
 2. Scat - ter - ing pre - cious seed for the grow - ing. Scat - ter - ing
 3. Scat - ter - ing pre - cious seed, doubt ing nev - er, Scat - ter - ing

pre - cious seed by the hill - side; Scat - ter - ing pre - cious seed
 pre - cious seed, free - ly sow - ing; Scat - ter - ing pre - cious seed
 pre - cious seed, trust - ing ev - er; Sow - ing the word with pray'r

o'er the field, wide, Scat - ter - ing pre - cious seed by the way.
 trust - ing, know - ing, Sure - ly the Lord will send it the rain.
 and en - deav - or, Trust - ing the Lord for growth and for yield.

CHORUS.

{ Sow - - - ing in the morn - - - ing, Sow - - - ing at the
 { Sow - - - ing in the ev - - - 'ning,
 Sowing the precious seed, Sow - ing the pre - cious seed, Sow - ing the seed at noon - tide,

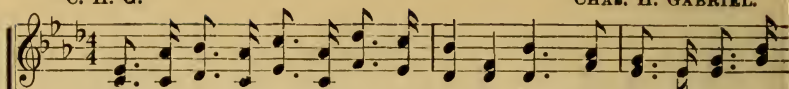
noon - - - tide; Sowing the precious seed by the way.
 Sow - ing the precious seed; by the way.

No. 38.

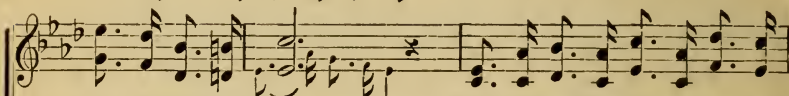
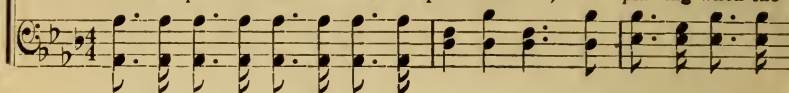
Sunshine and Rain.

C. H. G.

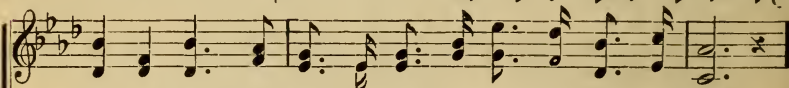
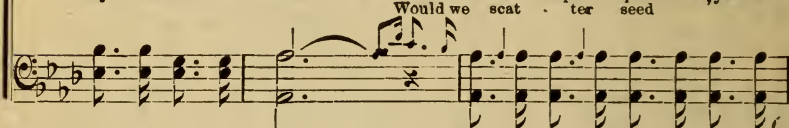
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



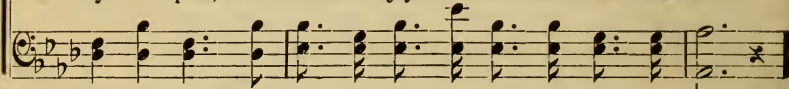
1. Had we on - ly sun-shine all the year a - round, With-out the bless-ing
2. Had we not a sor - row or a cross to bear, For Him who bore the
3. Can we prize the sun-shine and de-plotre the rain, Re - pin - ing when the



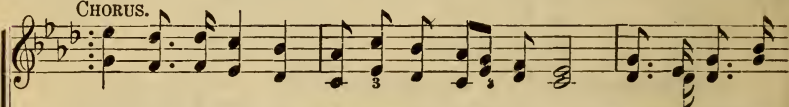
of re-fresh-ing rain, Would we scat-ter seed up-on the
 refreshing rain, Would we know the sweet-ness of His
 bur - den of our sin, days are dark and drear?
 Can we hope for pleasures, yet de-



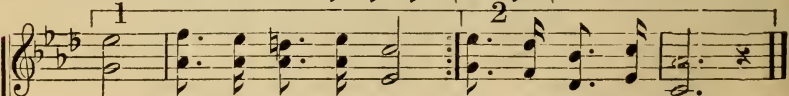
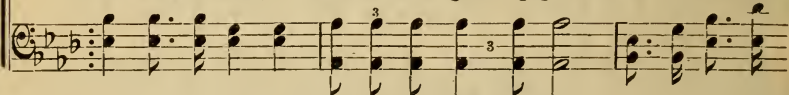
Would we scat - ter seed
 fal - low ground, And hope to gath - er flow - ers, fruit and grain?
 love and care, Or e - ven strive e - ter - nal joys to win?
 ny the pain, Or share the joys of life with - out the tear?



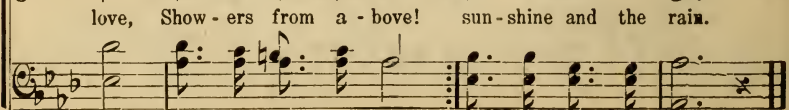
CHORUS.



{ Sun-shine and rain, re - fresh-ing, re - viv - ing rain, Light of faith and
 { Sun-shine and rain, to nour-ish the grow-ing grain Send us Lord, the



love, Show - ers from a - bove! sun - shine and the rain.

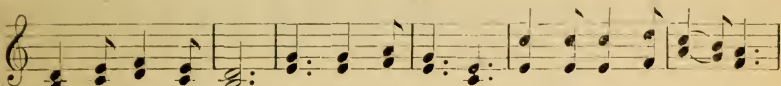
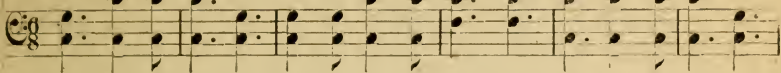


REV. ALFRED TAYLOR.

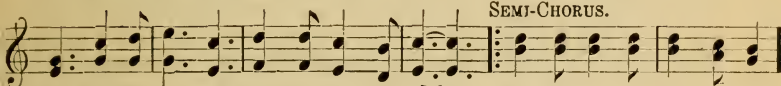
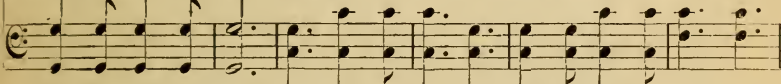
THEO. F. PERKINS.



1. Praise ye Je - ho - vah, praise the Lord most ho - ly, Who cheers the con - trite.
2. Praise ye the Lord for all His lov - ing kind - ness, And all the ten - der
3. Praise ye Je - ho - vah! source of ev - 'ry bless - ing; Be - fore His gifts earth's
4. Praise ye the Fa - ther! God the Lord who gave us, With full and per - fect



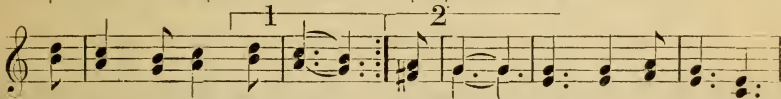
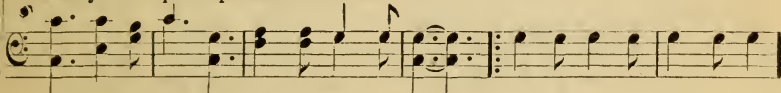
girds with strength the weak; Praise Him who will with glo - ry crown the low - ly,
mer - cies He hath shown; Praise Him who par - dons all our sin and blind - ness,
rich - est boons are dim; Rest - ing in Him, His peace and joy pos - sess - ing,
love, His on - ly Son; Praise ye the Son who died Him - self to save us!



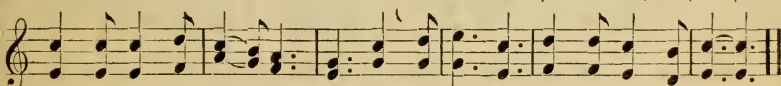
SEMI-CHORUS.

And with sal - va - tion beau - ti - fy the meek.

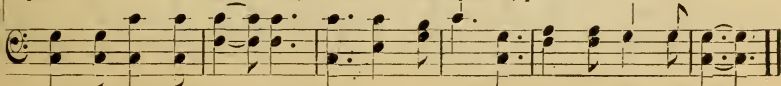
And calls us sons, and takes us for His own. { Praise Him for His con - stant care,
All things are ours, for we are all in Him. { Praise Him, for He hears our pray'r,
Praise ye the Spir - it! praise the Three in One!



His ev - er pres - ent love; } a - bove; Praise God the Fa - ther,
And an - swers from (Omit) }

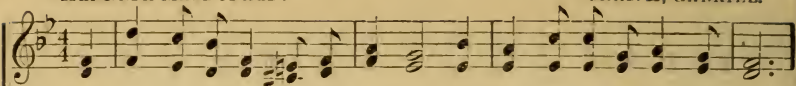


praise the ev - er blessed Son, Praise God the Spir - it, praise the Three in One.

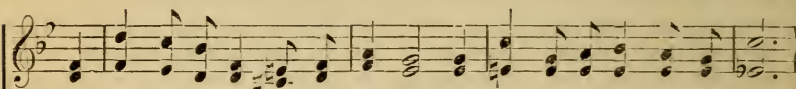
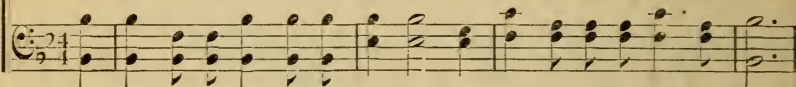


KENNETH MACDONALD.

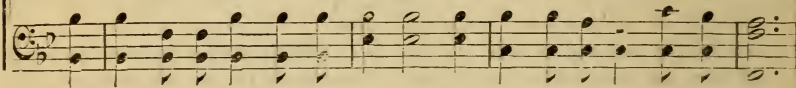
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



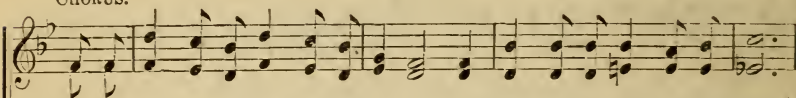
1. Yes, Je - sus my Sav - ior is com - ing, Al-though He has tar-ried so long;
2. His face I may see in the morn-ing, With glo - ry transcendant and bright;
3. The saints who are waiting to greet Him, Will quick - ly re-pond to His cry;
4. I may not be here at His-com-ing: My dust may be rest-ing in gloom;
5. For He shall re-deem from cor-rupt-ion This tem-ple that treasured His love;
6. And there we shall dwell in His presence, For - ev - er be-hold-ing His face;



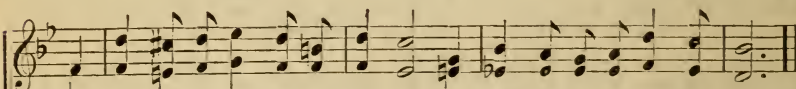
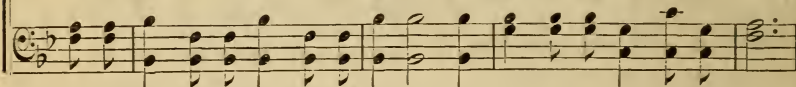
I yearn for the light of His pres-ence To glad-den my spir - it with song.
 An es - cort of an - gels be - fore Him, Ar - rayed in their gar - ments of light.
 And Je - sus will crown them im - mor - tal, To reign with their Sav - ior on high.
 But that which is sown in dis - hon - or, In glo - ry shall burst from the tomb.
 And bear it with splen - dor tri - um - hant, To man - sions of glo - ry a - bove.
 With all who have leaned on His good - ness, And tast - ed His won - der - ful grace.



CHORUS.



I am wait - ing in hope for His com - ing, Yet ear - nest - ly do - ing His will;



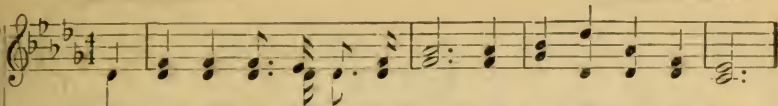
My Mas - ter will nev - er de - ceive me, His word He will sure - ly ful - fill.



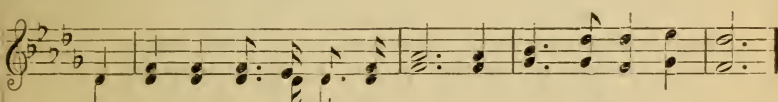
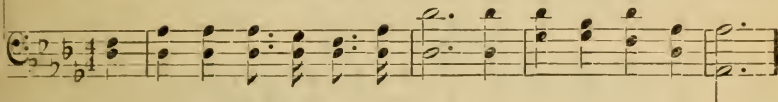
No. 41. He Knows Me By My Name.

W. M. LIGHTALL.

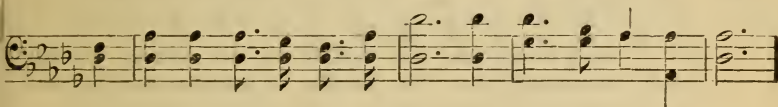
CARL FISHER.



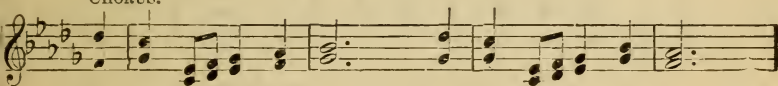
1. This tho't is dear - er far to me, Than world - ly wealth or fame—
2. When first I heard His bless - ed voice, Sin filled my heart with shame;
3. Tho' tri - als dai - ly I may meet, All these my Lord o'er - came;
4. Tho' I am weak, my Sav - ior knows The frail - ty of my frame;



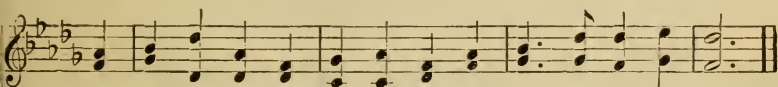
How - ev - er hum - ble I may be He knows me by my name!
But now, for - giv - en, I re - joice—He knows me by my name!
He leads the way with wounded feet—He knows me by my name!
His strength o'er - com - eth all my foes,—He knows me by my name!



CHORUS.



He knows me by my name, He knows me by my name!
He knows me by my name, He knows me by my name!



That Friend di - vine is tru - ly mine, He knows me by my name!



No. 42.

Heaven in the Soul.

ALICE ELROD.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. I have found a joy and sweetness Tongue can nev - er more ex-press,
 2. Je - sus walks and talks be - side me, Makes the way all bright and clear,
 3. Oh. 'tis sweet to dwell with Je - sus, Walk with Him in robes of white,

'Tis a qui - et ho - ly rapt - ure Sent from God—a peace - ful rest.
 Smoothes the rug - ged ston - y path - way, So I walk with - out a fear.
 Just to lean up - on His bo - som As He floods our souls with light.

Lo! I heard the Mas - ter call - ing O'er the bil - lows an - gry roll,
 Praise Him, praise Him for sal - va - tion, For a heart made pure and whole;
 Tho' the storms may 'round me gath - er And may al - most hide the goal,

Then I gave my heart to Je - sus, And I've heav'n in my soul.
 I'm so glad I came to Je - sus, For I've heav'n in my soul.
 Yet I'll trust it all to Je - sus, And keep heav'n in my soul.

CHORUS.

Yes, I've heav'n in my soul, Peace and joy be - yond con - trol; Tho' the

Heaven in the Soul.

storm-y bil-lows roll, I have heav'n in my soul; I'll keep heav'n in my soul.

No. 43.

As a Father.

J. S. F.

J. S. FEARIS.

1. What com-fort to our hearts to know, Wher-e'er our way-ward feet may go,
2. The friends of earth may ne'er re-pay The love we give them day by day;
3. Then on-ward till the day is done, Un-till the crown of life is won;

The God of a-ges loves us so, Yea, loves us as a Fa-ther.
 But His grows bright-er all the way, Who loves us as a Fa-ther.
 Our hope the ev-er-liv-ing One, Who loves us as a Fa-ther.

CHORUS.

He loves us as a Fa-ther, And tho' we're weak and frail,
 loves us as a Fa-ther, And tho' we're weak and frail,

His arm of love is 'round us What-ev-er foes as-sail.

No. 44.

Drifting Down.

JESSIE BROWN POUNDS.

W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.

1. You are drift-ing far from shore, lean-ing on an i - dle oar, You are
 2. Lights up - on the Homeland shore give you warn-ing o'er and o'er, You are
 3. Voic - es from the Homeland shore faint-er grow, as they im-ple, You are

drifting, slowly drifting, drifting down; You are drift-ing with the tide, to the
 drifting, slowly drifting, drifting down; Soon be-yond the har-bor bar will your
 drifting, slowly drifting, drifting down; O, my brother, do not wait! heed them

rit. ad lib.
 o - cean wild and wide, You are drift-ing, slow - ly drift-ing, drift-ing down.
 boat be car - ried far, You are drift-ing, slow - ly drift-ing, drift-ing down.
 ere it be too late, Ere for - ev - er you have drift-ed, drift - ed down.

CHORUS. *rit.* *a tempo.* *rit.* *a tempo.*
 You are drift - ing down, drift - ing down To the
 You are drift - ing, slow - ly drift - ing, you are slow - ly drift-ing down.

rit. *a tempo.*
 dark and aw-ful sea; You are drift - ing down From a Father's loving care,
 dark and aw-ful sea; You are drift-ing, slow-ly drift-ing,

Drifting Down.

rit.

To the blackness of despair, You are drifting, slowly drifting, drifting down.
drifting down.

No. 45. Not My Own.

MIRIAM E. ARNOLD.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Not my own, for Christ hath bought me, Great the price for me He paid;
2. Not my own, O bless-ed bondage! Saved, to serve my Lord and King;
3. Not my own, O help me, Mas - ter, Thy dear name to glo - ri - fy

Free - ly He be - came my ran - som, All my guilt on Him was laid.
I am His, and His for - ev - er, Loy - al serv - ice I would bring.
In my bod - y; in my spir - it, Till I greet Thee up on high.

CHORUS.

Not my own, O lov - ing Sav - ior, Glad - ly I my all re - sign;

With Thy life-blood Thou hast bought me, I am Thine, en - tire - ly Thine.

No. 46.

Onward and Upward.

Rev. J. M. ORROCK.

C. D. EMERSON.

1. "On-ward!" is our Lead-er call-ing From the heights of glo-ry:
 2. If with-in, be-neath, a-round us We are on-ly look-ing,
 3. If at times our feet grow wea-ry, With the jour-ney length-ened,

For-ward, there-fore, noth-ing doubt-ing, Tell the gos-pel sto-ry;
 What we see will oft con-found us, And de-serve re-buk-ing;
 May we find our hearts grow cheer-y With the good hope strength-ened;

Sa-tan's host may be de-fi-ant, And their deeds ap-pall-ing,
 Up-ward must our eyes be turn-ing, 'Mid the scenes of sad-ness,
 On-ward, up-ward, homeward pressing, Foes will fall be-fore us;

FINE.

Yet be faith-ful, firm, re-li-ant; Mind-ful of your call-ing.
 And all ways of e-vil spurn-ing, Thro' His grace have glad-ness.
 We shall con-quer, with God's bless-ing, For His shield is o'er us.

D. S.—Claim by faith the prom-ised bless-ing, And go for-ward brave and true.

CHORUS. *D. S.*

On-ward, up-ward, ev-er press-ing, T'ward the prize that hangs in view!

No. 47.

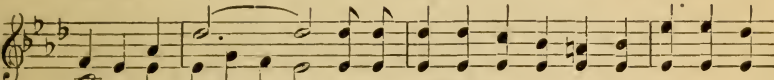
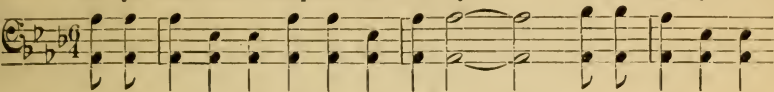
Prepare Ye the Way.

Mrs. C. H. M.

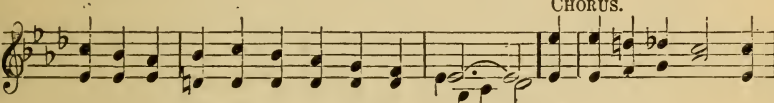
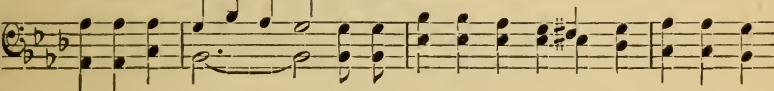
Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.



1. To Him-self God this lost world is win-ning, As de-clared
1. To Him-self God this lost world is win-ning, . . . As de-clared in His
2. All the earth shall be filled with His glo-ry, . . . As the wa-ters, that
3. Go ye forth with redemption's sweet sto-ry, . . . And de-clare ye God's

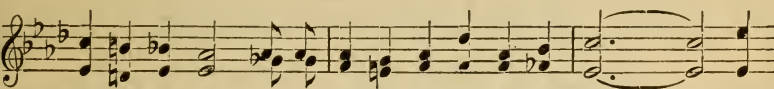
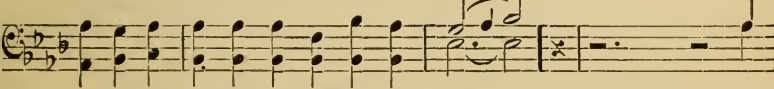


in His ex-cel-lent word;
 ex-cel-lent word; . . . And to us He has giv-en commandment to-
 cov-er the sea; . . . Ev-'ry tongue shall His mar-ve-lous pow-er con-
 wonderful word, . . . Till from shore un-to shore, and from pole un-to

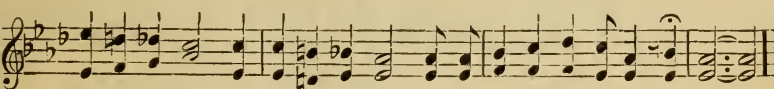
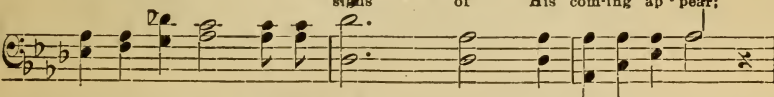


CHORUS.

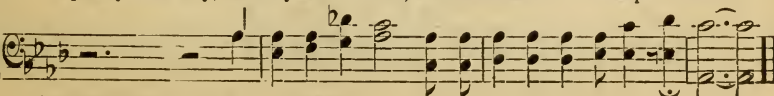
day: "Go pre-pare ye the way of the Lord!"
 fea-s, And before Him shall bow ev-'ry knee. Pre-pare ye the way, the
 pole Shall the news of sal-va-tion be heard.



way of the Lord, For the signs of His com-ing ap-pear; . . . Pre-
signs of His com-ing ap-pear;



pare ye the way, the way of the Lord, For the time of His triumph draws near.



No. 48.

Be With Me Then.

W. C. MARTIN.

J. E. DELMARTER.

1. When sweeps the tempest o'er the wave, And starless night is on the sea,
 2. When fall the shadows o'er my way, When in my soul contentions wake,
 3. When dark before me lies the vale Whose gloomy portals I must tread,

O God, reach forth Thy hand to save, And in Thy mercy shelter me.
 When sorrow only comes with day, Be with me then, for Jesus' sake.
 Be with Thy child, so weak and frail, Till all the shadows shall have fled.

CHORUS.

Be with me then, . . . be with me then, . . . be with me then; . . . O mighty-
 Be with me then, . . . be with me then;

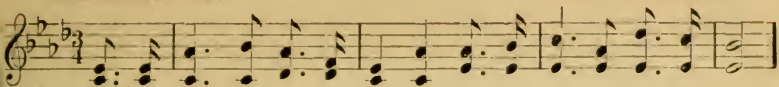
One . . . be with me then; . . . Be with me then, . . .
 O mighty One. . . Be with me then.

be with me then, . . . O mighty One, . . . be with me then.
 be with me then.

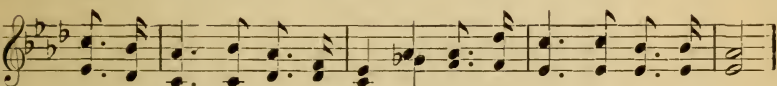
No. 49. Was There Ever Love Like His?

ADA BLENKHORN

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



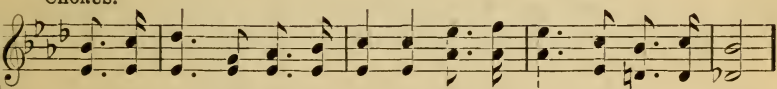
1. Came He from those streets all gold - en, Where no care or sor - row is;
2. An - gels bright and pure for - sak - ing, Heav - ens choirs and courts of bliss,
3. Came to save His help - less chil - dren, Sink - ing down in sin's a - byss;
4. Land of light and love im - mor - tal, En - trance there we must not miss!



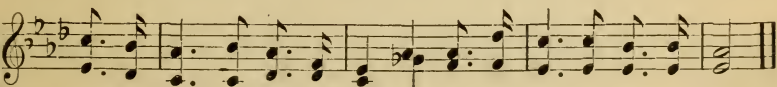
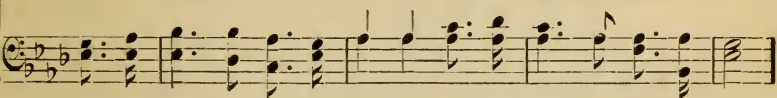
Told by seers and proph - ets old - en, — Was there ev - er love like His?
On Him - self our na - ture tak - ing, Was there ev - er love like His?
Lift - ing them to life and glad - ness, Was there ev - er love like His?
For the way His hand hath opened — Was there ev - er love like His?



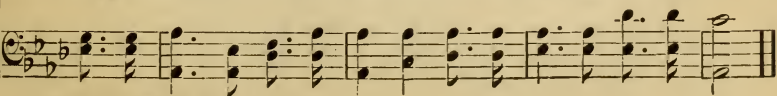
CHORUS.



Love of Christ, so pure and ho - ly! Pre - cious love, un - fail - ing is;



Love so won - der - ful and change - less, Was there ev - er love like His?



No. 50. There is Power in the Blood.

L. E. J.

L. E. JONES.

1. Would you be free from your bur - den of sin? There's pow'r in the blood,
2. Would you be free from your pas - sion and pride? There's pow'r in the blood,
3. Would you be whit - er, much whit - er than snow? There's pow'r in the blood,
4. Would you do serv - ice for Je - sus, your King? There's pow'r in the blood,

pow'r in the blood; Would you o'er e - vil a vic - to - ry win?
 pow'r in the blood; Come for a cleans - ing to Cal - va - ry's tide;
 pow'r in the blood; Sin stains are lost in its life - giv - ing flow;
 pow'r in the blood; Would you live dai - ly, His prais - es to sing?

There's won - der - ful pow'r in the blood. There is pow'r, pow'r,
 There is pow'r,

Won - der - work - ing pow'r in the blood of the Lamb; There is
 in the blood of the Lamb;

pow'r, pow'r, Won - der - work - ing pow'r in the precious blood of the Lamb.
 There is pow'r,

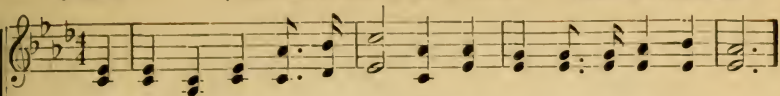
No. 51.

My Savior's Love.

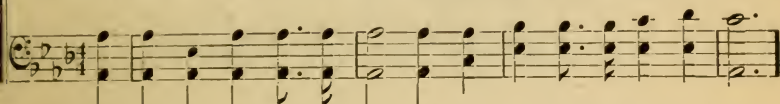
C. H. G.

(Inscribed to Rev. Elijah P. Brown.)

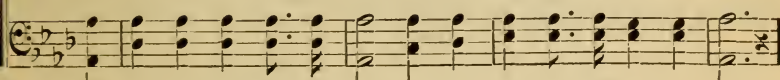
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



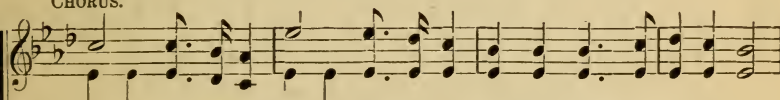
1. I stand a - mazed in the pres-ence Of Je - sus, the Naz - a - rene,
2. For me it was in the gar - den He prayed—"Not my will but thine;"
3. In pit - y an - gels be - held Him, And came from the world of light
4. When with the ransom'd in glo - ry, His face I at last shall see,



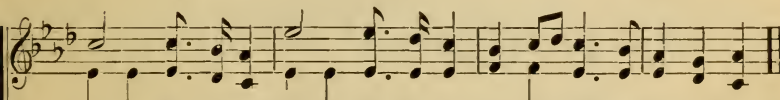
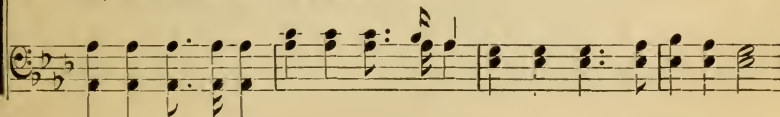
And won - der how He could love me, A sin - ner, condemned, un - clean.
 He had no tears for His own griefs, But sweat drops of blood for mine.
 To com - fort Him in the sor - row He bore for my soul that night.
 'Twill be my joy thro' the a - ges To sing of His love for me.



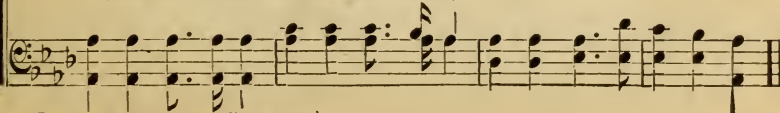
CHORUS.



How mar - vel - ous! how won - der - ful! And my song shall ev - er be:—
 Oh, how mar - vel - ous! oh, how won - der - ful!



How mar - vel - ous, how won - der - ful, Is my Sav - ior's love for me!
 Oh, how mar - vel - ous, oh, how won - der - ful,

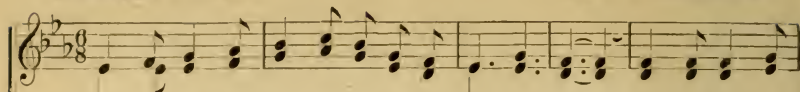


No. 52.

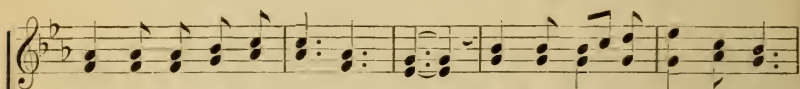
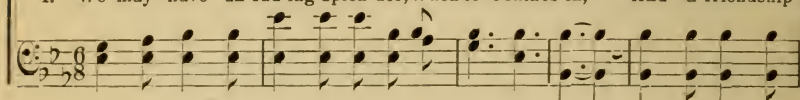
When Love Shines In.

Mrs. FRANK A. BRECK.

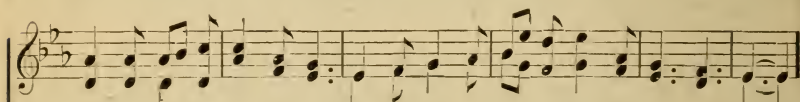
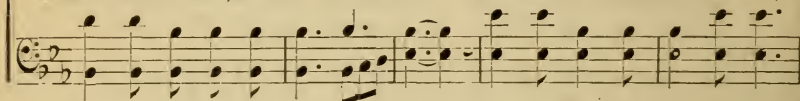
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



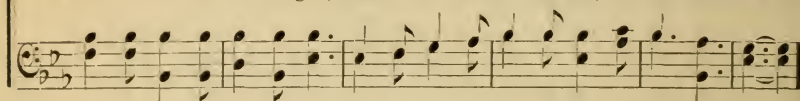
1. Je - sus comes with pow'r to gladden, When love shines in, Ev - 'ry life that
2. How the world will glow with beauty, When love shines in, And the heart re-
3. Dark-est sorrows will grow brighter, When love shines in, And the heaviest
4. We may have un-fad-ing splen-dor, When love shines in, And a friendship



woe can sad-den, When love shines in. Love will teach us how to pray;
 joice in du - ty, When love shines in. Tri - als may be sanc - ti - fied,
 bur - den, light-er, When love shines in. 'Tis the glo - ry that will throw
 true and ten - der, When love shines in. When earth-vic-t'ries shall be won,



Love will drive the gloom away, Turn our darkness in-to day, When love shines in.
 And the soul in peace a-bide; Life will all be glo - ri-fied, When love shines in.
 Light to show us where to go; O the heart shall blessing know When love shines in.
 And our life in heav'n be-gun, There will be no need of sun, For love shines in.



CHORUS.



When love shines in, When love shines in, How the heart is
 When love shines in,



When love shines in, When loves shines in, When love shines in,

When Love Shines In.

turned to sing-ing, When love shines in; When love shines in; . . . When
 When love shines in, When love shines in;

When love shines in, When love shines in;

love shines in, Joy and peace to others bringing, When love shines in.
 When love shines in.

When love shines in,

No. 53. Growing Up for Jesus.

MIRIAM E. ARNOLD.

H. A. HENRY.

1. Grow-ing up for Je - sus, In His vine-yard fair, Ev - er watched and
 2. Keep us free, dear Je - sus, From sin's hurt - ful weeds, Prune us, Lord, and
 3. Gen - tle, kind and lov - ing, Sav - ior, may we be; Thou a - lone canst

CHORUS.

tend - ed By His lov - ing care.
 train us, Care for all our needs. Ten - der lit - tle branch-es,
 help us Bear "much fruit" for Thee.

Grow-ing up for Thee; Fruitful vines, dear Mas-ter, We would like to be.

No. 54.

My Lord, My God.

C. H. G.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. My Lord, my God, I will adore, Will serve and praise Thee more and
 2. Blest day of grace it was to me When Thou didst plead my guest to
 3. Now let Thy will, not mine control; Lead me un - til, a ransom'd

more, And it shall be my chief de-light To call up-
 be; When I, so false, so full of sin Cried out "My
 soul, I jein with those gene on be-fore, To worship

CHORUS.

To call up - on
 on Thee day and night.
 Lord my God, come in!" Thy boundless grace, . . . Thy love for
 Thee for - ev - er - more.

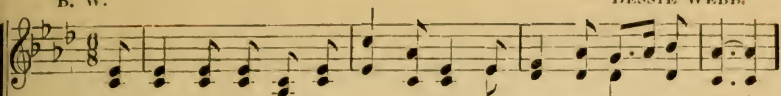
Thy boundless grace,

me The theme of all my song shall be! And when my
 Thy love for me, The theme of all my song shall be,

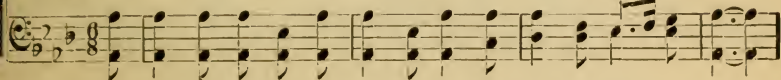
And when my day of life is past, I'll sing Thy praise
 day of life is past I'll sing Thy praise . . . in heav'n at last.

B. W.

BESSIE WEBB.



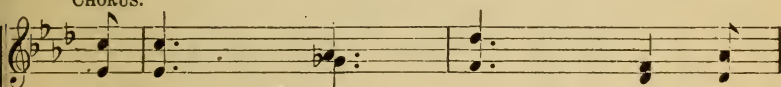
1. Take full pos-ses-sion of me, O Lord, And let Thy love con-trol;
2. Fill with Thy spir-it my heart, O Lord, And make me pure and whole;
3. Give me the courage and strength, O Lord, To safe-ly reach the goal.
4. Put mu-sic in-to my heart, O Lord, And while life's bil-lows roll,



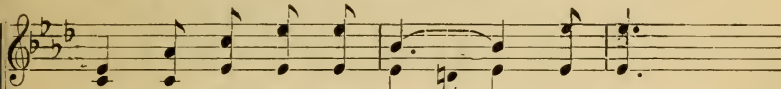
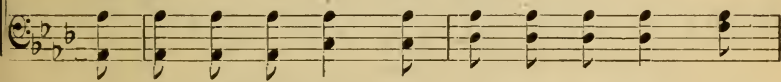
O fill me with an earn-est zeal To win for Thee a soul.
 Live Thou and rule with-in that I May win for Thee a soul.
 Where lies my own su-preme de-sire— To win for Thee a soul.
 Thy grace and help to me im-part To win for Thee a soul.



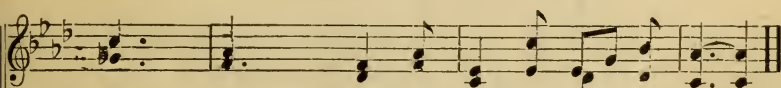
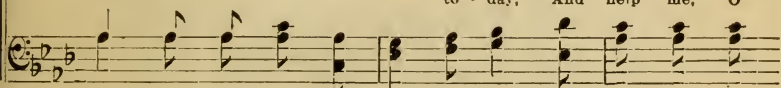
CHORUS.



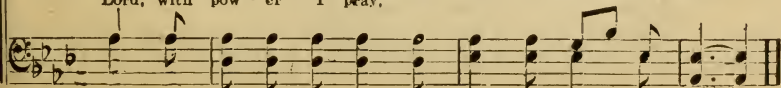
Put mu - sic, mu - sic, Put
 Put mu - sic of love, sweet mu - sic of love,



mu - sic in - to my heart, . . . And help
 to - day, And help me, O



me, help me To win a soul for Thee
 Lord, with pow-er I pray,



No. 56.

I Must Tell It.

W. C. MARTIN.

WM. EDIE MARKS.

Unison.

1. I can-not longer si-lent be; This precious treasure I must share;
 2. There never was a sto-ry told On earth, since passing time be-gan,
 3. It warms this old world's weary heart; It makes the dark day bright a-gain;
 4. O yes! I must a-gain de-clare The Savior's mighty love for you,

The Lord Himself commandeth me . . . To tell the gos-pel ev-'ry - where.
 So precious as this sto-ry old . . . Of Je-sus' ten-der love of man.
 Its old-time charm can ne'er de-part, . . The sweetest story known to men.
 How it pur-sues you ev-'ry - where . . And keeps you ev-'ry hour in view.

CHORUS.

And so I tell it, . . . I glad-ly tell it,
 the sto-ry sweet, the sto-ry true.

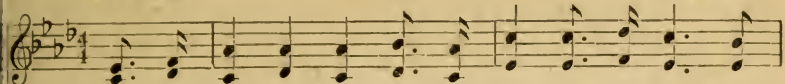
Tell of Je - sus' love for you; And o'er and
 I tell of Je - sus and His love, His love for you;

o'er a - gain I tell it, Sto-ry ev-er sweet and true.
 And o'er and o'er a - gain I tell it,

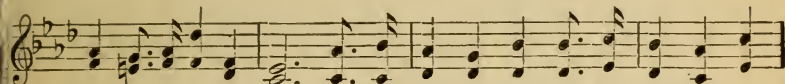
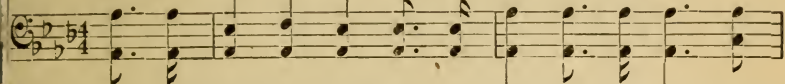
No. 57. The Way of the Cross Leads Home.

JESSIE BROWN POUNDS.

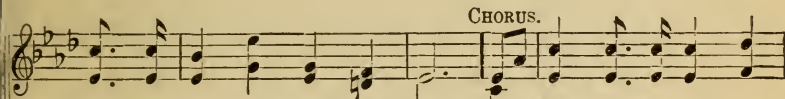
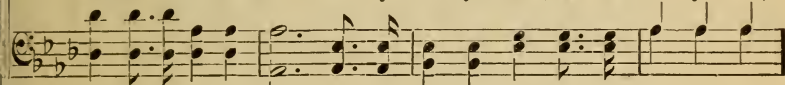
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



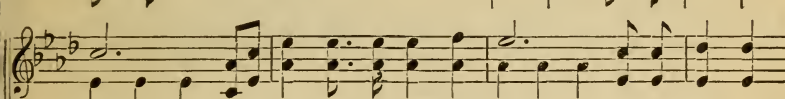
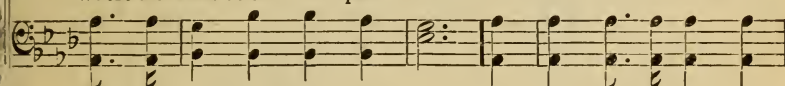
1. I must needs go home by the way of the cross, There's
 2. I must needs go on in the blood-sprink-led way, The
 3. Then I bid fare - well to the way of the world, To



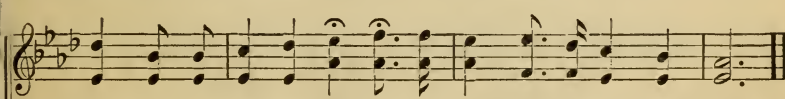
no other way but this; I shall ne'er get sight of the Gates of Light,
 path that the Sav-ior trod If I e'er would climb to the heights sub-lime
 walk in it nev - er - more: For my Lord says "Come," and I seek my home,



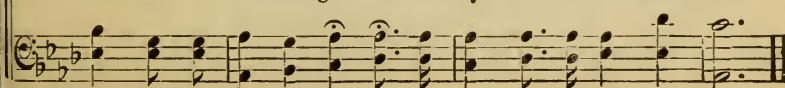
If the Cross - Tree road I miss.
 Where the soul's at home with God. The way of the cross leads
 Where He waits at the o - pen door.



home, The way of the cross leads home, It is sweet to
 leads home, leads home,



know as I on - ward go That the way of the cross leads home.



No. 58.

Jesus Died For Me.

LE R. M.

LE ROY MOORE.

1. I love to read the pre-cious sto-ry, "Je - sus died for me;" That
 2. I love to tell the bless-ed sto-ry, "Je - sus died for me;" That
 3. I love to sing the bless-ed sto-ry, "Je - sus died for me;" That

I might dwell with Him in glo-ry, Je - sus died for me. A sin - ner
 I might dwell with Him in glo-ry, Je - sus died for me. Give Him thy
 I might dwell with Him in glo-ry, Je - sus died for me. Come, let us

lost in sin and shame, He came to set me free; To fill my soul with
 heart, oh, wea - ry soul, He gave His life for thee! Join in the song, and
 join with heart and voice, In praise and mel - o - dy, Till all the world shall

REFRAIN.

joy for-ev - er, Je - sus died for me.
 sing for-ev - er, "Je - sus died for me." "Je - sus died for me,"
 sing to - geth - er: "Je - sus died for me." for me,

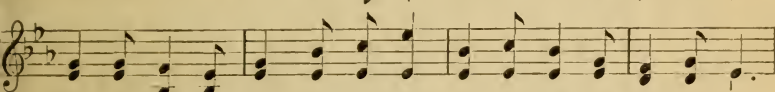
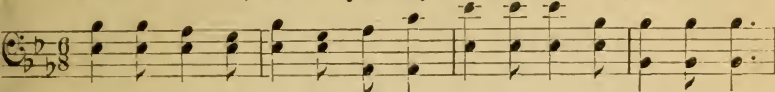
Died to make me free; That I might dwell with Him in glo-ry, Je - sus died for me.
 Died to make me free;

W. C. MARTIN.

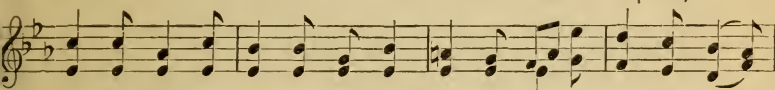
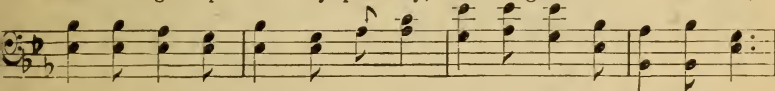
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



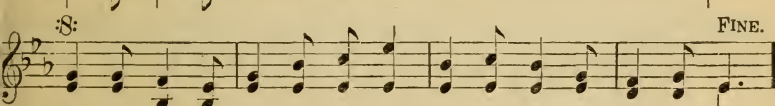
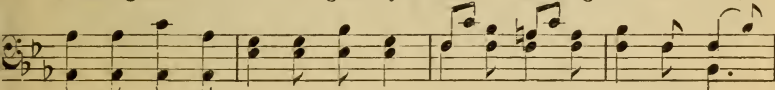
1. More of Je - sus, O my Fa - ther, hear my cry for more of Him;
 2. More of Je - sus, O my Fa - ther, for in Him a - lone is rest;
 3. More of Je - sus, as I jour - ney t'ward my home be - yond the sky;



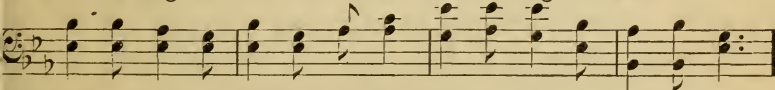
For I need His gra - cious com - fort when my eyes with tears are dim,
 When the heart is sad and wea - ry just to lean up - on His breast;
 More of light up - on my path - way, more of grace to live and die;



And I need His strength to help me lest I faint be - side the way;
 Just to hear His kind - ly mes - sage, full of love and full of cheer—
 More bright vis - ions of the glo - ry - land a - waiting me a - bove;

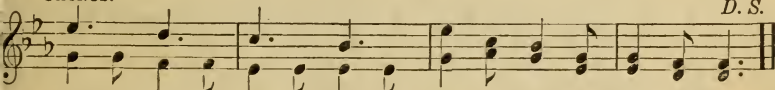


More of Je - sus, O my Fa - ther, all a - long the rug - ged way.
 O I long for more of Je - sus and to feel His pres - ence near.
 O I long for more of Je - sus and I long for more of love.

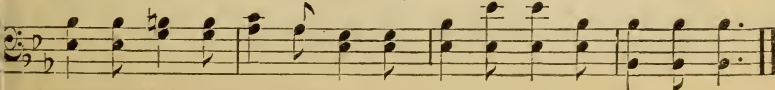


D.S.—Grant me dai - ly more of Je - sus, more of Je - sus, more and more.

CHORUS.



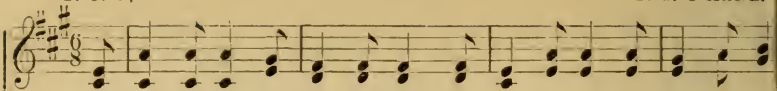
More, more, more, more, Each day than the day be - fore;
 More of Je - sus, O my Fa - ther,



No. 60. The Stranger at the Door.

T. C. O,

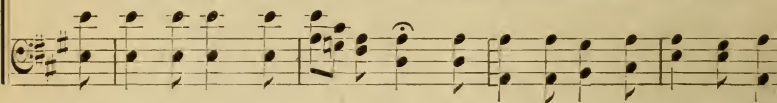
T. C. O'KANE.



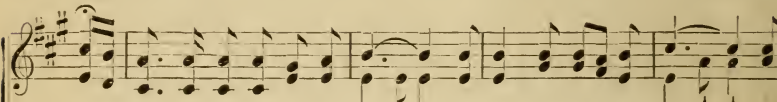
1. Be - hold, a stran-ger at the door; He gently knocks—has knock'd be-fore
2. O love - ly at - ti - tude—He stands With melt-ing heart and o - pen han-
3. But will He prove a friend in - deed? He will—the ver - y friend you need
4. Rise, touch'd with grat-i - tude di - vine, Turn out His en - e - my and thir-
5. Ad - mit Him, ere His an - ger burn—His feet, de-part - ed, ne'er re - turn-



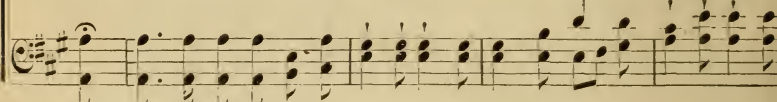
Has wait - ed long, is wait - ing still; You treat no oth - er friend so ill.
 O matchless kind-ness, and He shows This matchless kindness to His foes.
 The friend of sin - ners? Yes, 'tis He, With garments died on Cal - va - ry.
 That soul - de - stroy - ing mon - ster, Sin, And let the heav'nly Stran-ger in.
 Ad - mit Him, o'er the hour's at hand You'll at His door re - ject - ed stand



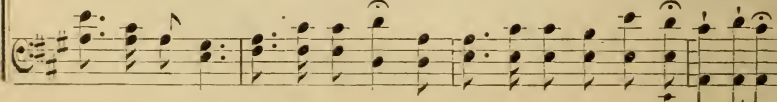
CHORUS.



O, let the dear Savior come in, . . . He'll cleanse the heart from sin, . . . O,
come in, from sin,



keep Him no more out at the door, But let the dear Sav-ior come in. . .
come in

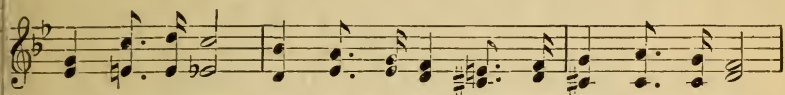


Mrs. C. D. MARTIN.

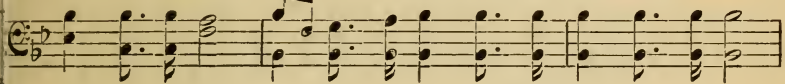
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



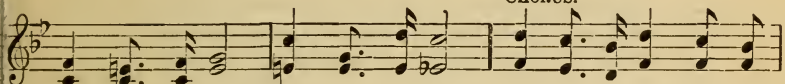
1. O what a change! From the darkness of night In - to the blaze of the
 2. O what a change! From my hun-ger for bread In - to the place where God's
 3. O what a change! From my bur-den of care In - to the love He in-
 4. O what a change! In the flash of an eye, When we shall meet with our



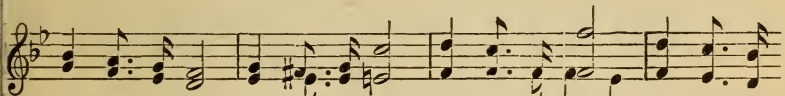
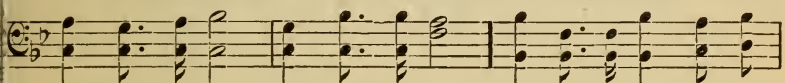
clear shin-ing light; Out of my weak-ness to pow-er and might,
 chil-dren are fed; In - to the bless-ing of life from the dead,
 vites me to share, In - to His joy from the sor-row I bear,
 Lord by and by; In - to a realm where we nev-er shall die,



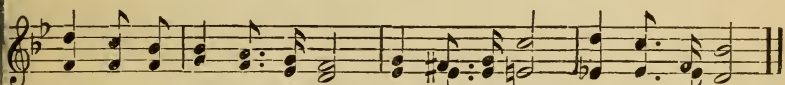
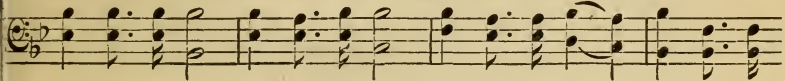
CHORUS.



O what a change! O what a change! O what a change in my



heart there has been, O what a change! O what a change! O what a



change, since the Sav-ior came in! O what a change! O what a change!



1. There is noth-ing we may need but our Shep-herd will sup-ply; He is
 2. Ev - 'ry time by faith we come to the throne of heav'n-ly grace, Ev - 'ry
 3. O how sweet the word of God to the chil-dren of His love, "My rich

ev - er watch-ing o - ver His flock; He will guard them ev-'ry hour, Will pro-
 time at mer-cy's door we may knock, We will find our Shepherd there, Waiting
 king-dom will I give to my flock." They shall dwell in end-less day And with

tect them by His pow'r; He will feed them with hon-ey from the Rock.
 for His own to care, He will feed us with hon-ey from the Rock.
 Je - sus live for aye, He will feed them with hon-ey from the Rock.
 with hon - ey from the Rock.

CHORUS.

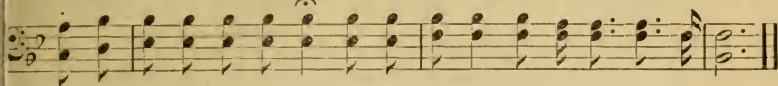
He will feed us with hon-ey from the Rock, He will feed us with
 with hon - ey from the Rock,

hon-ey from the Rock, He will guard us ev - 'ry hour,
 with hon - ey from the Rock,

Honey From the Rock.



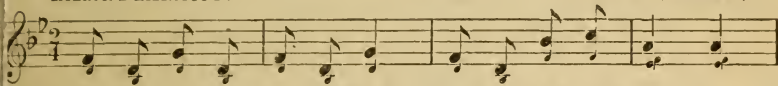
Will pro-tect us by His pow'r, He will feed us with hon-ey from the Rock.



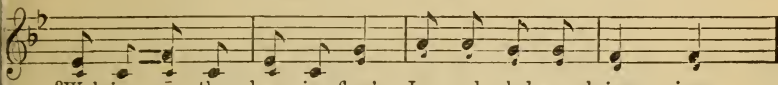
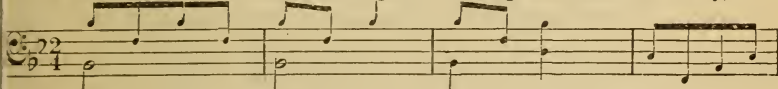
No. 63. Sunbeams Bright.

LIZZIE DEARMOND.

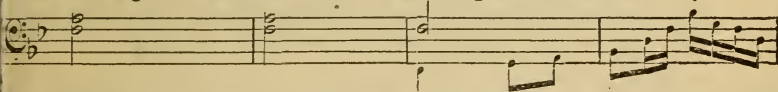
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. Just a lit - tle sun-beam bright, Swift-ly ¹earth-ward wing - ing,
2. Just a lit - tle sun-beam bright, Down from ³heav-en shin - ing,
3. Just a lit - tle sun-beam bright, Do - ing well its du - ty,



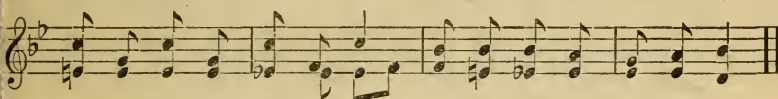
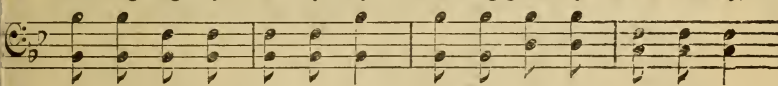
- ²Wak - ing up the sleep - ing flow'rs, Joy and glad-ness bring - ing.
- Giv - ing clouds that look so drear, Each a sil - ver ⁴lin - ing.
- Tell - ing of the ³Fa - ther's love, ⁵Fill - ing earth with beau - ty.



CHORUS.



- Shin - ing bright-ly ev - 'ry day, ⁶Driv - ing gloom - y clouds a - way,



- Lit - tle sun-beams we would be, ⁷Lead - ing ev - er, Lord, to Thee.



Copyright, 1906, by Chas. H. Gabriel.

MOTIONS.—1. Raise right hand high, then bring it swiftly downward. 2. Stoop lightly, make motions as if lifting up flowers. 3. Point up. 4. Raise right hand and describe a semi-circle with it. 5. Hold arms out wide and bring them slowly together, till palms of hands touch. 6. Move right hand and arm with sweeping motion from left to right. 7. Move right hand slowly upwards.

No. 64.

Before the Cross.

REV. NEAL A. MCAULAY.

Solo.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. I stood be-fore the cross! It's wood was stained with blood; I saw the
 2. I bow'd in grief and shame: My sins had nailed Him there? His brow was
 3. I 'rose, by grace di-vine, Re-newed in heart and soul; My sins no

Sav - ior hang there-on To win my soul to God; I heard His dy - ing
 pierced with cru - el thorns, That I His life might share: My soul from ev - 'ry
 more to weigh me down, For Je-sus makes me whole: Oh, matchless Lamb of

cry, As - cend to realms a-bove; I knew He drank the cup of woe That
 stain, His blood a-lone could clean; I felt my ston - y, sin - ful heart Dis-
 God, I own Thee, Lord and King; For ev - er more, in life or death, Thy

rit. CHORUS.
 I might taste His love.
 solve before the scene! Oh, friend-ship all di-vine, Oh, love beyond com-
 prais-es I will sing. Oh, friend - ship all divine, Oh, love be-

pare, To bleed and die on yon-der cross, My sin and guilt to bear.
 yond com - pare,

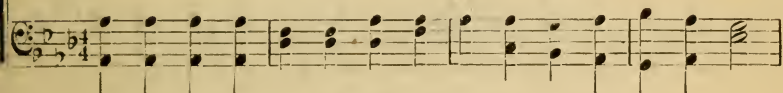
No. 65. Ready to Follow the Master.

CHARLOTTE G. HOMER.

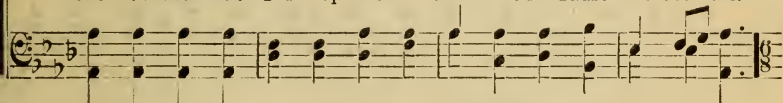
Dr. J. B. HERBERT.



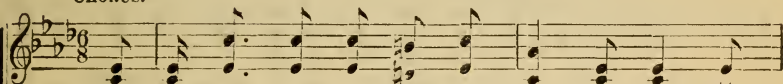
1. Je - sus, Thou art my Re-deem - er, All in all Thou art to me;
2. What would now be my con - di - tion Had there been no Cal - va - ry?
3. Thou hast borne my heav - y bur - dens, Pour'd out bless - ings full and free;
4. Lord I'll take Thy yoke up - on me, I will dai - ly fol - low Thee,



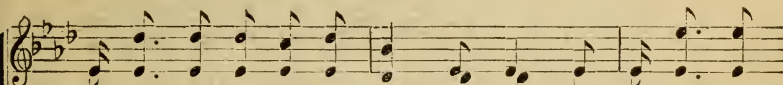
Thou didst suf - fer death to save me, Yet what have I done for Thee?
O how mar - vel - ous Thy good - ness, Yet what have I done for Thee?
Day by day in love hath kept me, Yet what have I done for Thee?
Till in heav - en I shall praise Thee For what Thou hast done for me.



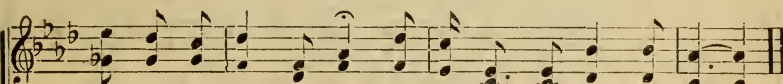
CHORUS.



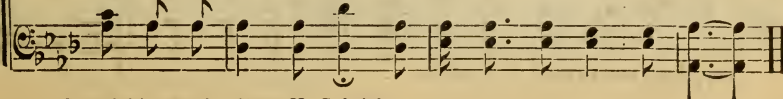
I'm read - y to take up my cross for Thee, I'm



read - y to count all but loss for Thee; I'm read - y to



go where Thou send - est me, I'm read - y to fol - low Thee.

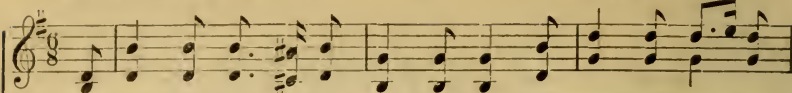


No. 66.

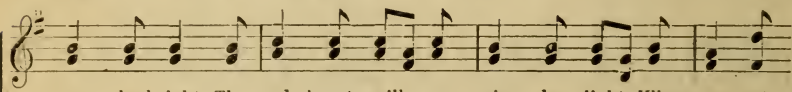
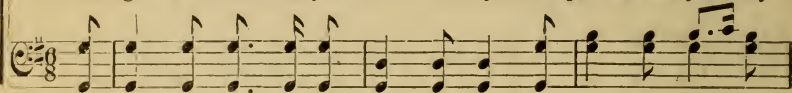
Get Right With God.

MARIAN WENDELL HUBBARD.

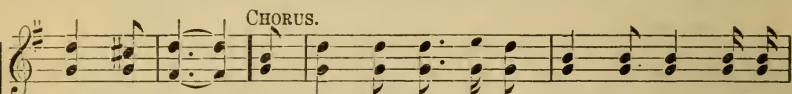
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



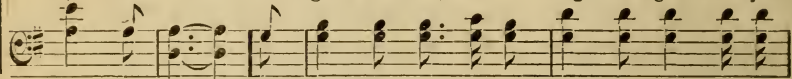
1. Get right with God, and all things are right! The clouds will break, the
2. Get right with God, tho' all else should fail He'll stand by you when
3. Get right with God, and then tell the world Tho' taunts and jeers at
4. Get right with God! will you still de - lay? He pleads with you! why



sun be bright, The sad heart will a - gain be light When you get
foes as - sail, And e - ven Sa - tan's host shall quail When you get
you are hurled; Let Je - sus' ban - ner be un - furled When you get
not to - day? The Spir - it calls, O kneel and pray And thus get



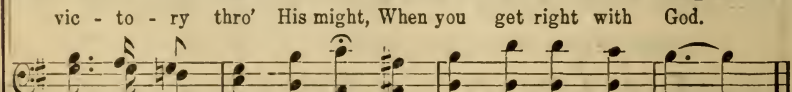
right with God. Get right with God, and all things are right! With your



eyes up - on Him, of self lose sight! You shall win the



vic - to - ry thro' His might, When you get right with God.

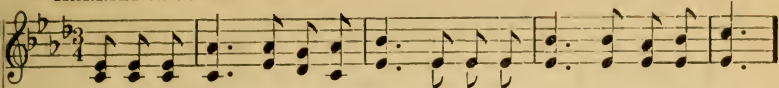


No. 67.

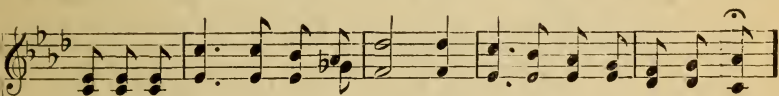
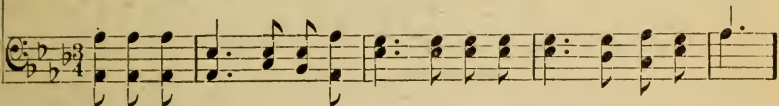
I'll Bear the Cross.

HARRIET E. JONES.

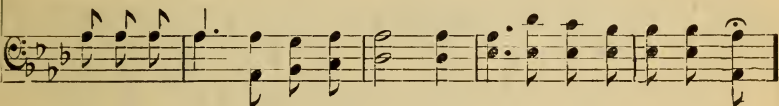
Rev. W. S. NICKLE.



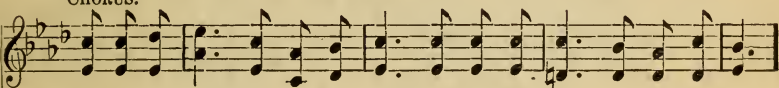
1. Al-tho' a storm - y road I tread, I'll trust in Je - sus all the way;
2. Al-tho' the clouds ob-scure my sky, And sor-row-waves a-round me rise,
3. Al-tho' the thorns now pierce my feet, A - long a rough and drear-y road,



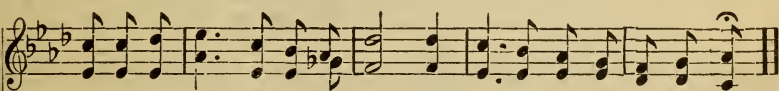
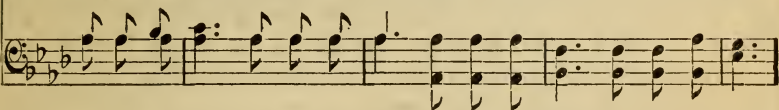
A home of rest is just a - head, Where I shall live with Him, some day.
 With Him, who whis-pers, "It is I," I'll dwell, some day, 'neath fairer skies.
 There is a rest and joy com - plete, In my Re-deem-er's bright a-bode.



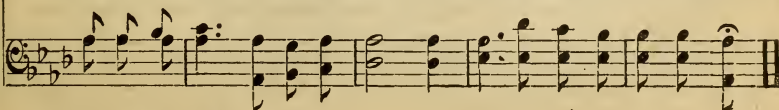
CHORUS.



I'll jour-ney on, and bear the cross, Till Je - sus bids me lay it down;



I'll shout and sing 'mid pain and loss, Till called where waits my fadeless crown:



T. BERRY SMITH.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. The hands that wrought and shining worlds cre - a - ted, The hands that held the
 2. They touch'd blind eyes and, O the light was glorious! They touch'd deaf ears, and
 3. Look where He treads the wind-ing way of sor-row, Bear-ing the cross to
 4. See them once more on Cal-v'ry wide ex-tend-ed, Torn, but tri-umph-ant!

scep - tre on the throne; (up - on the throne;) They broke the bread while hun - gry
 mus - ic rolled its flood; (its cheering flood;) They touch'd dumb mouths and praise broke
 Cal-v'ry's rug-ged brow! (to Cal-v'ry's brow!) Those blessed hands shall find their
 bleed-ing, but so blest! (bleeding, but blest!) Those broken hands shall nev - er-

thou-sands waited, They poured the wine while serv-ing just His own. . . .
 forth vic-to-ri-ous—Those bless-ed hands were al-ways do-ing good. . . .
 rest to-mor-row—They are so tired they fail in serv-ice now. . . .
 more be mend-ed—By them in heav'n men en-ter in-to rest. . . .

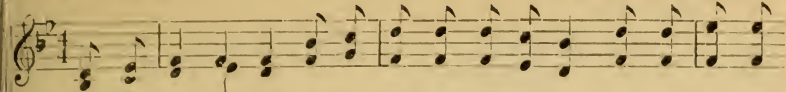
CHORUS.

O bless-ed hands, my Master's hands, Those hands beyond compare,
 beyond compare,

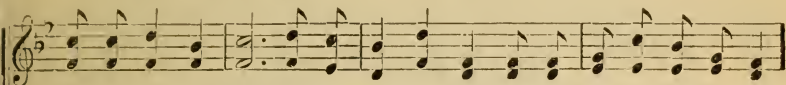
And yet I know it was my sins That made the nail - prints there.

Mrs. C. H. M.

Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.



1. I am stand - ing now on the prom - is - es of God, On the Rock that
2. All my sins are lost in the fount - ain of His blood; Of my cleans - ing
3. When earth's cares press hard Jesus knows and un - der - stands, And the oil of



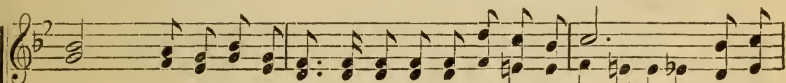
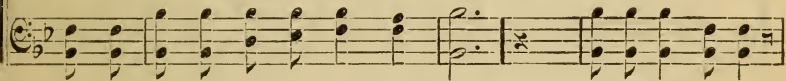
ev - er - more en - dures; And this song I sing as I jour - ney on my way,
 He my soul as - sures; I want all the world of His sav - ing grace to know;
 gladness on us pours; You may have Him now as your Sav - ior and your Lord,



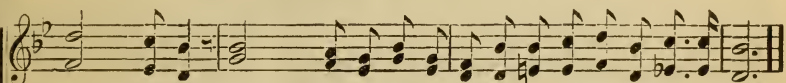
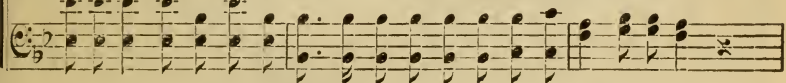
CHORUS.



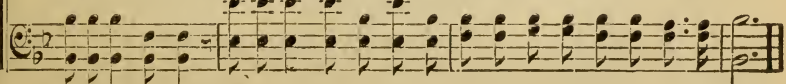
Claim the prom - is - es, and make Him yours!
 Trust the Sav - ior now, and make Him yours. He is my . . . Sav - ior,
 He is my Re - deem - er, make Him yours. He is my Sav ior,



my Sav ior, Christ, the friend to sinners precious, make Him yours! He is
 He is my Sav ior. make Him yours!



my Sav - ior, my Sav - ior, While He's waiting to be gracious, make Him yours.
 He is my Sav ior, He is my Sav ior;



No. 70.

The Wondrous Cross.

ISAAC WATTS,
TENOR SOLO

W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.

1. When I sur - vey the wondrous cross On which the
 2. See, from His head, . . . His hands, His feet, . . . Sor - row and
 1. When I sur - vey the won - drous cross

TENOR & ALTO DUET

Prince of glo - ry died, My richest gain I count but
 love flow mingled down Did e'er such love and sorrow
 On which the Prince, the Prince of glo - ry died, My richest gain
 Sor - row and love, and love flow mingled down;

less, And pour con - tempt on all my pride.
 meet, Or thorns com - pose so rich a crown?
 I count but loss, And pour con - tempt on all my pride.

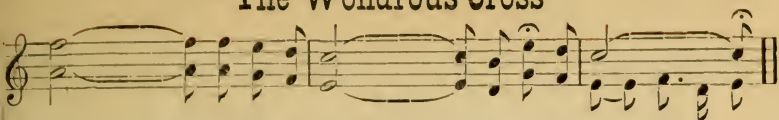
BASS SOLO

For - bid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the
 Were the whole realm, of na - ture mine, That were a
 For - bid it, Lord, that I should boast.

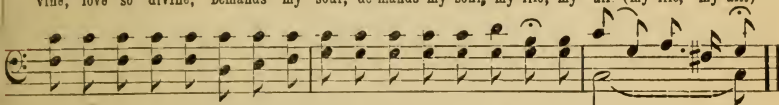
FULL CHORUS

death of Christ my Lord; All the vain things that charm m
 gift by far too small; Love so a - maz - - ing, so di
 Save in the death of Christ my Lord; All the vain things that charm m
 Love so a - maz - ing, so di

The Wondrous Cross



most, I sac-ri-fice them to His blood.
 vine, Demands my soul, my life, my all.
 most, that charm me most, I sac-ri-fice, I sac-ri-fice them to His blood. (to His blood.)
 vine, love so divine, Demands my soul, de-mands my soul, my life, my all (my life, my all.)



No. 71. Thy Will Be Done.

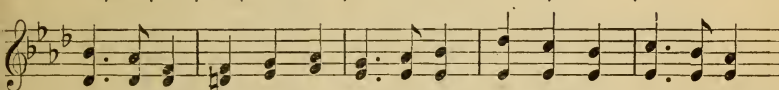
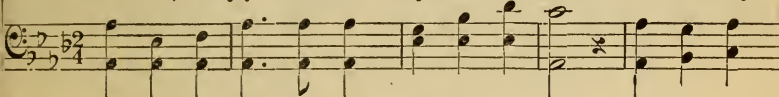
This hymn was a special contribution to Chas. H. Gabriel, by the author of
 "My Country, 'tis of Thee."

Rev. S. F. SMITH.

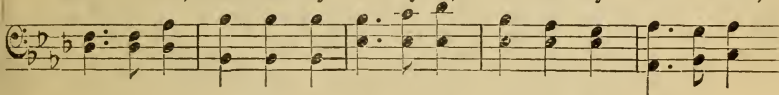
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



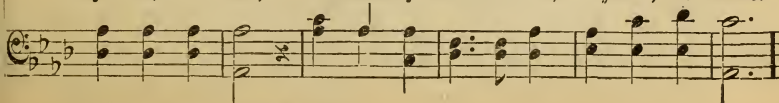
- | | | |
|---------------------------------|--------------------|----------------|
| 1. Thy way, O God, is best, | Thy way,—not mine; | Pa-tient be- |
| 2. I know Thy wise de-sign,— | Thy will is mine; | From earth-ly |
| 3. Clay in the pot-ter's hand,— | Thy will is mine; | 'Tis Thine the |
| 4. Sor-row, or joy be sent,— | Thy will is mine; | In all Thy |

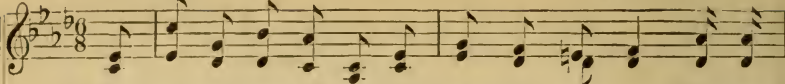


neath Thy rod, Quick to o-bey Thy nod, Because Thou art my God,—
 dross re-fine, Shape to the Mould divine, My soul shall ne'er re-pine,—
 vase to make, Or Thine, dear Lord, to break, Thine, or to give,—or, take,—
 woe I see,—What-e'er my lot may be, I trust my all to Thee,—

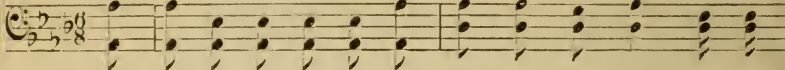
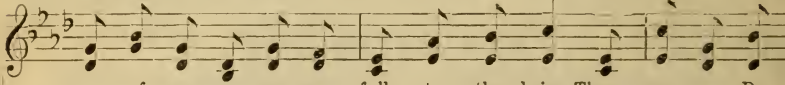


Thy will,—not mine;	Because Thou art my God,—Thy will,—not mine.
Thy will,—not mine;	My soul shall not re-pine,—Thy will,—not mine.
Thy will,—not mine;	Thine, or to give,—or, take,—Thy will,—not mine.
Thy will, is mine;	I trust my all to Thee,—Thy will, is mine.


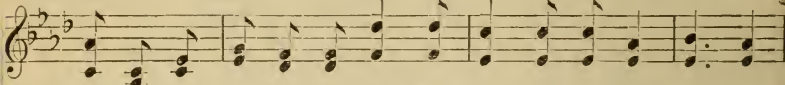




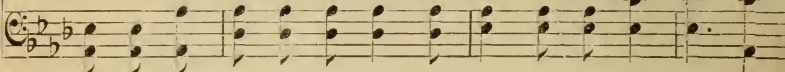
1. When sun-shine had left me, my way had grown dim, When the
 2. When I was a wan-d'r'er, no com-fort had I, I was
 3. When Sa-tan con-trolled me no free-dom I knew, When I
 4. 'Tis friend-ship most pre-cious, this friend-ship di-vine, And the

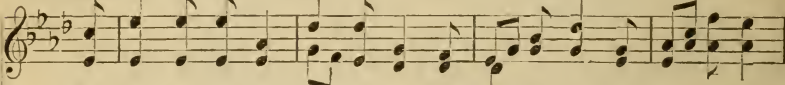
cup of my sor-row was full to the brim, There came a De-
 heart-sick and rest-less, my song was a sigh, But now I re-
 sought earth-ly fol-lies my pleas-ures were few, But Je-sus bro't
 light of His pres-ence so bright-ly doth shine; This won-der-ful



liv-'rer—my soul looked to Him—My All-suf-fi-cient Sav-ior.
 joice in a Sav-ior most high—My All-suf-fi-cient Sav-ior.
 free-dom and joys that are true—My All-suf-fi-cient Sav-ior.
 Friend will for-ev-er be mine,—My All-suf-fi-cient Sav-ior.



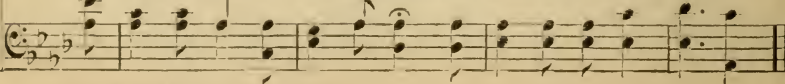
CHORUS.



My All-suf-fi-cient Sav-ior came, He took my sin, He bore my shame;

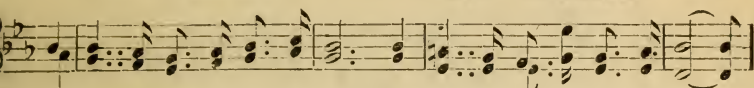
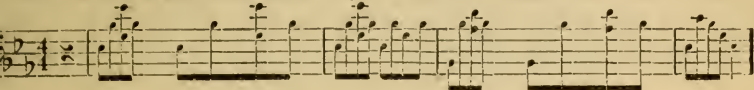



Now I have peace in His dear name—My All-suf-fi-cient Sav-ior.

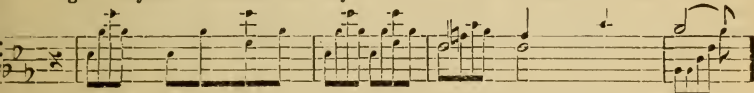




1. Up - on the cross the Sav-ior died, He gave His precious life for me;
2. He left His Fa-ther's house a-bove, That He might bring me to the light;
3. For me He trod Geth-sem-a - ne, For me the trai-tor's kiss re - ceived;
4. How can I turn from Him a - way, When thus He showed His love for me?



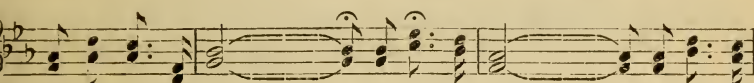
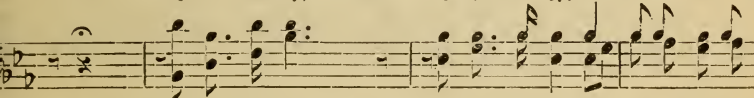
They pierced His hands, His feet, His side—My Sav - ior, He who set me free.
 To win me by a pa-tient love, From sor-row and from dark-est night.
 For me He wore the crown of thorns, For me His heart in pit - y grieved.
 I'll give my all to Him and say—"For ev - er let me live for Thee."



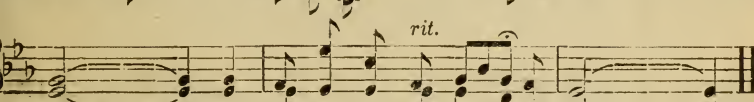
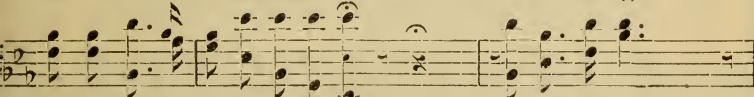
REFRAIN.



O Cal - va - ry..... blest Cal - va - ry!..... For on thy cross my
 O Cal - va - ry, blest Cal - va - ry!



Sav-ior died for me!..... O Cal - va - ry,..... dear Cal - va -
 He died for me! O Cal - va - ry,



ry,..... Thou'rt blest for all e - ter - ni - ty!.....
 dear Cal - va - ry o - ter - ni ty!



No. 74. Throw Open All the Windows.

E. E. REXFORD.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL

1. Throw o - pen wide the win - dows Of souls made dark with sin,
 2. Let's ban - ish by the sun - shine . God sends us from a - bove,
 3. Oh, sit in gloom no long - er, God's sun - shine's at the door;

And let the bless - ed sun - shine Of love and glad - ness in;
 The doubts and fears that dark - en The path - way of His love.
 It waits to cross the thresh - old, And tar - ry ev - er - more;

Drive out the gloom - y shad - ows That make the day - time night,
 Be - neath its warmth and bright - ness The flow'rs of hope will spring,
 Fling wide the heart's closed win - dows, Swing back it's doors to - day,

And flood the lone - some plac - es With pure life - giv - ing light.
 And birds of faith soar heav'n - ward, On swift and hap - py wing.
 And let love's ra - diant sun - shine, Drive all its gloom a - way.

CHORUS.

Throw o - pen all the win - dows That long have bolt - ed been, And let th
 long have bolt - ed been, And let

Throw Open All the Windows.

gold - en glo - ry Of God's sweet sunshine in; God's sweet sunshine in.
 the 'golden glory Of God's sweet sunshine in,

The image shows two staves of musical notation. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a 4/4 time signature. It features a melody with a first ending bracket labeled '1' and a second ending bracket labeled '2'. The bottom staff is in bass clef, providing a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

No. 75. Holy Holy, Holy.

1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, Ho - ly! Lord God Al - might - y! Ear - ly in the
 2. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! all the saints a - dore Thee, Casting down their
 3. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! Lord God Al - might - y! All Thy works shall

The image shows two staves of musical notation. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a 4/4 time signature. It contains the vocal melody for three verses. The bottom staff is in bass clef, providing a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

morn - ing our song shall rise to Thee; Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly,
 gold - en crowns a-round the glass - y sea; Cher - u - bim and sera - phim
 praise Thy name in earth and sky and sea; Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly,

The image shows two staves of musical notation. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a 4/4 time signature. It continues the vocal melody. The bottom staff is in bass clef, providing a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

mer - ci - ful and might - y, God in Three Per - sons blessed Trin - i - ty!
 fall - ing down be - fore Thee, Which wert, and art, and ev - er more shalt be,
 mer - ci - ful and might - y, God in Three Per - sons blessed Trin - i - ty!

The image shows two staves of musical notation. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a 4/4 time signature. It concludes the vocal melody. The bottom staff is in bass clef, providing a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

No. 76.

Lord of the Heavens.

MRS. INA M. SLUSSER.

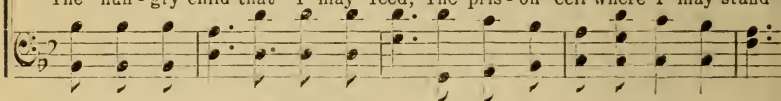
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



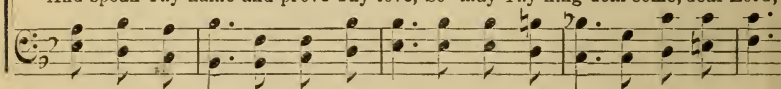
1. Lord of the heav'ns be-yond our ken! Lord of the far-flung, star-ry sphere
2. Help me to wait Thy pur-pose, Lord; Held me to know Thy way is best;
3. Show me the lack Thine eyes would see; The sink-ing soul that needs my hands;



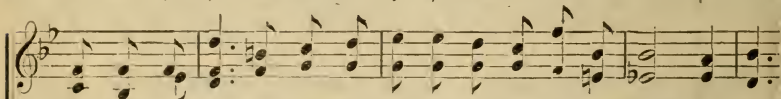
Lord of the des-ti-nies of men! Lord of my life thro' all the years,
Save me from i-dle, sin-ful words; Teach my re-bel-lious spir-it rest.
The hun-gry child that I may feed; The pris-on cell where I may stand



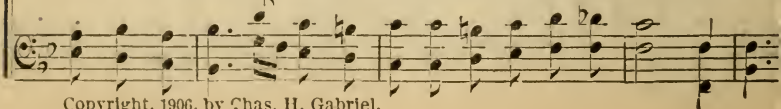
Work Thine own will in me, dear Lord, Nor heed my way-ward cry and call;
Let me not miss Thy voice to-day, Call-ing a mo-ment's space a-side
And speak Thy name and prove Thy love; So may Thy king-dom come, dear Lord;



The stars move on in sweet ac-cord And on-ly man may choose and fall,
To where the mountains wait al-way, For those who would with Thee a-bide,
Thy will be done here as a-bove; So may I learn to keep Thy word.



The stars move on in sweet ac-cord And on-ly man may choose and fall.
To where the mountains wait al-way, For those who would with Thee a-bide.
Thy will be done here as a-bove; So may I learn to keep Thy word.



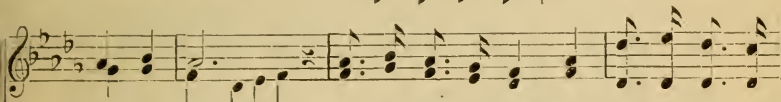
No. 77. We Shall See the King Some Day.

L. E. J.

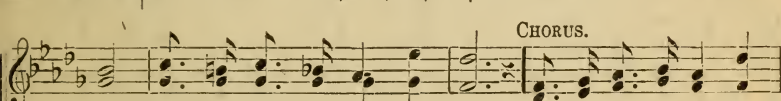
L. E. JONES.



1. Tho' the way we jour-ney may be oft-en drear, We shall see the
2. Aft-er pain and an-guish, aft-er toil and care, We shall see the
3. Aft-er foes are con-quer-ed, aft-er bat-tles won, We shall see the
4. There with all the lov'd ones who have gone be-fore, We shall see the

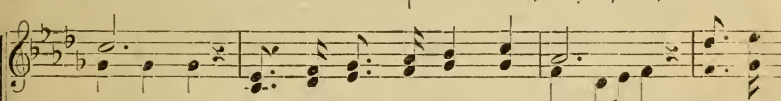
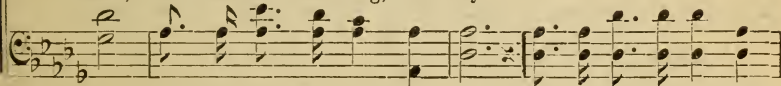


King, some day; On that bless-ed morn-ing clouds will dis-ap-
 King, some day; Thro' the end-less a-ges joy and blessing
 King, some day; Aft-er strife is o-ver, aft-er set of
 King, some day; some day; Sor-row past for-ev-er, on that peace-ful

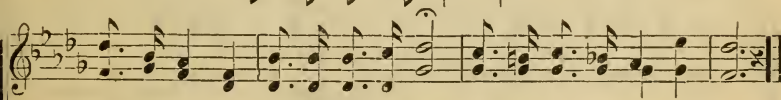
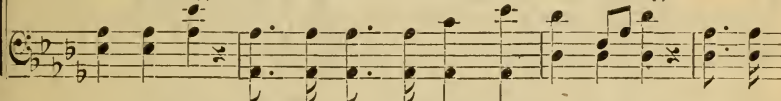


CHORUS.

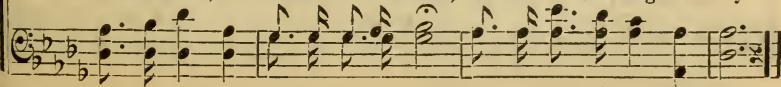
pear, We shall see the King, some day.
 share, We shall see the King, some day. We shall see the King, some
 sun, We shall see the King, some day.
 shore, We shall see the King, some day.



day, some day, We will shout and sing some day; Gath-ered
 some day;



'round the throne, When He shall call His own, We shall see the King some day.



1. 'Tis the time of sow - ing and the day grows late! Fields of rich - est
2. Tell the bro - ken-heart - ed Christ can make them whole! To the liv - ing
3. Doth the wea - ry spir - it fal - ter by the way? Cloud and storm and
4. From the dawn of morn - ing till the close of day, Seeds of truth and

prom - ise for Thy com - ing wait; In the qui - et val - ley,
 fount - ains lead the thirst - y soul; Wipe the tears of sor - row,
 dark - ness oft ob - scure the day? Tell it all to Je - sus,
 kind - ness scat - ter by the way; At the time of reap - ing,

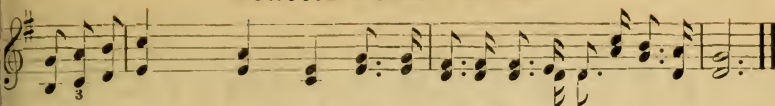
o - ver hill and plain, For the af - ter-reap - ing scat - ter gold - en grain.
 tears that fall like rain, For the af - ter-reap - ing scat - ter gold - en grain.
 He will soothe thy pain, For the af - ter-reap - ing scat - ter gold - en grain.
 great will be the gain, For the af - ter-reap - ing scat - ter gold - en grain.

CHORUS.

Scat - ter the grain, . . . scat - ter the gold - en grain, When the
 Scat - ter the gold - en grain, yes. scat - ter the gold en grain,

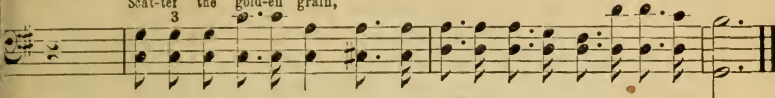
sun is shining, when descends the rain, Scatter the gold - en grain,
 descends the rain, Scatter the golden grain

Scatter Golden Grain.



Scat-ter the gold - en grain, Rich will be the harvest, great will be the gain.

Scat-ter the gold-en grain,



No. 79.

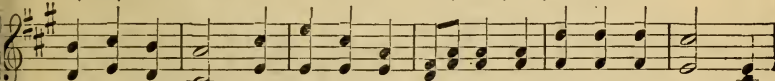
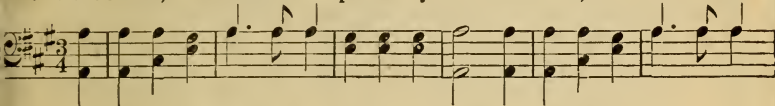
Whiter than Snow.

JAMES NICHOLSON.

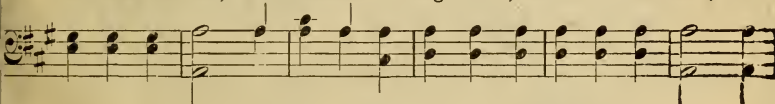
WM. G. FISCHER.



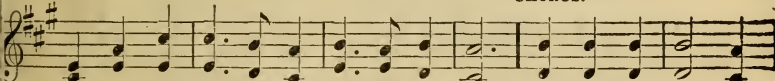
1. Lord Je-sus, I long to be per-fect-ly whole; I want Thee for - ev - er to
2. Lord Je-sus, look down from Thy throne in the skies; And help me to make a com-
3. Lord Je-sus, for this I most humbly en-treat; I wait, blessed Lord, at Thy
4. Lord Je-sus, Thou seest I pa-tient-ly wait: Come now, and within me a



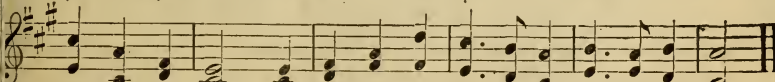
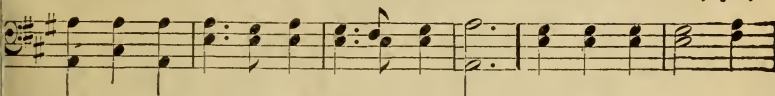
live in my soul; Break down ev - 'ry i - dol, cast out ev - 'ry foe; Now
 plete sac - ri - fice; I give up my-self, and what-ev - er I know: O
 cru - ci - fied feet, By faith, for my cleans-ing, I see Thy blood flow: O
 new heart cre - ate; To those who have sought Thee, Thou never said'st "No," O



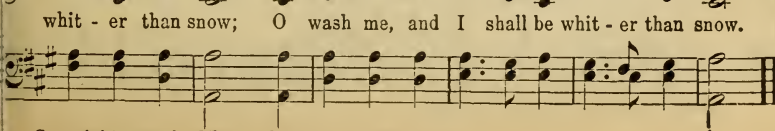
CHORUS.



wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow. Whit - er than snow, yes,



whit - er than snow; O wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow.

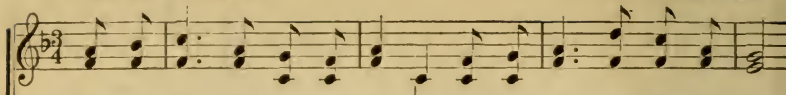


No. 80.

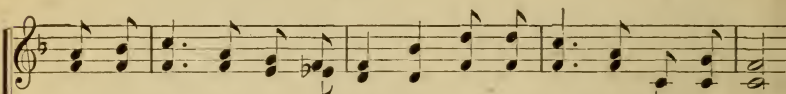
Homeland.

Dr. M. VICTOR STALEY,

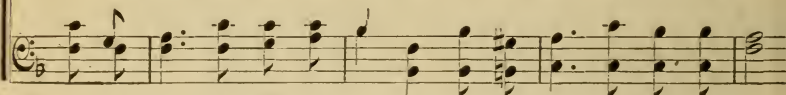
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



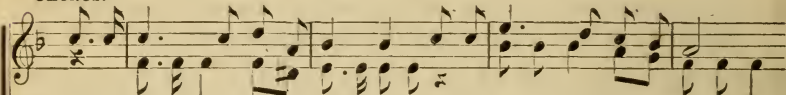
1. I am long - ing for the home-land, Far be - yond the sea of life,
2. On the strand they will be wait - ing—All the lov'd ones gone be - fore
3. I shall join the an - gel cho - rus, I shall see my Sav - ior's face,
4. None shall know life's fit - ful fe - ver, And no part - ings shall be there;



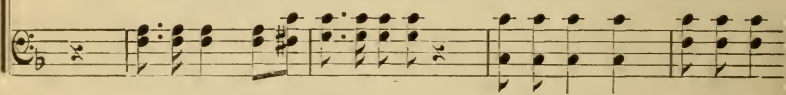
Where the days are ev - er peace - ful, Free from care and free from strife.
 When my storm-tossed bark shall an - chor Safe at last on heav - en's shore.
 Joy - ful in His love un - bound - ed, Hap - py in His sav - ing grace.
 Sin and death shall nev - er en - ter To dis - turb that home - land fair.



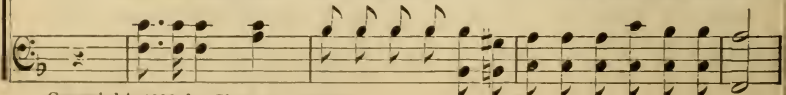
CHORUS.



Sweet the home - land, fairest homeland, From all care and sorrow free;
 Sweet the home - land, fair - est home - land, From all care and sor - row free;



Sweet the home - land, fairest home - land, Where my soul e'er yearns to be.
 Sweet the home - land, fair - est home - land, my soul e'er yearns to be,



CHARLOTTE G. HOMER.

W. STILLMAN MARTIN.

1. All my hu - man weak - ness feel - ing, In Thy bless - ed name ap -
 2. Noth - ing of my own pos - sess - ing, Sin and sel - fish - ness con -
 3. Tho' I oft - en have de - nied Thee, 'Twas my sin that cru - ci -
 4. Kin - dle now the sa - cred fire In my soul for Thee, and
 5. From death's dark mys - ter - ious riv - er Thou wilt my poor soul de -
 6. Hold Thou still the cross be - fore me; Watch in ten - der mer - cy

peal - ing, Now for more of Thy re - veal - ing, Lord, I come!
 fess - ing, For an un - de - serv - ed bless - ing, Lord, I come!
 fied Thee! Yet for - give me love me, guide me—Lord, I come!
 high - er Lift me; For this one; de - sire Lord, I come!
 liv - er; To be Thine, yea Thine for - ev - er, Lord, I come!
 o'er me Till I see Thy face in glo - ry; Lord, I come!

CHORUS.

All up - on Thine al - tar leav - ing, Ev - 'ry-thing from Thee re -
 ceiv - ing, Un - to Thee in faith be - liev - ing Lord, I come, I come.

No. 82.

This World For Jesus.

REV. J. E. RANKIN, D. D.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. This whole wide world for Je-sus! 'Twas heav'n He put a - side, On earth to
 2. This whole wide world for Je-sus! From where the ris - ing sun Lights up the
 3. This whole wide world for Je-sus! He comes to make it bloom, Be read - y

walk in - car - nate, Was scourg'd and cru - ci - fled; Then let the King Im -
 o - rient moun - tain To where His course is run; He is the world's Re -
 for the sig - nal, Pre - pare His king - dom room! A King's a - bout a

man - uel, Who left for us a throne, Re - turn and take pos - ses - sion, Re -
 deem - er! Let all be - neath the skies Speak back to Him one lan - guage In
 mong us! Be this our bat - tle call: "This whole wide world for Je - sus," He

CHORUS.

turn and claim His own.
 praise and sac - ri - fice. This whole wide world for Je - sus, This world for
 well de - serves it all. whole wide world

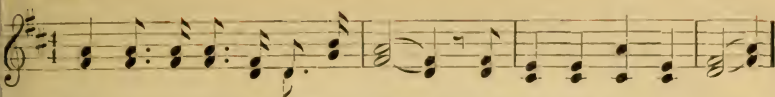
Je - sus; This whole wide world for Je - sus, This world for Je - sus.
whole wide world

No. 83.

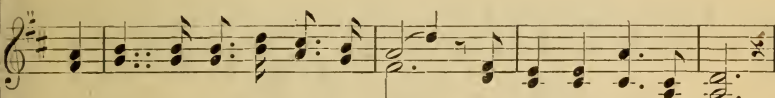
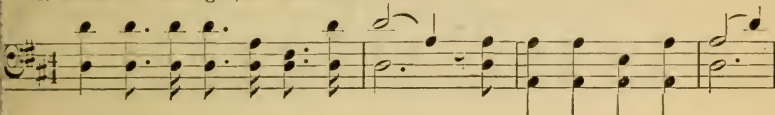
Walk in the Light.

ASA HULL.

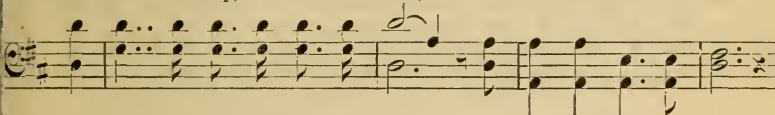
GEO. C. HUGG.



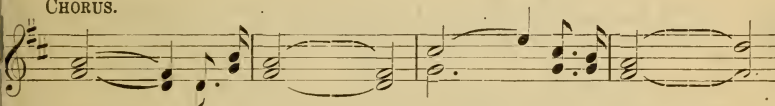
- | | |
|---|----------------------------------|
| 1. Walk in the light the Lord has given | To guide thy steps a - right; |
| 2. Walk in the light of gos - pel truth | That shines from God's own word; |
| 3. Walk in the light, tho' shadows dark, | Like spectres, cross thy way; |
| 4. Walk in the light, and thou shalt know | The love of God to thee: |



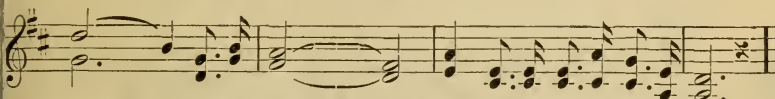
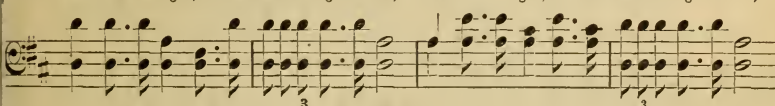
His ho - ly Spir - it, sent from heav'n	Can cheer the dark - est night.
A light to guide in ear - ly youth	The faith - ful of the Lord.
Dark - ness will flee be - fore the light	Of God's e - ter - nal day.
The fel - low - ship, so sweet be - low,	In heav'n will sweet - er be.



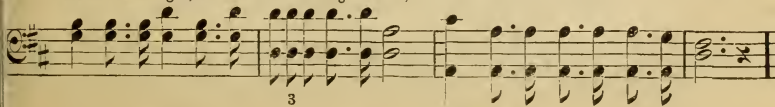
CHORUS.



Walk in the light,	Walk in the light
Walk in the light, in the beautiful light of God,	Walk in the light, in the beautiful light of God,



Walk in the light	Walk in the light, the light of God.
Walk in the light, in the beautiful light of God,	

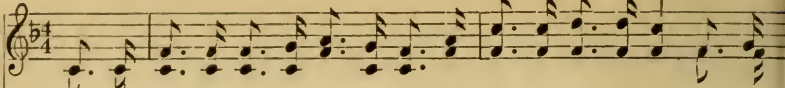


No. 84.

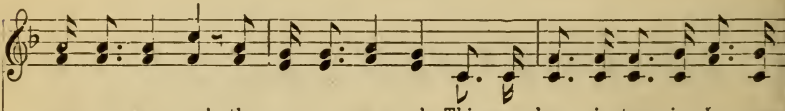
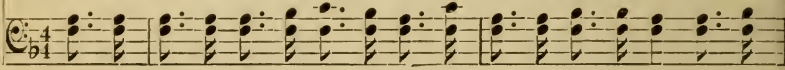
Another Pentecost.

Mrs. C. H. M.

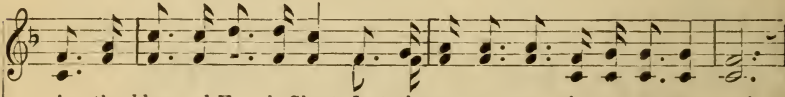
Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.



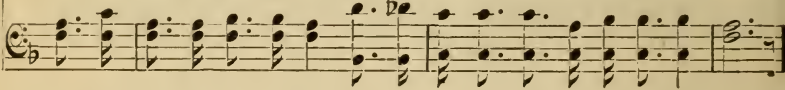
1. We to-day may have the pow-er which they had at Pen-te-cost, Just the
2. It was while they all were praying, that the Spir-it was out-pour'd, We may
3. As the Spir-it gave them utt'rance they be-gan to tes-ti-fy, We may
4. As we tar-ry here, O Father, cleanse and fill each waiting heart, With the
5. Now the glo-rious scene re-peat-ing in an-oth-er Pen-te-cost, Send the



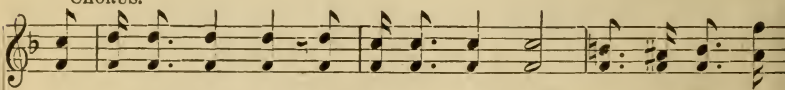
ver-y same pow'r, the ver-y same pow'r; This our her-i-tage in Je-sus
 have the same pow'r, the ver-y same pow'r; In like man-ner we must wait with
 have the same pow'r, the ver-y same pow'r; And three thousand were con-vert-ed
 ver-y same pow'r, the ver-y same pow'r; Lib-er-ty and strength for service
 ver-y same pow'r, the ver-y same pow'r; Un-to Thee shall be the glo-ry.



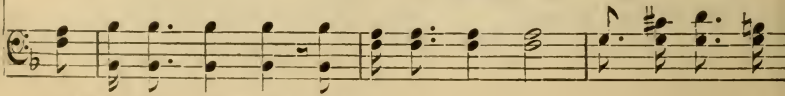
e'en the bless-ed Ho-ly Ghost, Just the ver-y same, the ver-y same pow'r.
 one de-sire and one ac-cord, We may have the same, the ver-y same pow'r,
 and their Lord did glo-ri-fy, We may have the same, the ver-y same pow'r.
 to Thy chil-dren all im-part, Just the ver-y same, the ver-y same pow'r.
 Fa-ther, Son and Ho-ly Ghost, For the ver-y same, the ver-y same pow'r.



CHORUS.



The ver-y same pow'r, the ver-y same pow'r, Praise O praise His



Another Pentecost.

ho - ly name for - ev - er! Just the ver - y same pow'r Je - sus

promised should come down, Just the ver - y same, the ver - y same pow'r.

No. 85. All to Christ I Owe.

Mrs. E. M. HALL.

JOHN T. GRAPE.

1. I hear the Sav - ior say, "Thy strength indeed is small; Child of weakness
2. Lord, now in - deed I find Thy pow'r, and Thine a - lone, Can change the
3. For noth - ing good have I Where - by Thy grace to claim, I'll wash my
4. And when be - fore the throne I stand in Him com - plete, I'll lay my

CHORUS.

watch and pray, Find in me thine "all in all."
 lep - er's spot, And melt the heart of stone. Je - sus paid it all,
 gar - ments white In the blood of Cal - v'ry's Lamb.
 trop - ies down, All down at Je - sus' feet.

All to Him I owe; Sin had left a crimson stain, He wash'd it white as snow.

C. H. G.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Dear Lord, I need Thy saving care a-bout me; In - to thine arms
 2. When foes without, and foes with-in as-sail me, And I am tossed up-
 3. When o'er my way the sun is brightly shin - - ing, My coun-sel-or, my
 4. When I am near the dark and unknown riv - - er, Lord, who in earth c

1. Dear Lord, I need thy sav - ing care a-bout me; In - to thine

ref-uge would I flee; I could not live—I dare not die with-
 on a troubled sea, When, in my weakness, hope and courage
 guide and keeper be; And in the hour of sor-row and re-
 heav'n can save but Thee? 'Tis thou a-lone hath pow-er to de-
 arms of ref-uge would I flee; I could not live— I

out thee, In mer - cy then a - bide, a-bide with me. . .
 fail me, In mer - cy then a - bide, a-bide with me. . .
 pia - - ing, In mer - cy then a - bide, a-bide with me. . .
 liv - - er, In mer - cy then a - bide, a-bide with me. . .
 dare not die with-out thee, In mer - cy then a - bide, a - bide with me.

CHORUS.

A - bide with me,—I need thee ev - 'ry hour; A - bide with
 A - bide, a - bide with me.— I need thee ev - 'ry hour; A - bide, a - bide with

Abide With Me.

me, I fear the tempter's pow'r; A - bide with me, in
me, I fear the tempter's pow'r; A - bide, a - bide with me. in

sunshlne and in show'r; In life, in death, O Lord, a-bide with me.
sun - shine and in show'r; In life, in death. O Lord, a - bide. a - bide with me,

No. 87. While Jesus Whispers to You

W. E. WITTER.

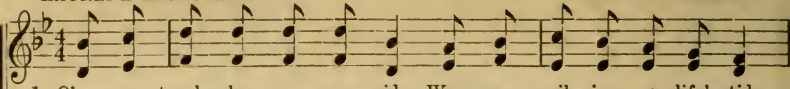
H. R. PALMER.

1. { While Je-sus whis-pers to you, Come, sin-ner, come! }
 { While we are praying for you, (Omit) } Come, sin - ner, come!
2. { Are you too heav - y la - den? Come,, sinner, come! }
 { Je - sus will bear your bur - den, (Omit) } Come, sin - ner, come!
3. { Oh, hear His tender plead - ing, Come, sin-ner, come! }
 { Come, and re-ceive the bless-ing, (Omit) } Come, sin - ner, come!

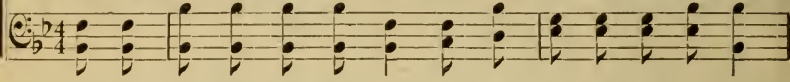
- { Now is the time to own Him, Come, sin-ner, come! }
 { Now is the time to know Him, (Omit) } Come, sin - ner, come,
 { Je - sus will not de - ceive you, Come, sin-ner, come! }
 { Je - sus can now re - ceive you, (Omit) } Come, sin - ner, come!
 { While Je - sus whis - pers to you, Come, sin - ner, come! }
 { While we are pray - ing for you, (Omit) } Come, sin - ner, come!

LAURENE HIGHFIELD.

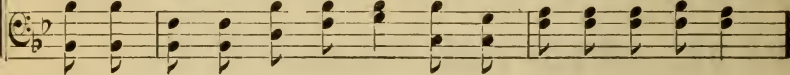
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



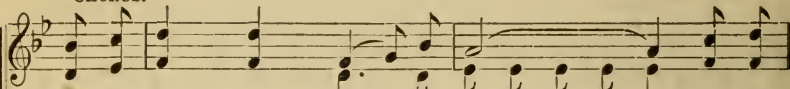
1. O'er a track - less o - cean wide We are sail - ing on life's tide;
2. Je - sus knows life's ev - 'ry care, All its bur - dens He will share;
3. He has felt life's keen-est woe, All its sor - rows He doth know;
4. Trust - ing Him we fear no ill; Peace and joy our spir - its fill;



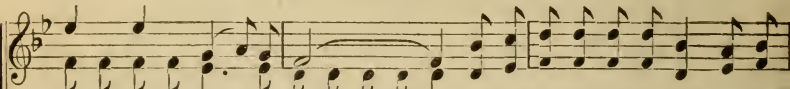
Storms of e - vil round us beat, Threat-'ning ship-wreck and de - feat.
 Ev - 'ry weak-ness, pain or smart, Touch - es His great lov - ing heart.
 Worn and wea - ry, tempt-ed, tried, As a man He lived and died.
 He will guide our bark a - right, We are pre - cious in His sight.



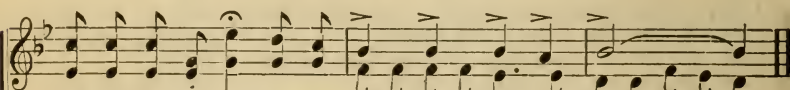
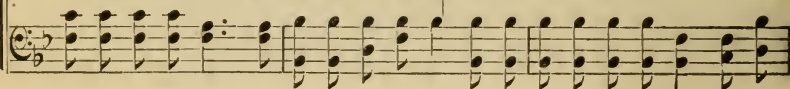
CHORUS.



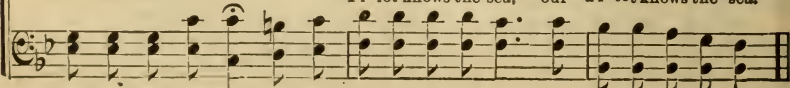
Christ our Pi - lot knows the sea, Safe with-
 Pi - lot knows the sea, our Pi - lot knows the sea,



in His care are we; . . . Storm nor tempest can pre-vail, We shall
 His care are we, with - in His care are we;

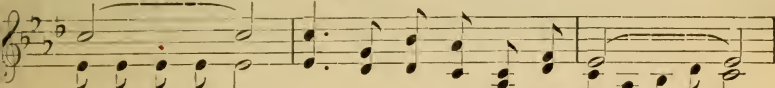
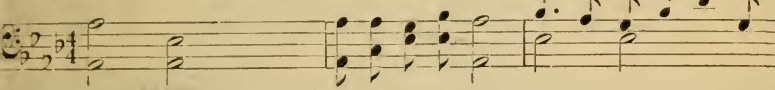


rest with-in the veil, For our Pi - lot knows the sea.
 Pi - lot knows the sea, our Pi lot knows the sea.

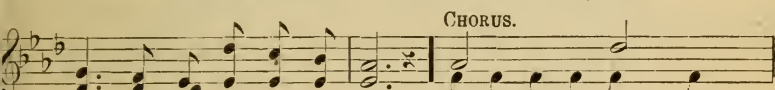
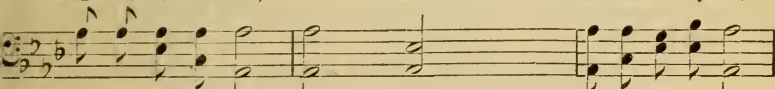




1. Lov - ing Sav - ior, lead Thou me, Lest I wan - der far from
 2. Oh, Thou ref - uge of my soul Hold me in di - vine con -
 3. Sav - ior, keep me day by day, All a - long my pil - grim
 1. Lov - - ing Savior, lead Thou me; Lest I

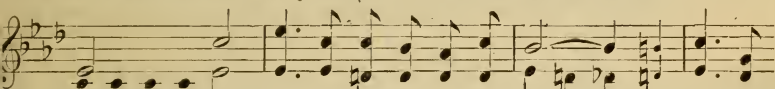


Thee. I am safe when in Thy care,
 trol; What - so - ev - er may be - tide,
 way; When my earth - ly work is done,
 wan - der far from Thee, I am safe when in Thy care,

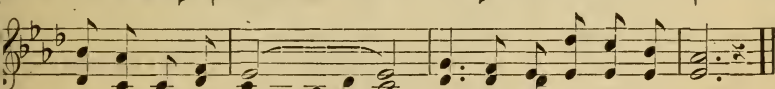
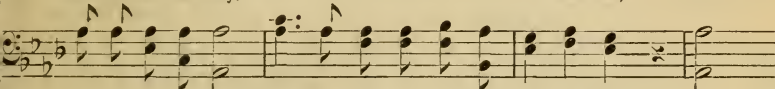


CHORUS.

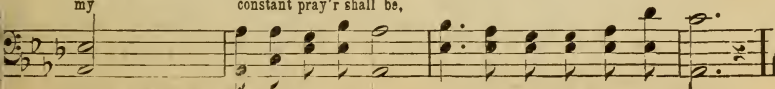
Thou will keep from ev - 'ry snare. Lead me,
 Lead and keep me by Thy side. Sav - ior,
 Lead me home, O bless - ed One. Lead me, O my Sav - ior, lead me,



lead me, Sav - ior, lead me all the way, This my
 nev - er let me stray. lead me, This



constant pray'r shall be, Sav - ior, lead me home to Thee.
 my constant pray'r shall be,



No. 90.

Jesus Loves Me.

JENNIE REE.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

SOLO.

REFRAIN.

1. { The Sav - ior once said "Let the lit - tle ones Come!" I am so
 "Of such is the kingdom"—O beau - ti - ful home! I am so

2. { I know He has pow'r o - ver land and the sea; I am so
 And O what a won - der - ful Sav - ior is He! I am so

3. { I want to be like Him in all that I do, I am so
 In serv - ice I want to be faith - ful and true, I am so

SOLO.

glad He loves me; He cares for the flow - ers, the birds and the bees; He
 glad He loves me; He notes my en - deav - or His will to o - bey; And
 glad He loves me; A man - sion in heav - en is wait - ing for me; Where

send - eth the rain on the mead - ows and trees; And all that I do, ev - 'ry
 tho' I but whis - per, He hears when I pray; So I would live near - er to
 I with the an - gels for - ev - er shall be; And, dear - est of all, there His

REFRAIN.

FULL CHORUS.

ac - tion He sees, I am so glad He loves me.
 Him ev - 'ry day, I am so glad He loves me. Je - sus loves me,
 face I shall see, I am so glad He loves me.

Jesus Loves Me.

SOLO.

Je - sus loves me, I am so glad that Je - sus loves me! He dear - ly loves

FULL CHORUS.

me, and His own I would be, I am so glad that Je - sus loves me.

No. 91: Work for the Night is Coming.

1. { Work, for the night is coming, Work thro' the morn-ing hours;
 Work while the dew is sparkling (*Omit*) Work 'mid springing
 D. C.—*Work for the night is coming* (*Omit*) *When man's work is*

FINE. D. C.

flow'rs. Work when the day grows brighter, Work in the glow-ing sun;
done.

2 Work, for the night is coming,
 Work through the sunny noon;
 Fill brightest hours with labor,
 Rest comes sure and soon,
 Give every flying minute,
 Something to keep in store;
 Work for the night is coming,
 When man works no more.

3 Work, for the night is coming,
 Under the sunset skys;
 While the bright tints are glowing,
 Work, for daylight flies,
 Work till the last beam fadeth,
 Fadeth to shine no more,
 Work while the night is darkening,
 When man's work is o'er

No. 92. Jesus, and Shall It Ever Be.

JOSEPH GRIGG.

(QUARTETTE.)

W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.

1. Je-sus, and shall it ev-er be, A mor-tal
 2. Ashamed of Thee! O just as soon Let mid-nigh
 3. Ashamed of Thee! yes, then I may, When I've no
 Tenor Solo. 1. Je-sus, and shall it ev-er be,

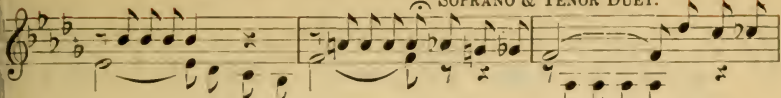
man ashamed of Thee? Ashamed of Thee, whom an-gels
 be ashamed of noon; . . . 'Tis midnight with . . . my soul till
 guilt to wash a - way; . . . No tear to wipe, . . . no good to
 A mortal man ashamed of Thee? Ashamed of Thee,

praise, Whose glory shines . . . thro' end-less days?
 He, Bright Morning Star, bids darkness flee.
 crave, No fears to quell, . . . no soul to save.
 whom angels praise, Whose glo-ry shines thro' endless days?

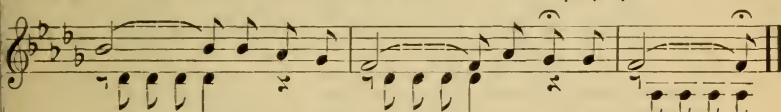
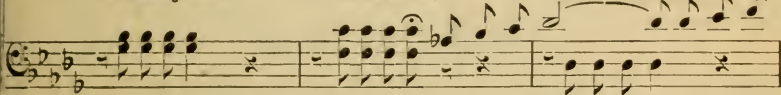
Bass Solo. Alto Solo.
 Ashamed of Thee! O sooner far Let ev'ning
 Ashamed of Thee! that dearest Friend On whom my
 Ashamed of Thee! 'twill nev-er be My hopes of
 A-shamed of Thee! O soon-er far

Jesus, and shall it ever be.

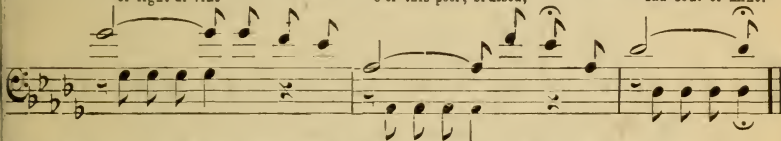
SOPRANO & TENOR DUET.



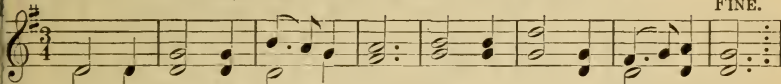
blush . . . to own a star; . . . He sheds the beams . . . of light di-
 hopes . . . of heav'n depend! . . . No, when I blush, . . . be this my
 heav'n . . . are all in Thee; . . . And when I come . . . Thy face to
 Let evening blush to own a star; He sheds the beams



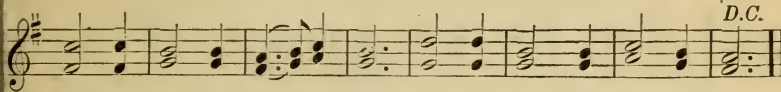
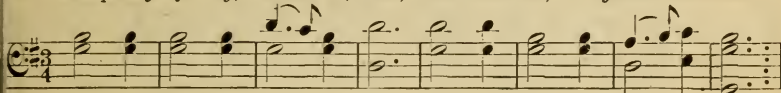
vine . . . O'er this poor, bruised, . . . sad soul of mine. . . .
 shame, . . . That I no more . . . re-vere His name. . . .
 see, . . . O then be not . . . ashamed of me. . . .
 of light di-vine O'er this poor, bruised, sad soul of mine.



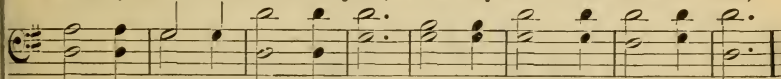
No. 93. Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide. M. M. WELLS. FINE.



1. { Ho - ly Spir - it, faith - ful Guide, Ev - er near the christian's side, }
 { Gen - tly lead us by the hand, Pil - grims in a des - ert land. }
 D.C. - *Whis - pring soft - ly, "Wand'rer, come, Fol - low me, I'll guide thee home."*



Wea - ry souls for - e'er re - joice, While they hear that sweet - est voice,



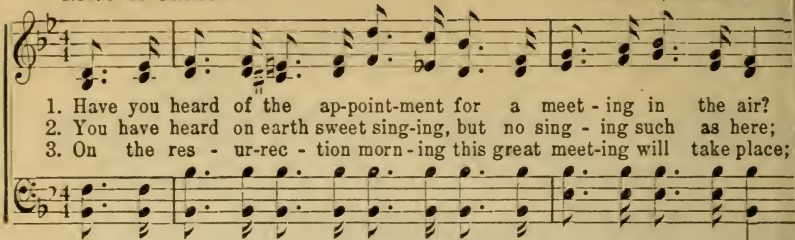
Ever present, truest Friend,
 Ever near Thine aid to lend,
 Leave us not to doubt and fear;
 Groping on in darkness drear.
 When the storms are raging sore,
 Hearts grow faint and hopes give o'er,
 Whisper softly, Wanderer, come,
 Follow me, I'll guide thee home."

3 When our days of toil shall cease,
 Waiting still for sweet release,
 Nothing left but heaven and prayer,
 Wondering if our names are there;
 Wading deep the dismal flood,
 Pleading naught but Jesus' blood;
 Whisper softly, "Wanderer, come,
 Follow me, I'll guide thee home."

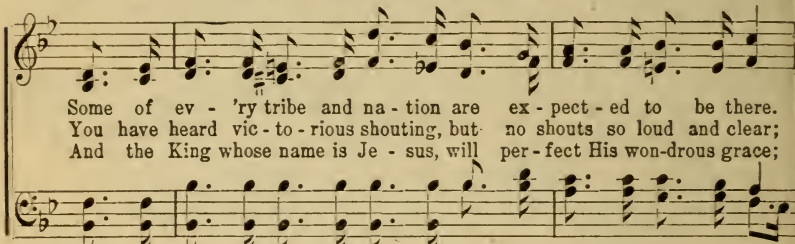
No. 94. The Meeting in the Air.

Rev. J. M. ORROCK.

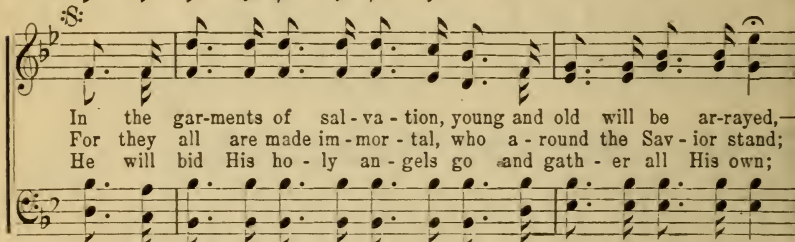
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. Have you heard of the ap-point-ment for a meet-ing in the air?
 2. You have heard on earth sweet sing-ing, but no sing-ing such as here;
 3. On the res-ur-rec-tion morn-ing this great meet-ing will take place;



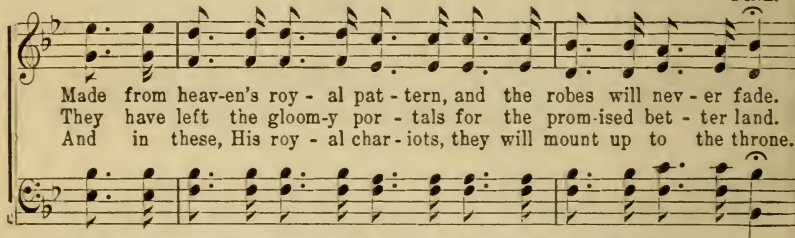
Some of ev-'ry tribe and na-tion are ex-pect-ed to be there.
 You have heard vic-to-rious shout-ing, but no shouts so loud and clear;
 And the King whose name is Je-sus, will per-fect His won-drous grace;



In the gar-ments of sal-va-tion, young and old will be ar-rayed,
 For they all are made im-mor-tal, who a-round the Sav-ior stand;
 He will bid His ho-ly an-gels go and gath-er all His own;

D. S.-Yes; we've had an in-vi-ta-tion, and have promised to be there,

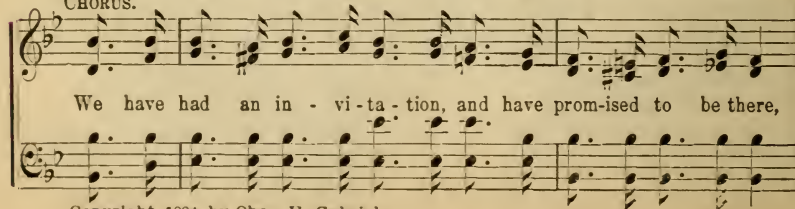
FINE.



Made from heav-en's roy-al pat-tern, and the robes will nev-er fade.
 They have left the gloom-y por-tals for the prom-ised bet-ter land.
 And in these, His roy-al char-iots, they will mount up to the throne.

And with bound-ing hearts are wait-ing for the meet-ing in the air.

CHORUS.



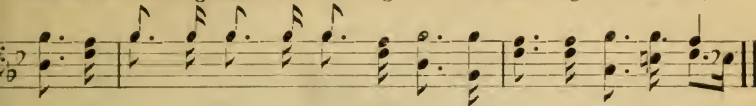
We have had an in-vi-ta-tion, and have prom-ised to be there,

The Meeting in the Air.

D. S.



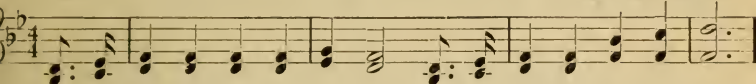
And with bound-ing hearts are wait-ing for the meet-ing in the air;



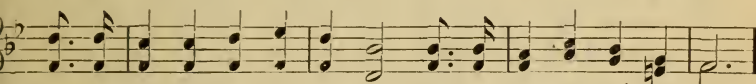
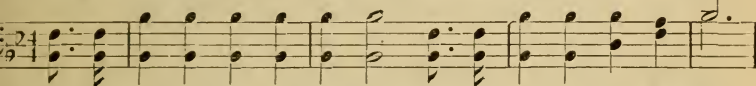
No. 95. Shout the Tidings.

D. M. C.

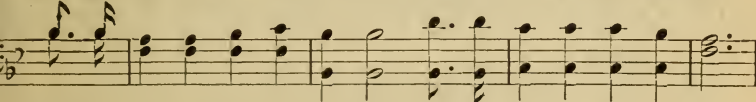
D. M. CHUTE.



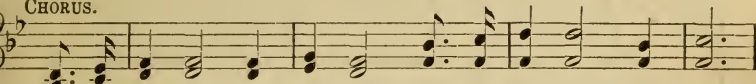
1. Shout the ti - dings of sal - va - tion, Bear the mes - sage far and wide;
2. Shout the ti - dings of sal - va - tion, Sit not i - dly by the way;
3. Shout the ti - dings of sal - va - tion, Spread the word from shore to shore!



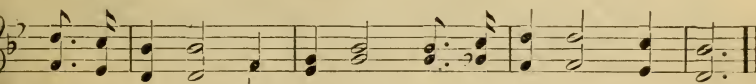
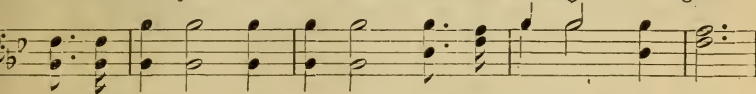
Spread the feast for ev - 'ry na - tion—Tell of Je - sus cru - ci - fied.
 Heed the mess - age of the Mas - ter:—"Go and work for me to - day."
 Je - sus' mer - cy is un - meas - ured, And His love a bound - less store.



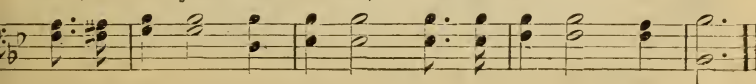
CHORUS.



Hal - le - lu - jah for Je - sus! Shout the ti - dings a - gain!



Hal - le - lu - jah for Je - sus, Now and ev - er! A - men.



LAURENE HIGHFIELD.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL

1. A - mer - i - ca, a - wake to your dan - ger! There's a
 2. A - mer - i - ca, a - wake to your dan - ger! Oh, be
 3. A - mer - i - ca, a - wake to your dan - ger, And a-

foe with - in your bor - der to fight! Cast a - side now the cha
 vig - i - lant, and loy - al, and brave; There are fet - ters to bre
 against the e - vil take up your stand! While the rum - pow'r en-slav

strike for free - dom a - gain, Take up arms for the cause of the right
 there are e - vils to shake To their core, if your sons you would sav
 men will find drunkard graves! There is need of re - form in the lan

CHORUS.

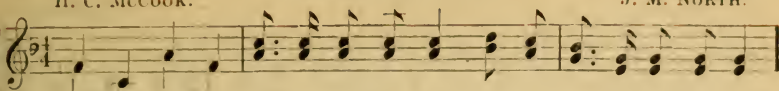
A - mer - i - ca, a - wake, a - wake! Strike off your bonds, your shackles br

A - wake! a - wake till e - vil's reign Shall no more mar thy broad do - ma

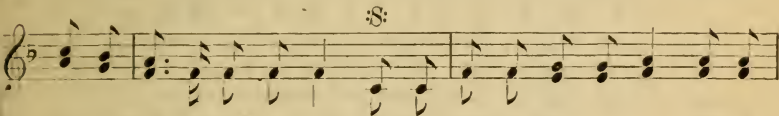
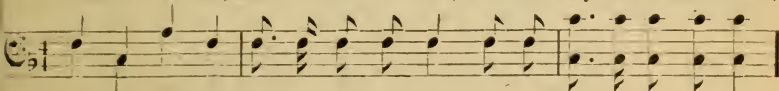
No. 97. Little Pilgrim on the Road.

H. C. McCook.

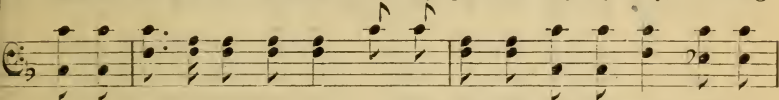
J. M. NORTH.



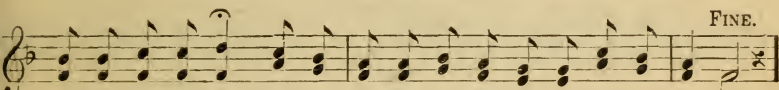
1. I'm a pil-grim, pil-grim on the road, Lit-tle pil-grim on the road,
2. I was bur-den'd, bur-den'd with a load, Heav-y bur-den'd with a load,
3. I was wea-ry, wea-ry of the load, Ver-y wea-ry of the load,
4. There are per-ils, per-ils by the road, Ma-n-y per-ils, by the road,
5. Bless-ed Sav-ior, Build-er of the road, Thou the way to me hast show'd,



To the cit-y of our God; I have left the way of sin That I
 When I start-ed on the road; 'Twas the sin that I had done; My own
 As I tot-ter'd o'er the road; But the Sav-ior took the pack From the
 But I trust the pil-grim's God; With my staff be-liev-ing prayer, Ev-'ry
 Grace to en-ter it be-stowed; Oh, sup-port me day by day, Giv-ing



D. S.—I have left the way of sin That I



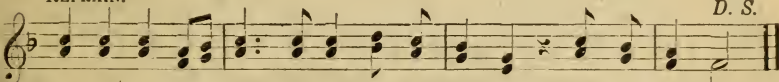
FINE.

long had wan-der'd in, And I'm pressing t'ward the land, the land of glo-ry.
 hand had laid it on, Ere I start-ed for the land, the land of glo-ry.
 lit-tle pilgrim's back; And I'm trav'ling on with lightsome heart to glo-ry.
 dan-ger I may dare, While I trav-el to the land, the land of glo-ry.
 strength for all the way, That I jour-ney t'ward the land, the land of glo-ry.



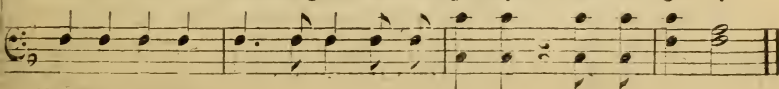
long had wan-der'd in, And I'm pressing t'ward the land, the land of glo-ry.

REFRAIN.



D. S.

On, on, on! I'm trav-'ling on! On to glo-ry! on to glo-ry!



No. 98.

He Knoweth.

X. X. X.

O. R. BARROWS.

1. I know not, the way is so mist - y and dark, The joy or the
 2. I stand where are meet - ing the cross-roads of time, And know not the
 3. I know that the way lead-eth home-ward a - bove, To the land of the

grief it will bring; What clouds are o'er hanging the onward be - fore, What
 right from the wrong, No beck-on-ing fin - ger to point me the way, No
 pure and the blest; To the country of summer, for - ev - er so fair, To the

flow'rs by the way - side will spring, But there's One who will jour - ney be -
 wel - come comes to me in song, But my Guide will soon give me a
 cit - y of peace and of rest; O - ver there shall be heal - ing for

side me, I know, Nor in weal nor in woe will for - sake, And
 to - ken, I know, By the wil - der - ness, mountain, or lake; Wha
 sick - ness, I know, Liv - ing fount - ains, life's fe - vers to slake; Wha

this is my sol - ace, my com - fort and trust, He knoweth the way that I take
 ev - er this darkness that shrouds me a - bout, He knoweth the way that I take.
 matters be - side if on homeward I go, He knoweth the way that I take.

He Knoweth.

CHORUS.

He know - eth the way, He know - eth the way, He know - eth the way
 He know - eth. He know - eth. He knoweth, He

way that I take; know - eth the way that I take.
 know - eth the way that I take.

No. 99. The Great Physician.

REV. J. H. STOCKSON.

1. The great phy - si - cian now is near, The sym - pa - thiz - ing Je - sus;
 2. Your ma - ny sins are all for - giv'n, O, hear the voice of Je - sus;
 3. All glo - ry to the dy - ing Lamb! I now be - lieve in Je - sus;
 4. And when to that bright world a - bove, We rise to see our Je - sus;

FINE.

He speaks the droop-ing heart to cheer, O, hear the voice of Je - sus.
 Go on your way in peace to heav'n, And wear a crown with Je - sus.
 I love the bless - ed Sav - ior's name, I love the name of Je - sus.
 We'll sing a - round the throne of love His name, the name of Je - sus.

D. S.—Sweet-est car - ol ev - er sung, Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus.

REFRAIN.

D. S.

Sweet - est note of ser - aph song, Sweet - est name on mor - tal tongue,

No. 100.

God is With Us.

EFFIE STEVENS.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. God is with us! God is with us! We by faith in Him a - - bide;
 2. God is with us! God is with us! For up-on a Christ-mas morn,
 3. God is with us! God is with us! We received the priceless gift

He will keep us tho' we wan-der O-ver all the earth so wide; He will
 In a far off east-ern coun-try His most precious gift was born; Born and
 Of a Sav-ior, gen-tle, lov-ing, Who will nev-er cast a-drift Those who

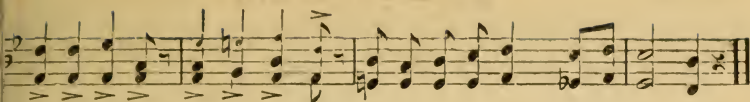
save us from all dan-ger, Be our pres-ent help and guide; In our
 lived a-mid the shad-ows, Of this world's most bit-ter scorn; Died that
 trust to Him their bur-den, Or to Him their glad hearts lift; For He

sor-row He will ev-er Draw us clos-er to His side.
 we, God's err-ing chil-dren Might like gems His crown a-dorn.
 comes to those who love Him As God's priceless Christmas gift.

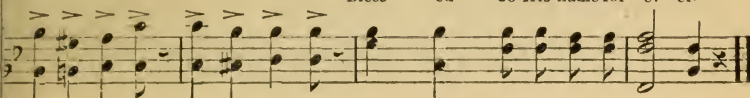
CHORUS.

God is with us! Sing the blessed sto-ry; Glo-ry in the highest glo-ry!
 Sing the sto-ry! Glo-ry in the high-est glo-ry!

God is With Us.



God is with us! God is with us! Bless - ed be His name for - ev - er.
 Bless - ed be His name for - ev - er.



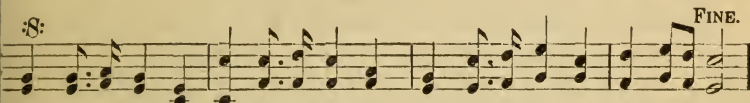
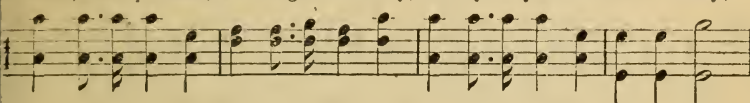
No. 101. Linger No Longer.

T. C. O'KANE,

T. E. PERKINS.

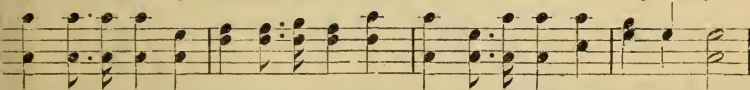


1. Come, needy sinners, Je - sus is wait - ing, Wait - ing to give you peace with - in;
2. Come, come to Jesus, Angels are wait - ing, Wait - ing to bear the news a - bove;
3. Come, Come to Jesus, Dear friends are waiting, Waiting to greet you in their throng;
4. Come, come to Jesus, All things are read - y, Read - y for your re - turn to - day;



FINE.

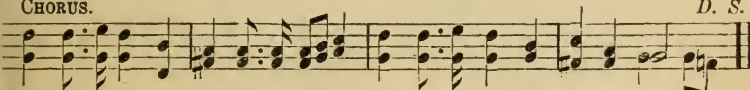
Haste to the Sav - ior, Trust in His mer - cy, Taste all the joys of pardoned sin.
 Sinners are coming, Wand'ers return - ing, Seek - ing a - gain a Fa - ther's love.
 Hap - py in Je - sus, Sharing their rapture, Singing with them the glad, new song.
 Time fast is fleeting, Judgment is hast'ning, Come, find salvation while you may.



S.-Ling - er no longer, Come now to Je - sus, Je - sus will save you, save just now.

CHORUS.

D. S.



Ling - er no longer, Come now to Jesus, Low at His footstool humbly bow; O



No. 102.

Go, Tell of His Love.

S. B. J.

DR. S. B. JACKSON.

1. Go, tell the glad sto - ry of Christ and His love; Go, tell of the
 2. To na - tions in darkness a - far o'er the sea, Pro - claim the gl
 3. The shack - les of vain su - per - sti - tion re - move; His love and con

man - sions a - wait - ing a - bove; Tell how He a - rose from the
 ti - dings—"Sal - va - tion is free." Go, car - ry the light of the
 pas - sion a - bun - dant - ly prove; His mer - cy and love to all

pow'r of the grave, Tri - um - phant the world to re - deem and to save.
 gos - pel di - vine, To per - ish - ing souls who in sor - row re - pine.
 creatures pro - claim; All glo - ry and hon - or be un - to His name.

CHORUS.

Go, tell of His won - der - ful love, Go, tell
 Go, tell of His love, of His won - der - ful love, Go, tell it to

it to - day; Go, tell of the man - sions a -
 day. Go - tell it to - day,

Go, Tell of His Love.

wait - ing a - bove, Go, tell it to - day.
Go - tell it, go, tell it to day, to - day.

No. 103.

What A Friend.

1. What a Friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear!

What a priv - i - lege to car - ry Ev - 'ry - thing to God in pray'r!
D. S. - All be - cause we do not car - ry Ev - 'ry - thing to God in pray'r!

Oh, what peace we oft - en for - feit, Oh, what need - less pain we bear,

2. Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

3. Are we weak and heavy laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?
Precious Savior, still our refuge,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer;
In His arms He'll take and shield thee,
Thou wilt find a solace there.

No. 104. Never Say No, When the Master Calls.

H. L. F.

HENRY L. FRISBIE.

1. Wher-ev - er my pathway of du - ty leads, Thro' sands of the des-ert, or
2. If dark-ness or sun-shine be 'round my way, To ev - er be faith-ful, my
3. If in - to the bat - tle, or called to stand And wait with my ar - mor and
4. He nev - er for-sakes me, my strength and song! No serv-ice a bur - den, no

fra - grant meads, Oh, may I be faith-ful, what-ev - er be - falls, May I
Lord, I pray; In low - li - est cot - tage, or proud-est of halls, May I
sword in hand, His will shall be mine, for no dan - ger ap - palls, If I
strug - gle long! His care is a - round me like shel - ter - ing walls, If I

CHORUS.

nev - er say no, when the Mas - ter calls. May I nev - er say no, when the

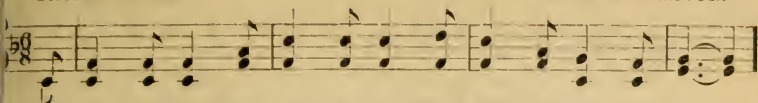
Mas - ter calls, May I nev - er say no, when the Mas - ter calls; What - ev - er it

be He re - quires of me, May I nev - er say no, when the Mas - ter calls.

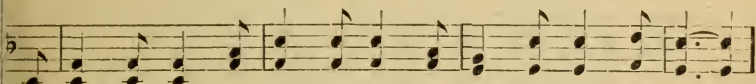
No. 105. King of Kings and Lord of Lords.

THOMAS KELLY.

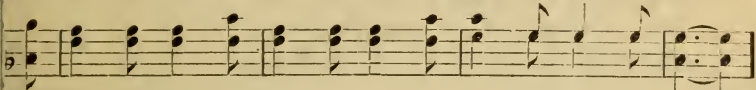
Dr. H. L. GILMOUR.



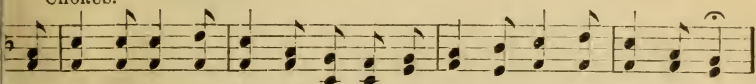
1. The head that once was crown'd with thorns Is crown'd with glo - ry now;
2. The high - est place that heav'n af - fords Is to our Je - sus giv'n;
3. The joy of all who dwell a - bove, The joy of all be - low,
4. To them the cross with all its shame, With all its grace is giv'n;
5. They suf - fer with their Lord be - low, They reign with Him a - bove;



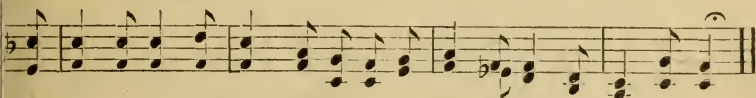
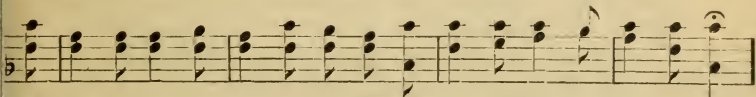
A roy - al di - a - dem a - dorns The might - y Vic - tor's brow!
The King of kings and Lord of lords—He reigns o'er earth and heav'n!
To whom He man - i - fests His love And grants His name to know.
Their name, an ev - er - last - ing name, Their joy, the joy of heav'n.
Their ev - er - last - ing joy to know The mys - 'ry of His love.



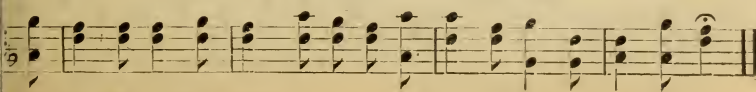
CHORUS.



He's King of kings, Oh, hal - le - lu - jah! He's Lord of lords, Oh, praise His name!



The Lamb of God, who brought sal - va - tion, En - dur'd the cross with all its shame.



No. 106. Happy in My Savior.

IDA SCOTT TAYLOR.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Oh, theme of blest sal - va - tion! My raptured tongue shall sing, An
 2. My soul with love re - joic - es From morn - ing un - til night; My
 3. His grace is all a - bid - ing, His pit - y pass - ing sweet; My

sound the proc - la - ma - tion, Till dis - tant isles shall ring; My
 tongue His glo - ry voic - es, And thrills with pure de - light; I
 heart in Him is hid - ing, — A calm and sure re - treat; Ble

Sav - ior lives and loves me, Oh, precious, precious tho't! I'm hap - py in my
 know that He is with me, Wher - ev - er I may be; — I'm hap - py in my
 King of my salvation, I'll praise Him o'er and o'er! I'm hap - py in my

CHORUS.

Sav - ior, His blood my soul has bought. I'm hap - py, so ver - y
 Sav - ior, He's all in all to me.
 Sav - ior, Yes, hap - py ev - er more. I'm hap - py, oh, so

hap - py — I'm hap - py all a - long the way! I'm
 ver - y hap - py, I'm hap - py in my Sav - ior all a - long the way, I'm

Happy in My Savior.

hap-py, so ver-y hap-py in Je - sus all the day!
 hap-py; oh, so ver-y hap-py in Je - sus, hap-py all the day!

No. 107. Even the Waifs of the Street.

1. Je - sus loves chil-dren, the Bi - ble says so, He will be with them where-
 2. "Suf - fer the chil-dren to come un - to me," Those words He spoke be - side
 3. Rag - ged and tat - tered and hun - gry the waif May to the Sav - ior re-

ev - er they go, Shield them from harm thro' the dark-ness of night,
 blue Gal - i - lee, Not the rich on - ly, His sweet mes-sage greets,
 pair and be safe; Christ once was friend-less and hun - gry and poor,

CHORUS.

Guide them and help them all day to do right.
 Je - sus loves e - ven the waifs of the streets. Shout the glad news to
 That's why He pit - ies the waifs at the door.

each one you meet, Je - sus loves e - ven the waifs of the street.

No. 108. As My Father Hath Loved Me.

I. M. SLUSSER.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL

1. O words of love and prom - ise, oft - en said and oft - en sung
2. O Fa - ther's love that kept not back from cross and thorn - y crown
3. O Mas - ter of the will - ing heart and of the help - ing hand

We al - most miss their mean - ing as they light - ly fall a - mong
That watched the low - ly life be - gun, the low - ly life laid down!
We thank Thee for the price - less gift and for Thy sweet com - mand;

Our com - ing and our go - ing 'mid our pleas - ure and our strife -
Make us to know the mean - ing of Thy bound - less, death - less love;
Tho' cross - es wait and tasks are great, Thy guid - ing hand we see!

O words of love and prom - ise, ye are al - so words of love.
O let Thy will be done in us as it is done a - bove.
Dear Mas - ter of the will - ing heart we still will fol - low Thee.

REFRAIN.

"As my Fa - ther hath loved me, So have I loved you; . . .
So have I loved you:

As My Father Hath Loved Me.

Con - tin - - ue, con - tin - ue ye, al - so in my love.
Con - tin - ue ye

Musical notation for the first system, including a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 4/4 time signature. The melody is written on a single staff, and the accompaniment is written on a grand staff (treble and bass clefs).

No. 109. Shining for Jesus.

MIRIAM E. ARNOLD.

CARL FISCHER.

1. In this world of sin and dark - ness I a light would be,
2. Each one bears a light for Je - sus, And tho' small be mine,
3. Sav - ior, let Thy bless - ed Spir - it Ev - er shine in me,

Musical notation for the first system of the second piece, including a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (Bb), and a 4/4 time signature. The melody is written on a single staff, and the accompaniment is written on a grand staff.

Shin - ing ev - 'ry day for Je - sus, Clear - ly, stead - i - ly.
Still some place must go un - light - ed If it cease to shine.
That I may re - flect Thy glo - ry, As I shine for Thee.

Musical notation for the second system of the second piece, including a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (Bb), and a 4/4 time signature. The melody is written on a single staff, and the accompaniment is written on a grand staff.

CHORUS.

Bright - ly shin - ing for my Sav - ior, In this world be - low;

Musical notation for the third system of the second piece, including a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (Bb), and a 4/4 time signature. The melody is written on a single staff, and the accompaniment is written on a grand staff.

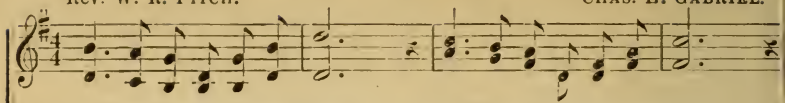
Shed - ding light and cheer and glad - ness, Ev - 'ry - where, ev - 'ry - where I go.

Musical notation for the fourth system of the second piece, including a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (Bb), and a 4/4 time signature. The melody is written on a single staff, and the accompaniment is written on a grand staff.

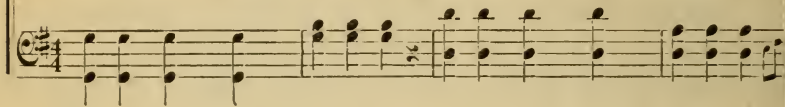
No. 110. Thou Art Mine Forevermore.

REV. W. R. FITCH.

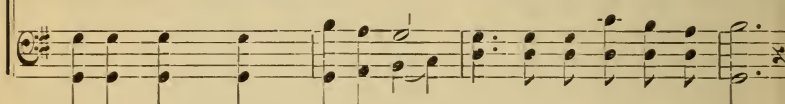
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



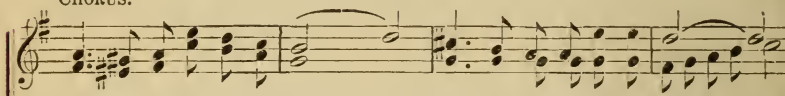
- | | |
|---|------------------------------------|
| 1. O Thou great e - ter - nal King! | Of Thy love and grace we sing, |
| 2. Thou hast bo't me with Thy blood, | And now, rec-on-ciled my God, |
| 3. Thro' green pastures wide outspread, | And by wa-ters still I'm led; |
| 4. Storms may rage and winds may blow, | Still my heart no fear shall know; |
| 5. In the house not made with hands, | Where the Prince of glo-ry stands, |



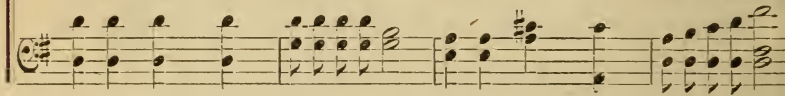
Love as bound-less as the sea,	Grace that saves and makes us free.
I be-hold Thee on Thy throne	Who didst for my sins a - tone.
Thy good hand is o - ver me,	And my soul is stayed on Thee.
While the Mas-ter's at the helm	Waves can nev - er o - ver-whelm.
I shall be with Him, some day,	And shall hear Him sweet-ly say:



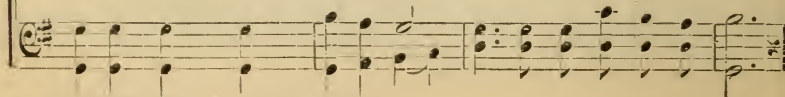
CHORUS.



Sing, O sing it o'er and o'er . . . Thou art mine for-ev-er - more; . . .
 Sing, O sing it, sing it o'er and o'er Thou art mine, art mine forevermore;



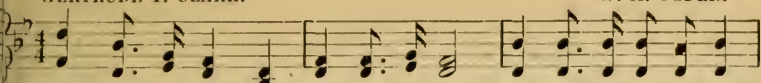
Sing, O sing it o'er and o'er . . . Thou art mine for - ev - er - more.
 Sing, O sing it o'er and o'er



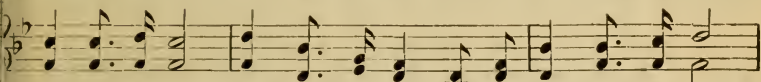
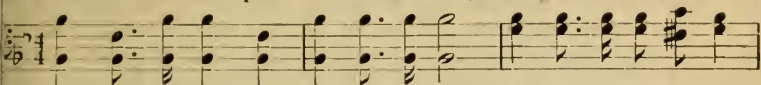
No. 111. Steer Toward the Light.

GERTRUDE T. CLARK.

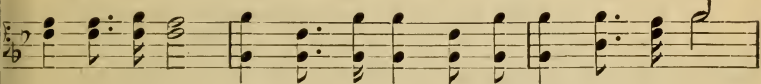
W. A. OGDEN.



1. Fierce is the tem - pest, loud is its roar, Storm-tossed the mar-in - er,
2. Storms can - not hide it, years can-not fade; Firm its foun - da-tion is,
3. When wild the tem - pest round thee is hurled, Look un - to Je - sus, the

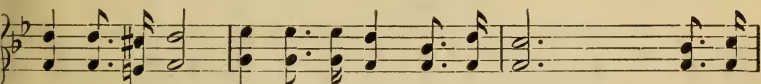
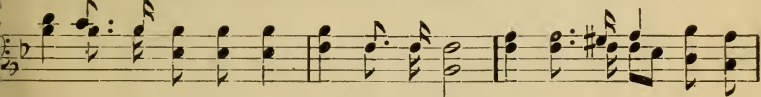


far from the shore; See! what is put - ting the dark - ness to flight?
 be not a - fraid; Heav'n's am-ple har - bor shall soon greet thy sight,
 hope of the world; Bright shall the day be that fol - lows the night,

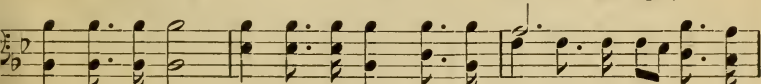


CHORUS.

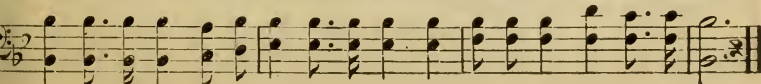
Je - sus, the Morn-ing Star! steer t'ward theLight!
 Watch for the dawn of day, steer t'ward theLight! Brightly it gleams, and its
 Courage, then, mar - in - er, steer t'ward theLight!



pure sil - ver beams Scat-ter the gloom of the night, Tho' the
 of the night;



storms 'round thee rave, He is mighty to save, Then, mar-in-er, steer t'ward theLight.



No. 112.

Just a Little Nearer.

N. A. MCAULEY.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL

1. Are you grow-ing more like Je - sus ev - 'ry day (ev-'ry day? Is He
 2. Are you liv - ing more like Je - sus ev - 'ry day (ev-'ry day)? Help-i
 3. Are you do - ing more for Je - sus ev - 'ry day (ev-'ry day)? Tell - i

bles - ed Spir - it shin - ing on your way (on your way)? Does the path-wa
 thos who walk be - side you in the way (in the way)? Do you bring th
 out the sav - ing sto - ry while you may (while you may)? Do you strive i

bright-er grow As you strive His will to know? Are you grow-ing more li
 Sav - ior near By a life of hope and cheer? Are you liv - ing more li
 love to win Prec - ious souls now lost in sin? Are you do - ing more f

CHORUS.

Je - sus ev - 'ry day? Grow-ing just a - lit - tle strong-er as I

trust Him more, As be - neath the shad - ow of His wings I
 trust Him more and more,

Just a Little Nearer.

hide; I safe - ly hide; Just a lit - tle clos - er to the Lord whom
the

I a - dore, Just a lit - tle near - er to my Sav - ior's side.
Lord whom I a - dore,

Detailed description: This is a musical score for the hymn 'Just a Little Nearer.' It consists of two systems of music. The first system has a vocal line in G major and a piano accompaniment in G major. The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

No. 113. My Jesus, I Love Thee.

1. My Je - sus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine; For Thee all the
2. I love Thee be - cause Thou hast first lov - ed me, And pur - chased my
3. In man - sions of glo - ry and end - less de - light, I'll ev - er a

fol - lies of sin I re - sign! My gra - cious Re - deem - er, my
par - don on Cal - va - ry's tree; I love Thee for wear - ing the
dore Thee in heav - en so bright; I'll sing with the glit - ter - ing

Sav - ior art Thou, If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
thorns on Thy brow; If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
crown on my brow; If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.

Detailed description: This is a musical score for the hymn 'My Jesus, I Love Thee.' It consists of three systems of music. The first system has a vocal line in G major and a piano accompaniment in G major. The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The third system concludes the piece. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

No. 114.

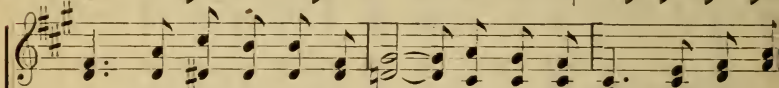
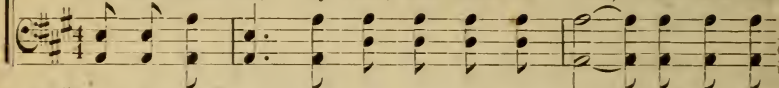
Abide With Me.

EMMA G. DIETRICH.

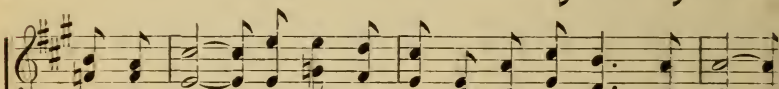
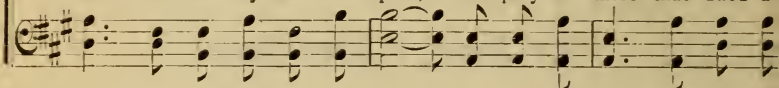
LOUIS D. EICHHORN.



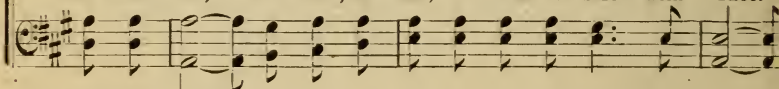
1. A - bide with me; I need Thee ev - 'ry day, To lead me
 2. Be with me, Lord, wher - e'er my path may lead; Ful - fill Thy
 3. A - bide with me, my Lord, and when at last, This earth and



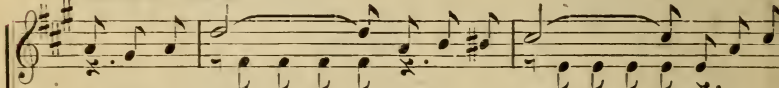
on thro' all the wea - ry way; When storms sur-round, and on - ly
 word, sup - ply my ev - 'ry need; Help me to live each day mor
 all its wea - ry cares are past; I'll pray no more that Thou a -



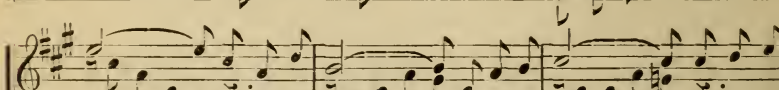
clouds I see, Lord, be my com - fort, and a - bide with me.
 close to Thee, And, Oh, dear Lord, I pray, a - bide with me.
 bide with me, For then, at last, I shall a - bide with Thee.



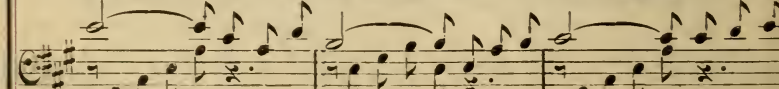
REFRAIN. *Faster.*



A - bide with me from morn till eve, For with-
 out Thee A - bide with me, from morn till eve,



Thee I can-not live; Abide with me when night
 For with-out Thee I can-not live; Abide with me



Abide With Me.

nigh, For without Thee I dare not die.
 when night is nigh, For without Thee I dare not die,

rit.

No. 115. I Hear Thy Welcome Voice.

L. H.

LEWIS HARTSHOUGH.

1. I hear Thy wel-come voice That calls me, Lord, to Thee For cleans-ing
2. Tho' com - ing weak and vile, Thou dost my strength assure; Thou dost my
3. 'Tis Je - sus calls me on To per-fect faith and love, To per - fect
4. 'Tis Je - sus who con-firms The bless-ed work with - in, By add - ing
5. And He the wit-ness gives To loy - al hearts and free, That ev - 'ry
6. All hail, a - ton - ing blood! All hail, re-deem-ing grace! All hail, the

CHORUS.


in Thy precious blood That flow'd on Cal - va - ry.
 vile-ness ful-ly cleanse, Till spot-less all and pure.
 hope and peace and trust, For earth and heav'n above. I am com-ing, Lord!
 grace to welcom'd grace, Where reign'd the pow'r of sin.
 promise is ful-filled, If faith but brings the plea.
 gift of Christ, our Lord, Our strength and Righteousness.

Coming now to Thee! Wash me, cleanse me in the blood That flowed on Calvary.

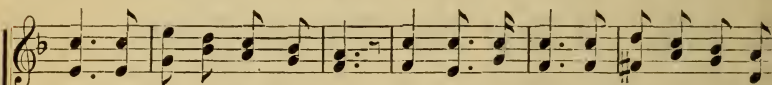
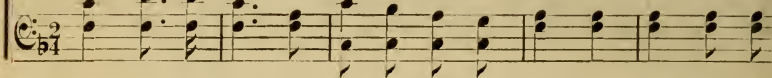
No. 116. Servant of God, Awake.

CHARLOTTE G. HOMER.

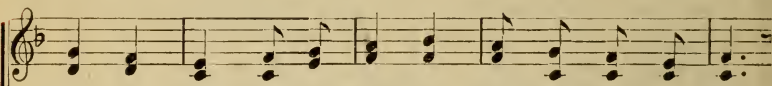
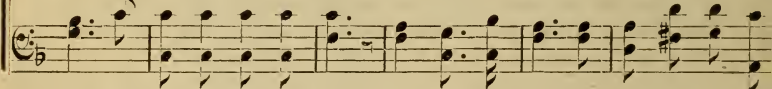
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.




1. Serv - ant of God, a - wake un - to thy du - ty! Why will ye
2. Wide are the plains that glimm'ring lie be - fore thee Ripe un - to
3. Up! in the name of Him who died to save you; Seek for the
4. "He that en - dur - eth," is the word re - cord - ed, Shall joy and



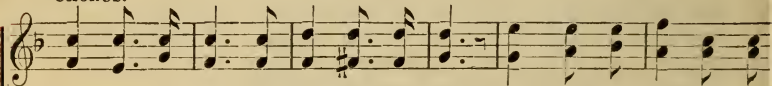
doubt, why fal - ter, why de - lay? Look on the fields that wave in gold - en
har - vest; thrust the sick - le in! High in the heav'n's the sun is burn - ing
err - ing as He sought for you! Al - ways re - mem - ber what in love He
ev - er - last - ing life ob - tain; To him a crown at last shall be a -



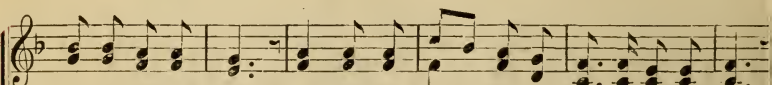
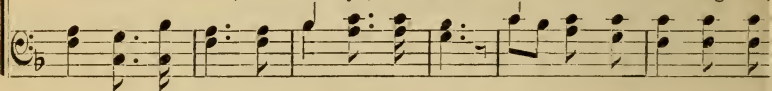
beau - ty, While thou are dream - ing pre - cious hours a - way.
o'er thee, — Still thou art i - dle! Now the work be - gin.
gave you, And be a serv - ant loy - al, brave and true.
ward - ed, Thro' Christ the Lord, who was for sin - ners slain.




CHORUS.



Serv - ant of God, a - rouse ye, a - wake! Je - sus is call - ing! Go



la - bor for His sake! Je - sus is call - ing! Go, la - bor for His sake?



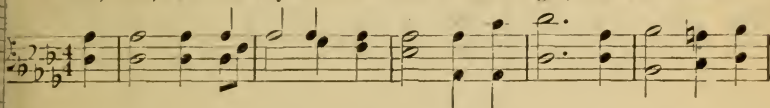
No. 117. It is Well With My Soul.

H. G. SPAFFORD.

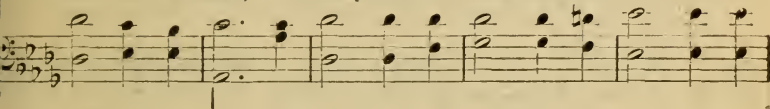
P. P. BLESS.



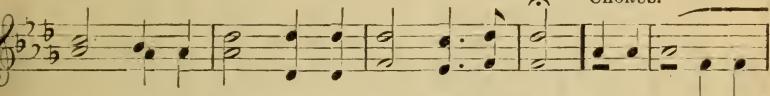
1. When peace like a riv - er at - tend-eth my way, When sor - rows like
2. Tho' Sa - tan should buf - fet, tho' tri - als should come, Let this blest as -
3. My sin - oh, the bliss of this glo - ri - ous tho't—My sin—not in
4. And, Lord, haste the day when the faith shall be sight, The elouds be roll'd



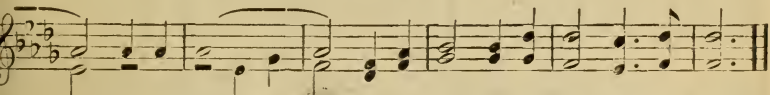
sea - bil - lows roll; What - ev - er my lot, Thou hast taught me to
sur - ance con - trol, That Christ has re - gard - ed my help - less es -
part, but the whole, Is nailed to His cross and I bear it
back as a scroll, The trump shall re - sound and the Lord shall de -



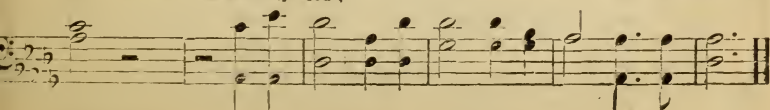
CHORUS.



say, It is well, it is well with my soul.
tate, And hath shed His own blood for my soul. It is well . . .
more, Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my soul!
scend, "E - ven so"— it is well with my soul. It is



. . . with my soul, It is well, it is well with my soul.
well with my soul,



No. 118. That Coming Day.

REV. N. A. MCAULAY.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. When comes the day of my re-lease, When breaks the gold - en bowl;
 2. When ev - 'ry tear is wip'd a - way, And bur - dens all laid down
 3. When ev - 'ry bat - tle shall be won, And sor - rows pass a - way,

When earth - ly cares and toils shall cease To press my ran - som'd soul:
 When earth gives up her si - lent dead And I ob - tain my crown
 When ev - 'ry du - ty shall be done And dawns the per - fect day:

CHORUS.

Then I shall dwell on yon - der shore, In man - sions
 Then I shall dwell on yon - der shore, on yon - der shore, In man - sions by the

by the crys - tal sea, Where I shall praise for
 crys - tal sea, be - side the crys - tal sea, Where I shall praise for - ev - er,

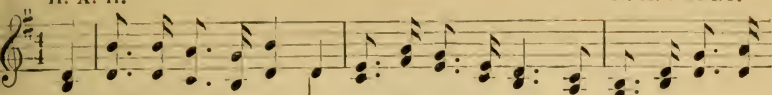
ev - er - more, The Son of God who died for me.
 more, for - ev - er - more, The Son of God who died, the Son of God who died for me.

No. 119.

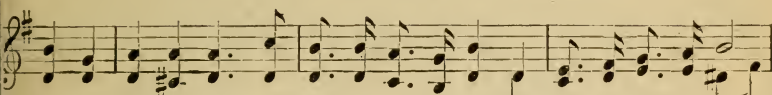
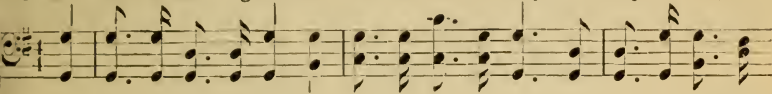
Glory to His Name.

H. A. H.

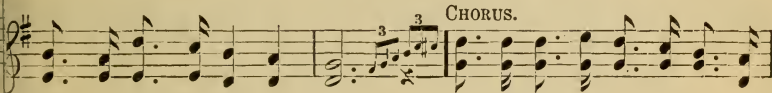
H. A. HENRY.



1. We're hap-py all the time, for Je - sus is our King, To Him a joy - ful
2. A Lead - er strong is He, He is our dai - ly Guide, Our faith, our hope and
3. His ev - er - last - ing arms en - cir - cle us to keep; Our Shep - herd He, and

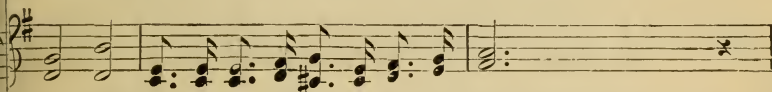
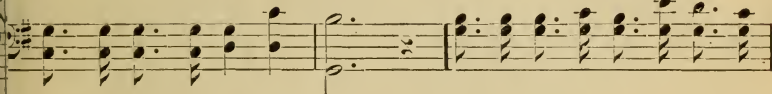


song of praise to sing; Our love and ad - o - ra - tion un - to Him we bring,
 trust in Him a - bide; No oth - er help have we, no oth - er Friend be - side,
 well He knows His sheep; He's with us in the light and in the darkness deep,

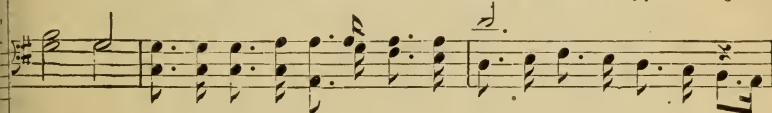


CHORUS.

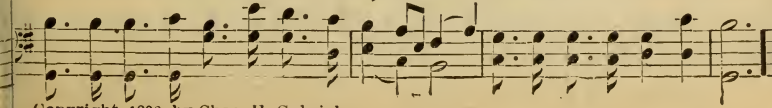
Glo - ry, glo - ry to His name! Love and serv - ice we will give to -



Je - sus, Heart and voice will raise a joy - ful song
 will raise a joy - ful song



As to - ward the glo - ry - land re - joic - ing Day by day we march a - long.



Mrs. C. D. MARTIN.

W. STILLMAN MARTIN.

1. We want a love like Thine, dear Lord, So ten-der, strong and true,
 2. We want a life like Thine, dear Lord, A life with-out al-loy
 3. We want a pow'r like Thine, dear Lord, From God to men to speak

That ev - 'ry du - ty in our path We cheer - ful - ly may do;
 The un - der - cur - rent of its tide, To be Thy peace and joy;
 A pow'r or ev - 'ry e - vil thing, A pow'r to help the weak

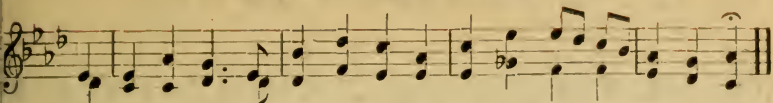
A love, that knows no self - ish greed, That seeks no self - ish end;
 A life con-trolled by love di - vine And lived each day in Thee.
 A pow'r, to dai - ly bear our cross And fol - low in the way

A love, on which both God and men May ev - er - more de - pend.
 Wher-e'er we go, the world a - round, Thy - self in us may see.
 That leads thro' Ca-naan's hap - py land To heav-en's per - fect day.

CHORUS.

Hear us, O God, in Je-sus' name; Fill ev - 'ry heart with love's bright fla

A Love Like Thine.



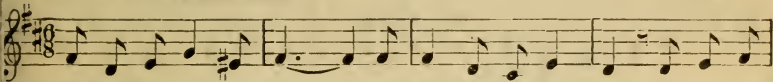
Un - til from self and sin set free, We may be more and more like Thee.



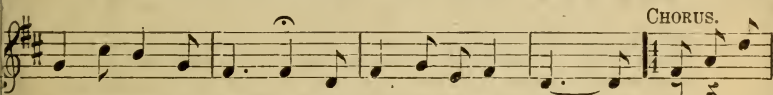
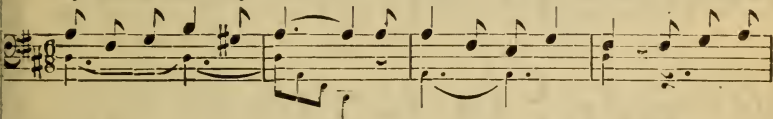
No. 121. My Father Knows My Need.

MRS. W. HOWARD KEESLER.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

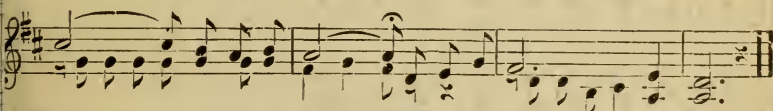
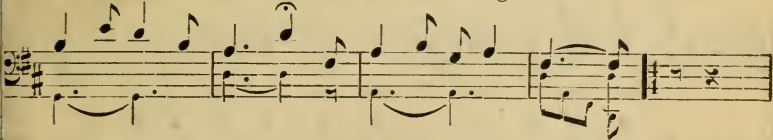


1. My Father knows my need, And I can trust His love; He may not
2. My Father knows my need, He will sup - ply it all; He hears His
3. My Father knows my need, His love no tongue can tell; And if some-
4. My Father knows my need, He knows my strength is small, So I will
5. My Father knows my need, I fear no dread a - larms, For round a -

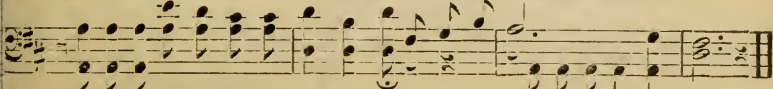


CHORUS.

al - ways deign to give me The things which most I crave.
 chil - dren when they cry, and He answers when they call.
 times He does de - ny me, I know for me 'tis well. My Fa - ther
 trust His love and grace, for He will not let me fall.
 bout and un - der - neath me Are Ev - er - last - ing Arms.



knows, . . . Oh, yes, He knows, . . . And with my soul 'tis well.
 My Father knows, He knows, And with my soul



No. 122. In the Shadow of His Wing.

F. J. NEWCOMB.

J. WESLEY HUGHES.

1. In the shad-ow of His wing, Oh, how sweet it is to rest; In the
2. In the shad-ow of His wing, When the tempests 'round me sweep, In the
3. In the shad-ow of His wing, When the toils of earth are o'er; In the

shad-ow of His wing, What a shel - ter for the blest; What a safe and
 shad-ow of His wing, I can safe - ly go to sleep; While the storms o
 shad-ow of His wing, When I reach the gold-en shore; With the ran-som

D. S.— *What a safe an*

sure re-reat, What a hid - ing-place complete, In the shad-ow of His wing
 life shall last, I will hide me from the blast, In the shad-ow of His wing
 ones, and blest, There for - ev - er - more to rest, In the shad-ow of His wing

sure re-reat, What a hid - ing-place complete, In the shad-ow of His wing

CHORUS.

In the shad-ow of His wing now a - bid - - - - ing,
 bid - ing - safe - ly hid - ing

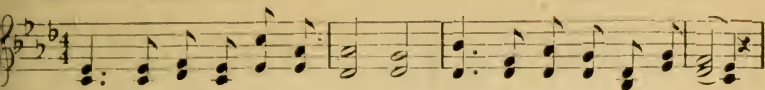
In the shad-ow of His wing safe - ly hid - - - - ing;
 hid - ing ev - 'ry day;

No. 123.

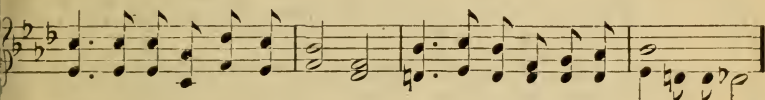
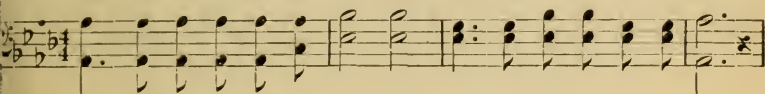
A Song of Trust.

Rev. C. E. MANDEVILLE, D. D.

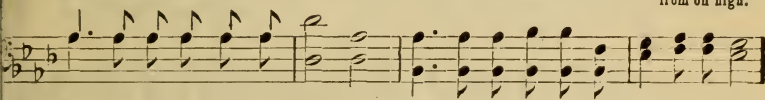
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



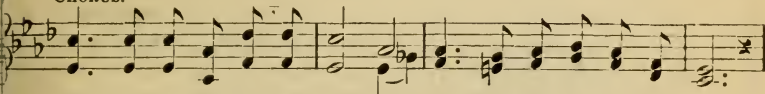
1. Does the rain-drop doubt the o - cean As it falls from yonder sky?
2. Does the leaf dis-trust the for - est Whence its ver - y life de - rives?
3. Does the light-beam doubt the morn-ing, At whose coming darkness flees?
4. Does the star mis-trust the heav - ens In the which its glo-ries shine?



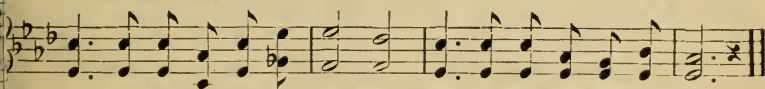
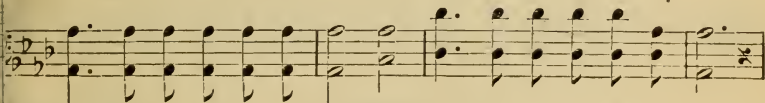
Neith-er will I doubt my Fa-ther Send-ing blessings from on high.
 Neith-er will I doubt my Fa-ther Who my ev - 'ry want sup-plies.
 Neith-er will I doubt my Fa-ther In whose truth my soul be - lieves.
 Neith-er will I doubt my Fa-ther, "I am His, and He is mine."
from on high.



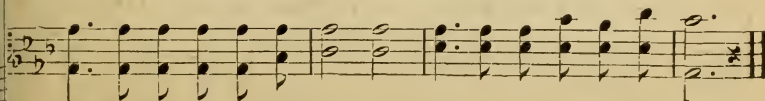
CHORUS.



Morn - ing noon and night I'll trust Him, Trust Him ful - ly all the way,



Till He brings me to the home-land, Where there's one e - ter - nal day.

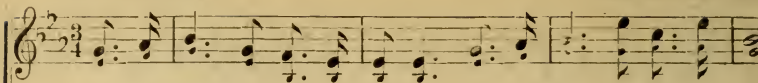


No. 124.

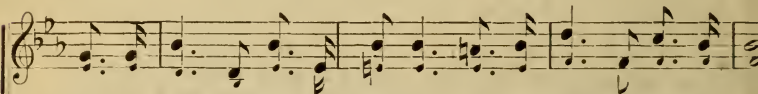
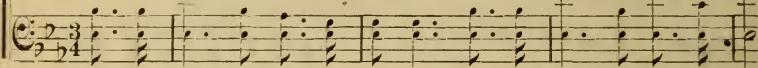
The Prince of Galilee.

A. E. PETERSON,

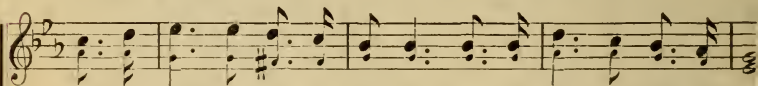
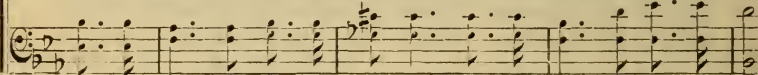
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



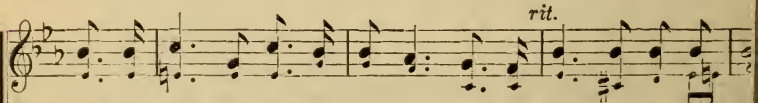
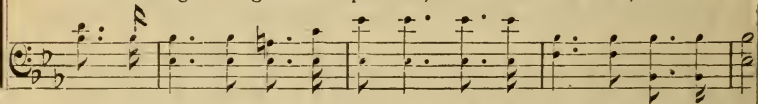
1. Once I heard the sweet old sto - ry Of the Prince of Gal - i - lee
2. Once I longed to know His pow - er, Longed to have His peace with-in
3. Once I knelt in real re - pent - ance, At the feet of Him who die
4. And to - day this low - ly Strang - er Lives as tru - ly as of ol



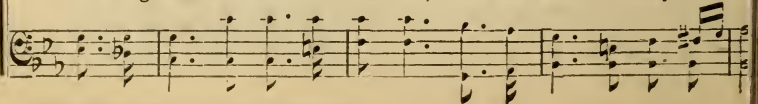
How He left His place in glo - ry, How He loved lost souls like me
 Know His pres - ence ev - 'ry hour, Have His vic - t'ry o - ver sin
 Felt the blood of my dear Sav - ior To this long - ing heart applie
 He is ris - en from the man - ger To the courts of roy - al gol



How He stilled the troub - led wa - ters, Healed the sick, re - stored the dea
 How I longed to know this Je - sus, Know Him as my dear - est Frie
 Oh, the light that fell up - on me When this Gal - i - le - an can,
 There He reigns in grand - est splen - dor, Guides His chil - dren, homeward bo

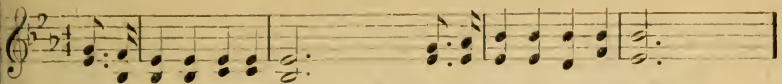


How He wan - dered, wea - ry pil - grim, How the mul - ti - tude He fe
 Oh, how glad - ly I would serve Him, Love and trust Him to the en
 'Twas the glo - rious light of heav - en, 'Twas the Ho - ly Spir - it's flan
 Call - ing still with words so ten - der, "Seek me while I may be four



The Prince of Galilee.

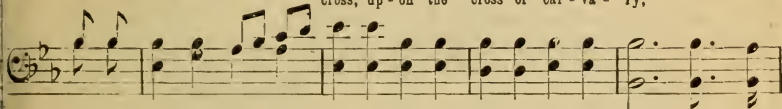
CHORUS.



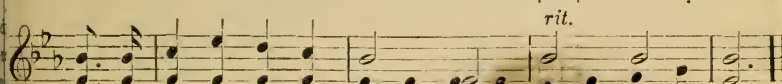
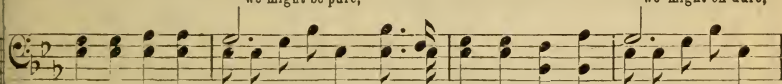
O this Prince of Gal-i - lee, Gave His life for you and me,
of Gal - i - lee, for you and me,



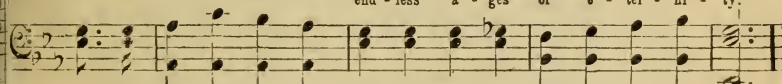
Suffered death up - on the cross of - Cal - va - ry, Died that
cross, up - on the cross of Cal - va - ry,



we might be made pure, That thro' faith we might en - dure,
we might be pure, we might en-dure,



Thro' the end - less a - ges of e - ter - ni - ty.
end - less a - ges of e - ter - ni - ty.

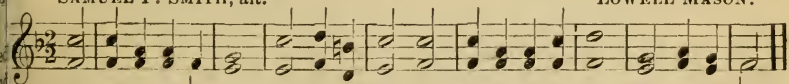


No. 125.

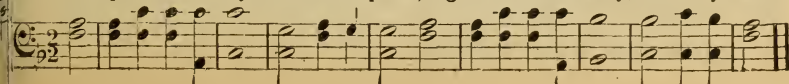
Today!

SAMUEL F. SMITH, alt.

LOWELL MASON.

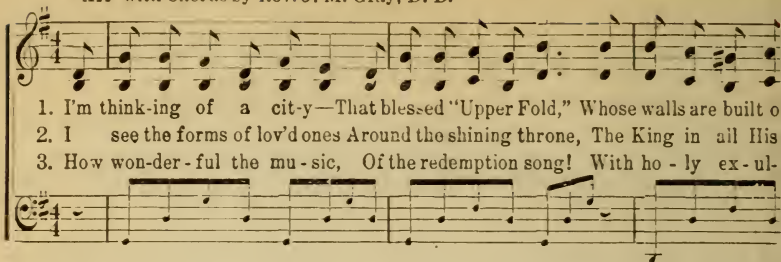


1. Today the Savior calls! Ye wand'ers, come! O ye benighted souls, Why longer roam?
2. Today the Savior calls! O hear Him now! Within these sacred walls To Jesus bow.
3. Today the Savior calls! For ref-uge fly! The storm of justice falls, And death is nigh.
4. The Spirit calls today: Yield to His pow'r; O grieve Him not away, 'Tis mercy's hour!

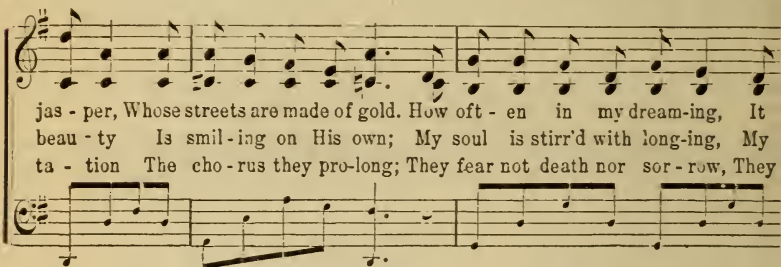


Mrs. J. M. HUNTER.
 Arr. with Chorus by Rev. J. M. Gray, D. D.

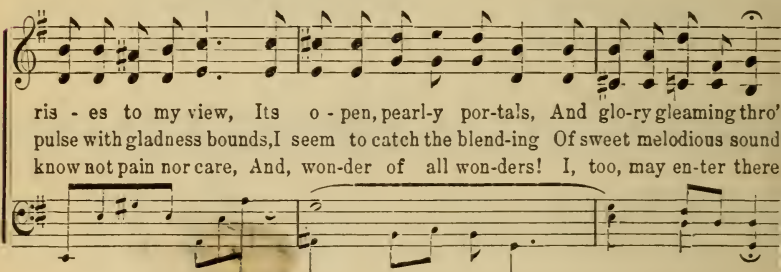
GEO. S. SCHULER.



1. I'm think-ing of a cit-y—That blessed "Upper Fold," Whose walls are built o
 2. I see the forms of lov'd ones Around the shining throne, The King in all His
 3. How won-der-ful the mu-sic, Of the redemption song! With ho-ly ex-ul-

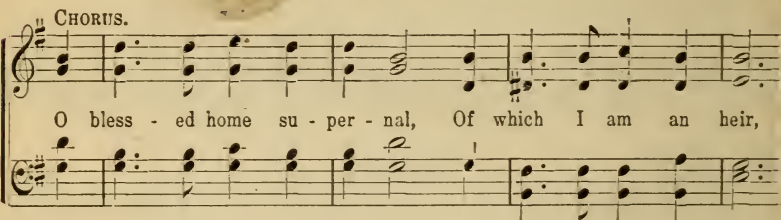


jas - per, Whose streets are made of gold. How oft - en in my dream-ing, It
 beau - ty Is smil-ing on His own; My soul is stirr'd with long-ing, My
 ta - tion The cho - rus they pro-long; They fear not death nor sor - row, They

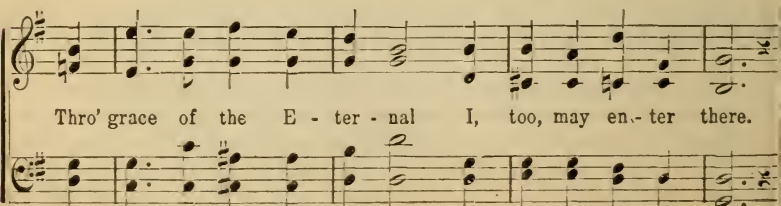


ris - es to my view, Its o - pen, pearl-y por-tals, And glo-ry gleaming thro'
 pulse with gladness bounds, I seem to catch the blend-ing Of sweet melodious sound
 know not pain nor care, And, won-der of all won-ders! I, too, may en-ter there

CHORUS.



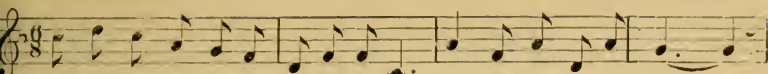
O bless - ed home su - per - nal, Of which I am an heir,



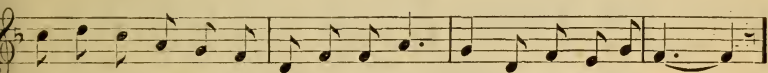
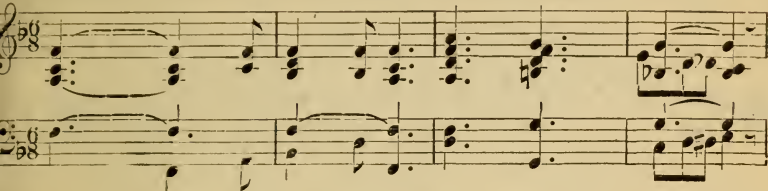
Thro' grace of the E - ter - nal I, too, may en - ter there.

C. D. MARTIN.

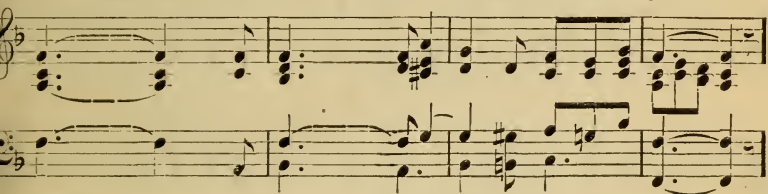
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. Some-bod-y vot - ed to ru - in my boy, Was that some-bod-y you?
2. Some-bod-y ar - gued in fa - vor of wrong, Was that some-bod-y you?
3. Some-bod-y turned all my day in - to night, Was that some-bod-y you?
4. Some-bod-y li - censed an - oth - er to sell, Was that some-bod-y you?



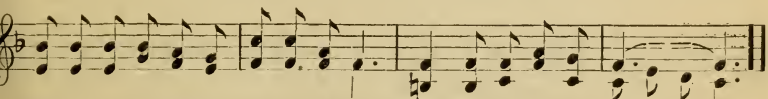
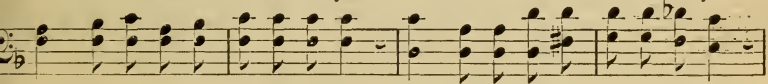
Some-bod - y helped his pure life to de-destroy, Was that some-bod-y you?
 Some-bod - y hushed in my life a sweet song, Was that some-bod-y you?
 Some-bod - y vot - ed to throttle the right, Was that some-bod-y you?
 That which could turn Par-a-dise in - to hell, Was that some-bod-y you?



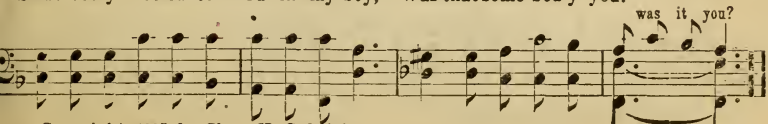
CHORUS



Was that some-bod-y you? was it you? Was that some-bod-y you? was it you?

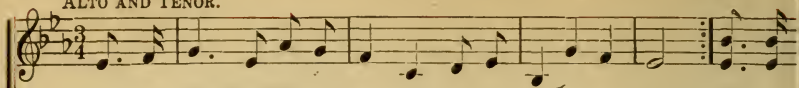


Some-bod-y vot-ed to ru-in my boy, Was that some-bod-y you?

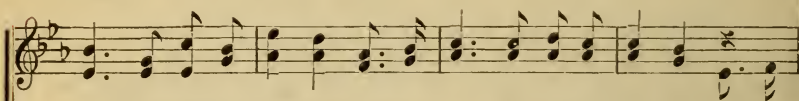
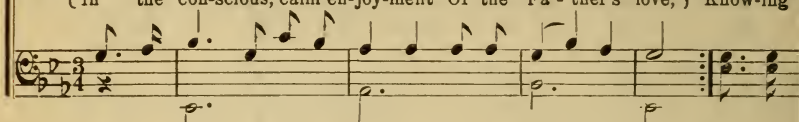


L. W.
ALTO AND TENOR.

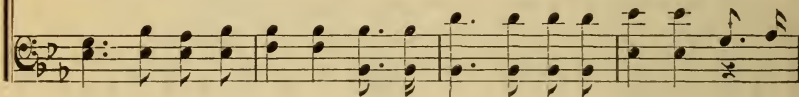
Dr. S. B. JACKSON.



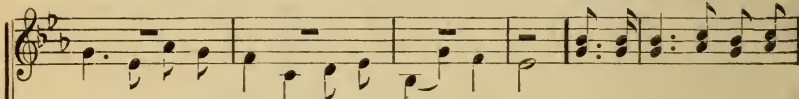
1. { Precious thought, my Fa-ther know-eth! In His love I rest; }
 { For what-e'er my Fa-ther do - eth Must be al - ways best; } Well I
2. { Precious thought, my Fa-ther know-eth! Car-eth for His child; }
 { Bids me nes - tle clos - er to Him When the storm beats wild; } Tho' my
3. { Oh, to trust Him, then, more ful - ly, Just to sim - ply move }
 { In the con - scious, calm en - joy - ment Of the Fa - ther's love, } Know - ing



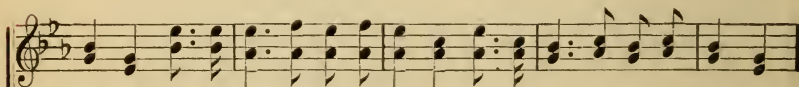
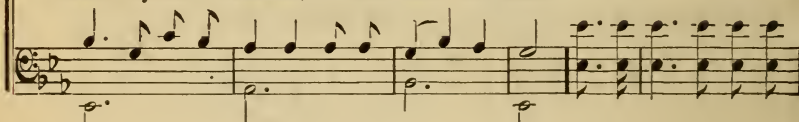
know the heart that car-eth, And my bur - den dai - ly bear - eth; Joy and
 earth - ly hopes I meas - ure, And my fleet - ing hours of pleas - ure, Yet He
 that my path He mak - eth; Sat - is - fied the way He tak - eth; When in



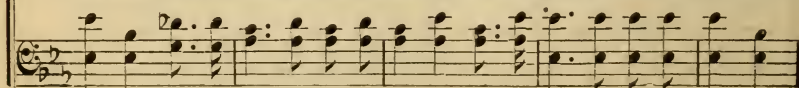
CHORUS.



grief with me He shar-eth—Love in all I see.
 is my on - ly treasure, Yea, my all in all. Precious tho't, my Father
 heav'n my soul a - wak-eth, I shall see His face.



know-eth! Love and care He dai - ly showeth; All the way with me He go - eth,



Precious Thought.

And He keeps me lest I fall; 'Neath His wing se-cure-ly hid-ing, In His ten-der
love a-bid-ing, Ev-'ry thought in Him con-fid-ing, For He is my all in all.

No. 129. Only Trust Him.

J. H. S.

J. H. STOCKTON.

Come, ev - 'ry soul by sin op-press'd, There's mer-cy with the Lord;
For Je - sus shed His pre - cious blood Rich bless-ings to be - stow;
Yes, Je - sus is the Truth, the Way, That leads you in - to rest;
Come, then, and join this ho - ly band, And on to glo - ry go,

And He will sure-ly give you rest, By trust-ing in His word.
Plunge now in - to the crim - son flood That wash-es white as snow.
Be - lieve in Him with-out de - lay, And you are ful - ly blest.
To dwell in that ce - les - tial land, Where joys im - mor-tal flow.

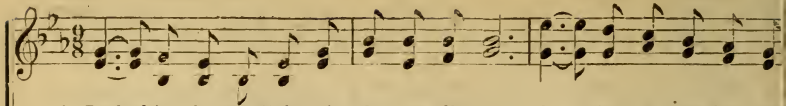
CHORUS.

1 2
{ On - ly trust Him, on - ly trust Him, On - ly trust Him now; }
{ He will save you, He will save you, (Omit.) . . . } He will save you now.

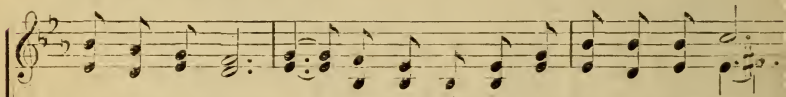
No. 130. Bathed in the Sunlight of God.

Mrs. C. D. MARTIN.

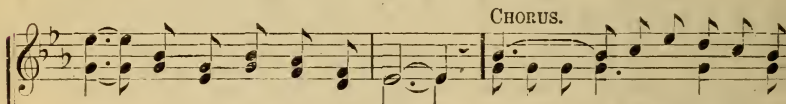
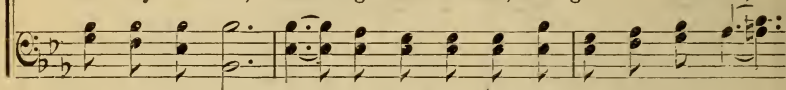
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



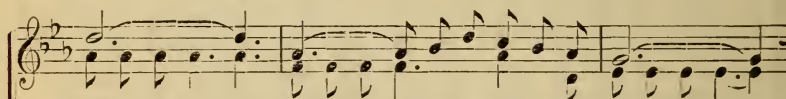
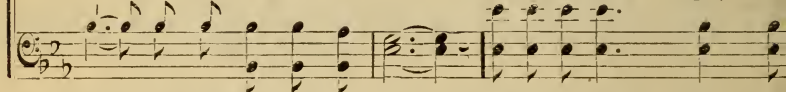
1. Bathed in the sun-light of glo - ry di - vine, O what a com - fort and
2. What tho' the darkness ob - scu - reth the day, What tho' the clouds hide the
3. Liv - ing where heaven and earth seem as one, Liv - ing that God's own swe-



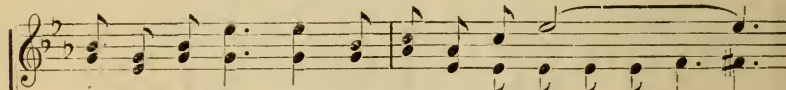
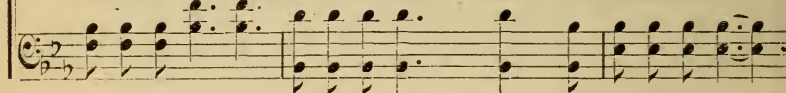
joy now is mine; Liv - ing each hour where love's sun - light doth shine,
 life - giv - ing ray; Dark - ness and clouds will both van - ish a - way,
 will may be done; Liv - ing in Je - sus, His glo - ri - fied Son,



Bathed in the sun - light of God. Bathed . . . in the sun - light of
 Bathed in the sun - - - light, the



God, Bathed . . . in the sun - light of God;
 sun - light of God; I'm Bathed in the sun - - light, the sun - light of God.



O what sweet com - fort is flood - ing my soul,
 is flood - ing my soul, I'm



Bathed in the Sunlight of God.

Bathed in the sun - light of God.
Bathed in the sun - light, the sun - light of God.

No. 131. I Am On a Shining Pathway.

1. I am on a shin - ing path-way, A - down life's short'ning years;
2. My soul hath had its con - flicts With might - y hosts of sin;
3. I am com - ing near the cit - y My Sav - ior's hands have piled;

And my heart hath known its sor - rows, And mine eyes have shed their tears.
With dead - ly foes with-out me, And dead - lier foes with - in;
And I know my Fa - ther's wait - ing To wel - come home His child.

But I saw the shad - ows flee, And the shin - ing light I see,
But I saw those le - gion's flee, And my soul found vic - to - ry,
For un - wor - thy tho' I be, He will find a place for me;

While I'm trust - ing in the mer - it Of the Man of Gal - i - lee.
When I trust - ed in the mer - it Of the Man of Gal - i - lee.
For He is the King of Glo - ry, The Man of Gal - i - lee.

No. 132. Whiter Than the Snow.

IDA L. REED.

CHAS. K. LANGLEY.

1. Wash me in Thy blood, dear Sav - ior, (O my Sav - ior,) Wash me in Thy
 2. Fill my heart with joy and glad-ness, (joy and glad-ness,) As I, hop - e
 3. Cast me not from out Thy presence, (O my Sav - ior,) Tho' I've wan-der-

pure re-deem - ing blood; Wash my soul from ev - 'ry ev - il (ev - 'ry ev - il)
 trust-ing, turn to Thee; Let me drink from Thy clear fountain, (blessed fountain)
 oft - en from Thy side; Wash my sins a-way, dear Sav - ior, (blessed Sav - ior)

CHORUS.

In its deep and cleans-ing flood.
 Flow-ing for all na - tions free. Whit - er than the snow, dear Sav -
 In the deep and cleans-ing tide. Whit - er, whit-er than tide.

ior, Wash my err - ing soul to - day; In Thy
 snow, dear Sav - ior, to - day;

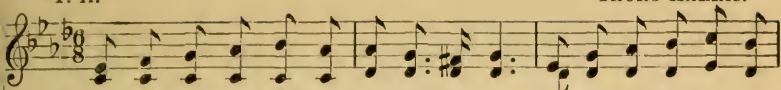
ev - er flow-ing foun-tain, Wash its ma - ny sins a - way.
 flow - ing foun-tain,

No. 133.

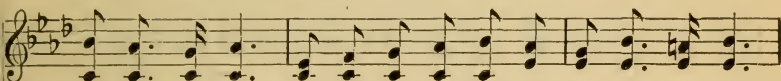
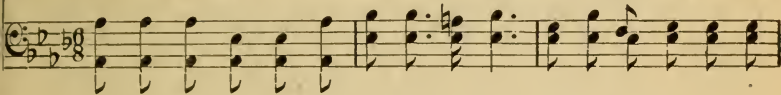
Fall Into Line.

T. H.

THORO HARRIS.



1. Je - sus is call - ing for sol - diers to - day, Calling for hearts that are
 2. Now is the time to make known to the world, Vic - to - ry's crown you are
 3. E - vil may boast of her won - der - ful might, God shall prevail when the

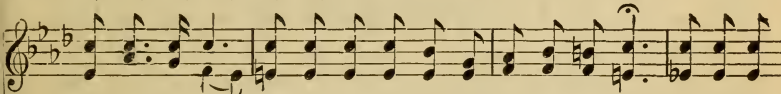
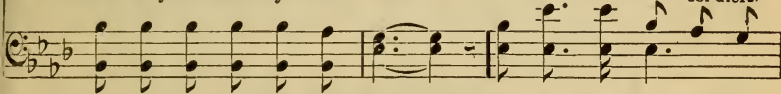


faith - ful and strong; En - ter His serv - ice and on to the fray,
 seek - ing to win; Fall in - to line and with ban - ners un - furled,
 bat - tle is past; Fear not, Je - ho - vah is lead - ing the fight,

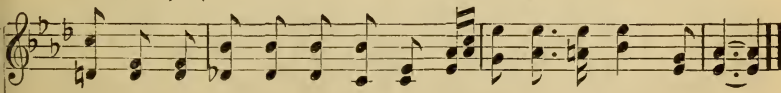
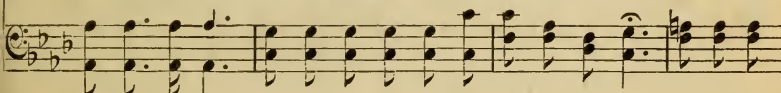


CHORUS.

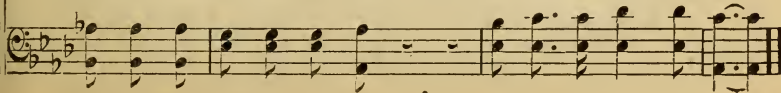
Fear - less to fight a - gainst wrong.
 Challenge th'ap - pear - ance of sin. Fall in - to line,
 Vic - t'ry shall crown you at last.



fall in - to line! Heed now the call of the Cap - tain di - vine; En - ter His



serv - ice and do not de - lay, sol - dier, On to the field to - day.



No. 134. Christ Shall Be King.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Christ shall be King o - ver all the na - tions, sea to sea, shore to shore
 2. Christ shall be King! let your swords be gleaming, clean and bright, clean and bright
 3. Christ shall be King! make his reign all-glo-rious! do and dare, do and dare;

Spread a-broad the proc - la - ma - tion, earth's do - min - ions o'er! An -
 Soul, why i - dly sleep - ing, dream - ing? quit you for the fight! The
 He shall be the Lord vic - to - rious, reign - ing ev - 'ry - where! His

nounce the com - ing king - dom, and the prom - ised vic - to - ry; The
 bat - tle must be brave - ly waged, and pressed to vic - to - ry; The
 king - dom shall ex - tend - ed be, and make the cap - tives free; The

Lord of lords and King of kings He shall for - ev - er be!
 Lord of lords and King of kings He shall for - ev - er be!
 Lord of lords and King of kings He shall for - ev - er be!

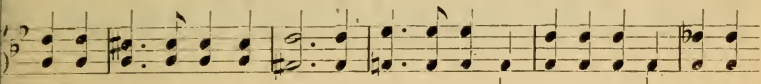
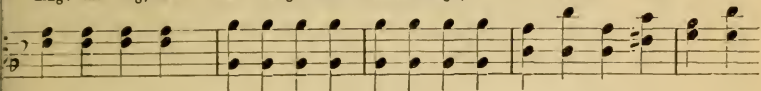
CHORUS.

Christ shall be King! this our bat - tle - cry, Our Christ shall be
 Christ shall be the King, the King, and let this be the bat - tle - cry, Our Christ shall be the

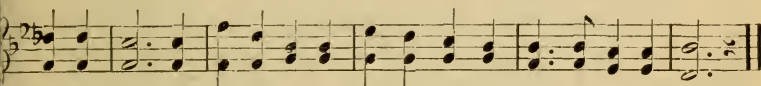
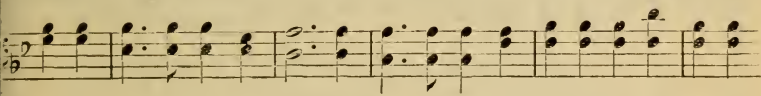
Christ Shall Be King.



King! float His stand - ard high; The Naz - a - rene shall be en -
King! the King, now float His glo - rious standard high;



throned, and set His peo - ple free; The Lord of lords, and King of kings He shall for



ev - er be, The Lord of lords and King of kings He shall for - ev - er be.

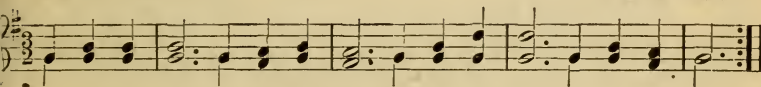


No. 135.

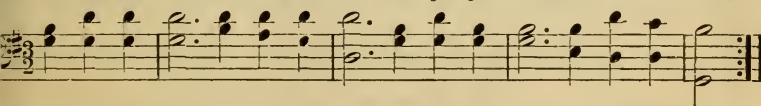
I'm Going Home.

WM. HUNTER.

WM. MILLER.



{ My heav'nly home is bright and fair; Nor pain nor death can en - ter there; }
{ Its glitt'ring tow'rs the sun outshine, That heav'nly mansion shall be mine; }
10. { I'm going home, I'm going home, I'm going home to die no more! }
{ To die no more, to die no more I'm going home to die no more! }



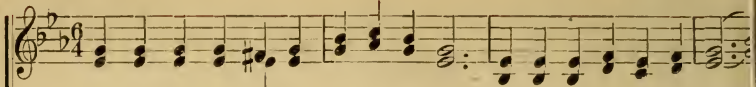
My Father's home is built on high,
Far, far above the starry sky;
When from this earthly prison free,
That heav'nly mansion mine shall be.

; Let others seek a home below,
Which flames devour, or waves o'erflow;
Be mine a happier lot to own
A heavenly mansion near the throne.

No. 136. He is the Savior You Need.

L. E. J.

L. E. JONE



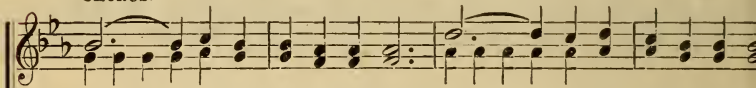
1. Have you ac-cept-ed of Je-sus, the Lord? He is the Savior you need
2. He will support you when tempted and tried, He is the Savior you need.
3. He will de-liv-er thee out of de-spair, He is the Savior you need.
4. Trust Him, be-lieve Him, ac-cept and o-bey, He is the Savior you need



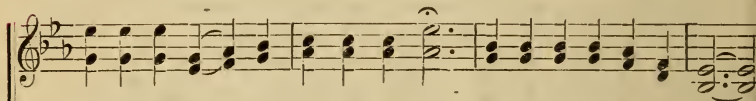
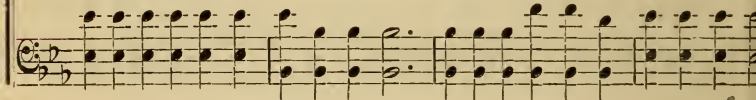
Do you be-lieve Him and trust in His word? He is the Sav-ior you need.
He will be near you to guard and to guide, He is the Sav-ior you need.
He all your bur-dens and sor-rows will share, He is the Sav-ior you need.
Doubting no lon-ger, re-ceive Him to-day, He is the Sav-ior you need.



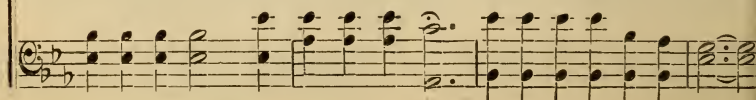
CHORUS.



He . . . is the Sav-ior you need, He . . . is a Sav-ior in-de-
He is the Savior, He is a Sav-ior.



Cru-ci-fied One, God's well be-loved Son, He is the Sav-ior you need.



No. 137. The Sun Is Shining Somewhere.

Mrs. FRANK A. BRECK.

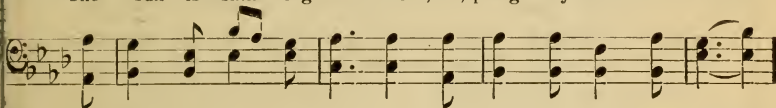
F. S. SHEPARD.



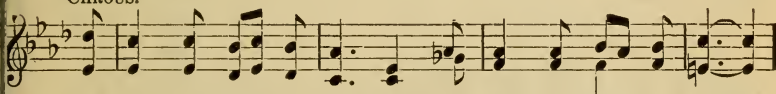
1. The sun is shin - ing some-where, How-ev - er dark our day;
2. The sun is shin - ing some-where! Hold fast this pre - cious truth;
3. Smile thro' the tears of sor - row, Nor trem - ble with a - larm;
4. We have our share of bless - ing, Then let us not des - pond;
5. Think not up - on the shad - ows, For sor - row's days are few;



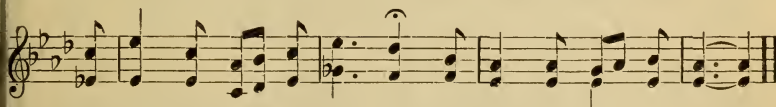
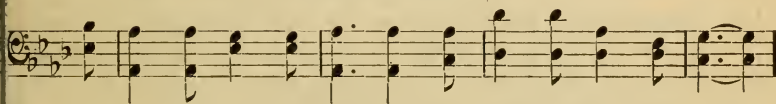
For shad - ows can - not lin - ger, And clouds will drift a - way.
It is the hope, the anch - or Of troub - led age, and youth.
There comes a glad to - mor - row,—Lean hard up - on God's arm.
There's al - ways sun - light some-where,—It may be just be - yond.
The sun is shin - ing some-where, Oh, pledge thy heart a - new.



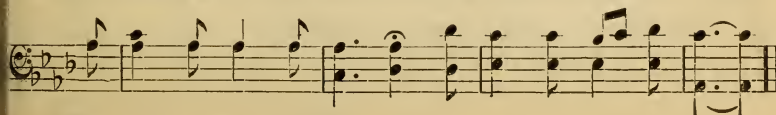
CHORUS.



The sun is shin - ing some-where, Tho' dark to - day may be;



-There's bright-est glo - ry some-where, And light will shine for thee.

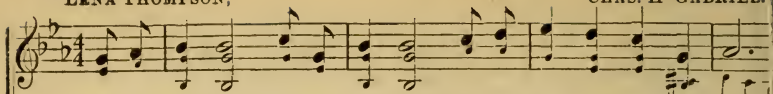


No. 138.

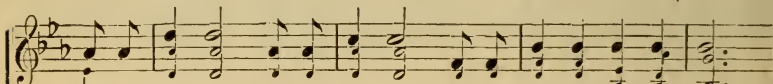
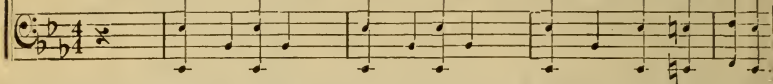
Little Soldiers.

LENA THOMPSON,

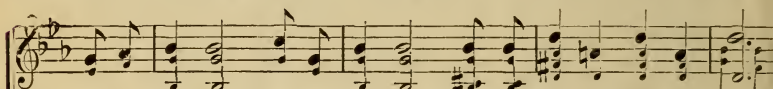
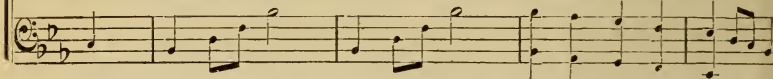
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



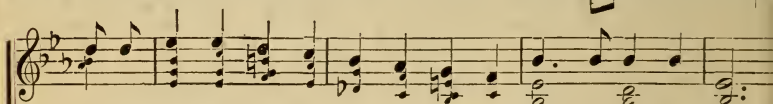
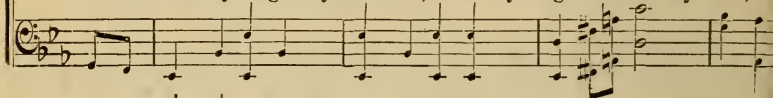
1. We are sol - diers, lit - tle sol - diers, Fighting for our King and Lord;
2. We are sol - diers, lit - tle sol - diers, Brave-ly fight-ing ev - 'ry sin;
3. When at last the fight is o - ver. And we've reach'd the heav'nly shore,



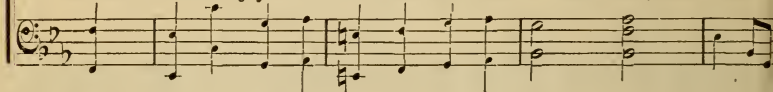
Ev - 'ry time we win a bat - tle, He has promised a re - ward;
 With our Sav - ior for our Cap - tain We shall all our bat - tles win;
 We shall hear our Sav - ior say - ing, "Rest, my sol - diers, ev - er - more;



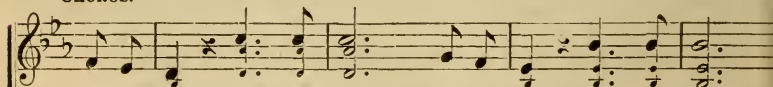
He has promised ev - 'ry sol - dier, If they dare the right to do,
 He has promised, if we ask Him, He will help us day by day;
 You have brave-ly fought my bat - tles, Brave-ly fought and no - bly won,



Promised them a crown of glo - ry, If they fight the bat - tle through.
 So we'll brave-ly march to bat - tle, Pray - ing, sing - ing all the way.
 En - ter in - to joys e - ter - nal - Sol - diers of the Lord, well done!"



CHORUS.



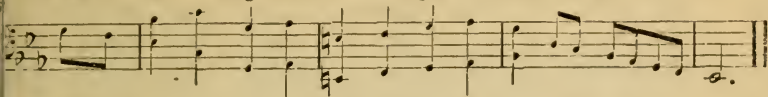
So we march, march a - way, Not a mo - ment's de - lay;



Little Soldiers.



'Neath our ban - ner bright, For God and right, We're sure to win the day.

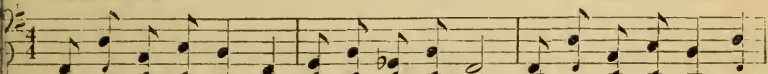


No. 139.

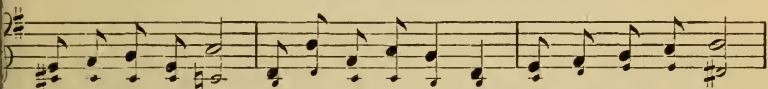
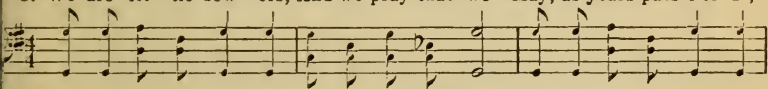
Little Sowers.

JAMES ROWE.

CARL FISCHER.



- 1 We are lit - tle sow - ers, Sow - ing seeds of love, To be reaped and gath - ered
2. We are lit - tle sow - ers, Dropping here and there Lit - tle seeds that com - fort
3. We are lit - tle sow - ers, And we pray that we May, as years pass o'er us,



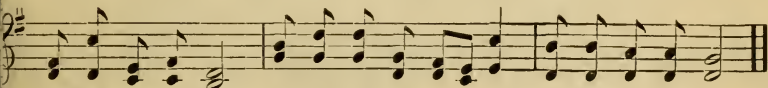
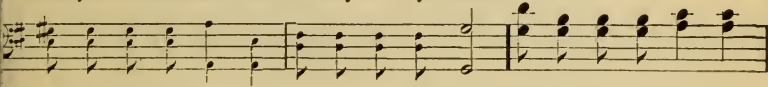
In the fields a - bove; Je - sus helps us dai - ly, Shows us where to sow,
Hearts of grief and care; Oh, much joy it gives us Just to sow each day,
Bet - ter sow - ers be; That when comes the whisper - "Reap - ing - time has come!"



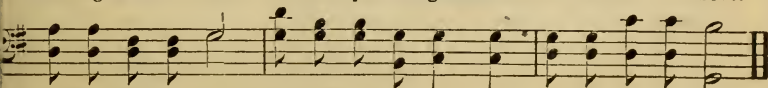
CHORUS.



And His love is with us Ev - 'ry - where we go.
Lit - tle seeds of kind - ness As we go our way. We are lit - tle reap - ers,
Ma - ny sheaves for Je - sus We may car - ry home.



Sow - ing seeds of love To be reaped and gath - ered In the fields a - bove.



LIZZIE DE ARMOND.

H. A. HENRY.

1. Fol - low - ing Je - sus just where He leads me, Sing - ing for
 2. Fol - low - ing Je - sus, tho' so un - wor - thy, Fear - less - ly
 3. Fol - low - ing Je - sus, in - to the val - ley, O - ver the

glad - ness all the long way; Up on the mount - ain, o - ver the
 pass - ing thro' the dark night; Trust - ing His prom - ise, "Lo! I am
 path He trod long a - go; On - ly a step from shad - ow to

des - ert, Kept by His good - ness ev - 'ry day.
 with you," Shad - ows will van - ish in His light.
 sun - shine, Lean - ing on Him whose love I know.

CHORUS.

Fol - low - ing Je - sus, Blessed Re - deem - er, Crowned by His
 Fol - low - ing Je - sus, Bless - ed Re - deem - er,

good - ness, and kept by His pow'r, Ev - er re - joic - ing,
 Crowned by His good - ness and kept by His pow'r, Ev - er re - joic -

Following Jesus.

sing-ing for glad - ness, Filled with His full-ness hour by hour.
sing sing - ing for gladness,

No. 141. Praise The Rock.

CHARLOTTE G. HOMER.

J. H. ROSECRANS.

Praise the Rock of our sal - va - tion, Come be - fore Him with a song;
Praise the Rock of our sal - va - tion, Just and mer - ci - ful is He,
Praise the Rock of our sal - va - tion, For His blood a - vails for sin!

For the Lord our God is ho - ly,—Prais-es un - to Him be-long.
trong and might - y to de - liv - er,—Un - to Him for ref - uge flee.
At the gate of mer - cy stand-ing, He in - vites the wand'rer in.

CHORUS.

Praise Him! praise Him! Sing a - loud in ex - ul - ta - tion!

Praise Him! praise Him! Praise the Rock of our sal - va - tion!

No. 142. When the Roll Is Called Up Yonder.

B. M. J.

J. M. BLACK.

1. When the trumpet of the Lord shall sound, and time shall be no more
2. On that bright and cloudless morning, when the dead in Christ shall rise
3. Let us la - bor for the Mas - ter from the dawn till set - ting sun

And the morning breaks, eternal, bright and fair; When the saved of earth shall
 And the glo - ry of his res - ur - rec - tion share; When his chos - en ones shall
 Let us talk of all his wondrous love and care, Then, when all of life

gath - er o - ver on the oth - er shore, And the roll is called u
 gath - er to their home be - yond the skies, And the roll is called u
 o - ver, and our work on earth is done, And the roll is called u

CHORUS.

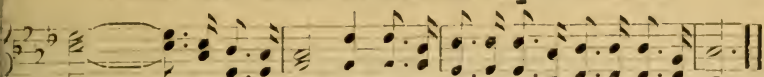
yon - der, I'll be there. When the roll is called up yon - der

When the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there

When the roll is called up yon - der, When the

When the roll is called up yon - der, I'll be there,

When the Roll is Called Up Yonder.



roll is call'd up yonder, When the roll is call'd up yonder, I'll be there.

When the roll



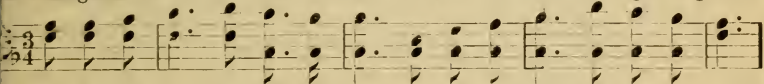
No. 143. Faith, The Victory.

IDA M. BUDD.

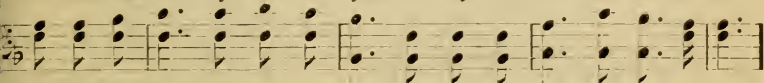
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. By faith the wound-ed Christ I see, Who all my sins and sor-rows bore,
2. I know my griev-ous debt was paid When He ex-pired on Cal-va-ry;
3. Thou pard'ning One, whose cleansing blood Suf-fi-cient is for ev-'ry stain;
4. Lord, grant me e'er to rest in Thee, To trust Thee still thro' light or gloom;



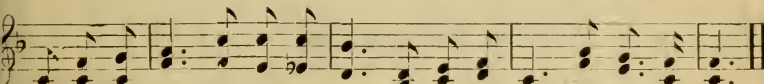
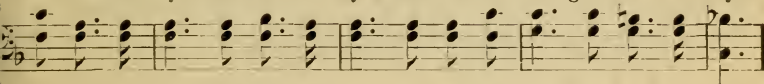
That mine might be the vic-to-ry O'er Sa-tan's hosts for-ev-er-more,
 My doubts and fears are all al-layed; Thro' faith He gives the vic-to-ry.
 By faith I plunge be-neath the flood, And vic-t'ry o-ver sin I gain.
 And faith shall be my vic-to-ry Where-by the world is o-ver-come.



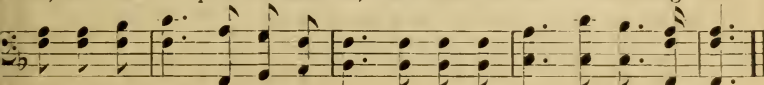
CHORUS.



The vic-to-ry! the vic-to-ry! Faith is the soul's great vic-to-ry!



Yea, more than con-q'rrers we shall be, Thro' faith in our Re-deem-ing Lord.



No. 144. We'll Be Happy Over There.

L. G. M.

L. G. McCLENDON.

1. When we meet be-yond the riv - er, in that land so bright and fair,
 2. When we meet our friends and lov'd ones at our Fa-ther's snow-white throne,
 3. When we meet our bless - ed Sav - ior in that land of end - less light,

We'll be hap - py o - ver there;
 hap - py, we'll be hap - py o - ver there, o - ver there;

Where the saints of count-less a - ges, and the white rob'd an - gels are,
 Where no sick-ness, pain, or sor - row, or sad part - ings e - ver come,
 We will sing and praise for - ev - er in those man - sions fair and bright,

D. S.—When we meet be-yond the riv - er, there to dwell for - ev - er more,

We'll be happy, we'll be happy over there, We'll be hap - py, we'll be
 o - ver there, happy over there, we'll be

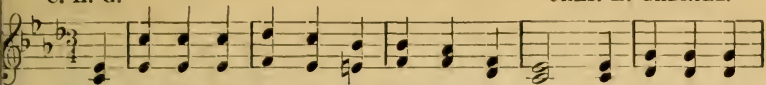
We'll be happy, we'll be happy o-ver there. o-ver there.

hap - py o - ver there, We'll be hap - py in that city bright and fair.
 hap - py in that cit - y, in that cit - y, bright and fair.

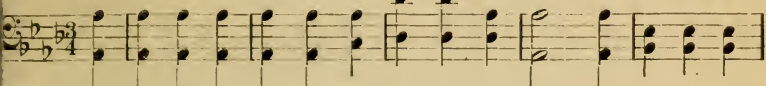
No. 145. He is So Precious to Me.

C. H. G.

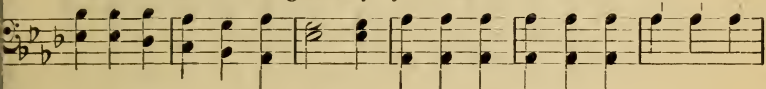
CHAS. H. GAERIEL.



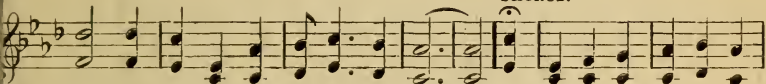
1. I'm hap-py in Je-sus, my Sav-ior, my King, And all the day
2. He stood at the door a-mid sun-shine and rain, So pa-tient-ly
3. I stand on the mount-ain of sun-shine at - last, No cloud in the
4. I praise Him, be-cause He ap - point - ed a place Where, some day, thro'



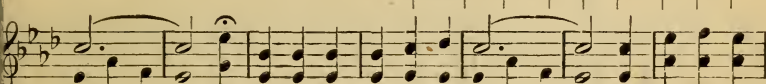
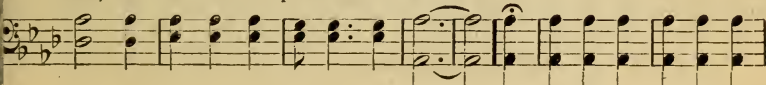
long of His good-ness I sing; To Him in my weak-ness I lov-ing-ly wait-ing an entrance to gain; What shame that so long He en-treat-ed in heav-ens a shad-ow to cast; His smile is up-on me, the val-ley is faith in His mar-vel-ous grace, My eyes shall be-hold Him—shall look on His



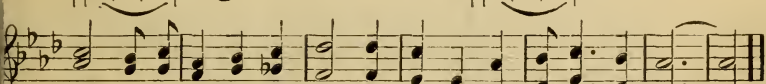
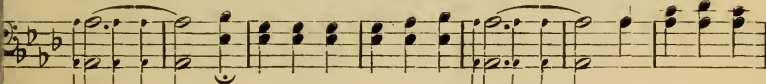
CHORUS.



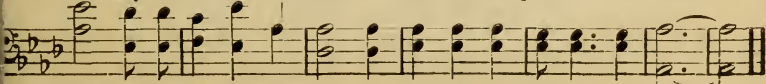
cling, For He is so pre-cious to me. so
 vain, For He is so pre-cious to me. For He is so pre-cious to
 past, For He is so pre-cious to me.
 face, For He is so pre-cious to me.



pre-cious to me, so precious to me,
 me, For He is so pre-cious to me, 'Tis heav-en be-



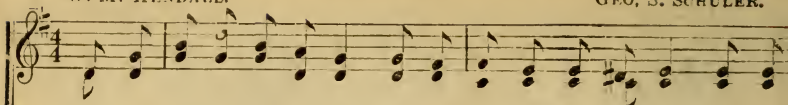
low My re-deem-er to know For He is so pre-cious to me. . . .



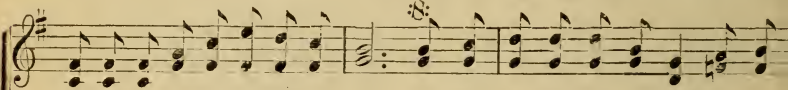
No. 146. Out of Darkness Into Light.

W. M. KENDALL.

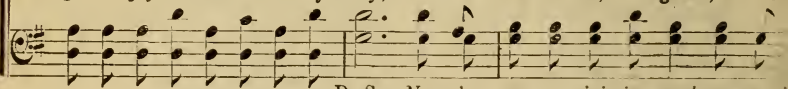
GEO. S. SCHULER.



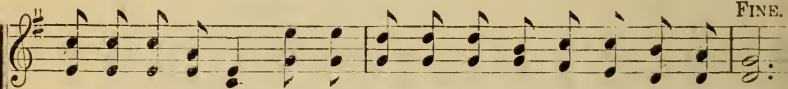
1. In the night of sin and doubt, Strife with-in and fears with-out, I was
 2. O'er the mount-ain cold and bleak, Je - sus came His lambs to seek, And He
 3. Now the light of love di - vine, Floods this ran-somed soul of mine, And with



wand'ring when my Savior came to me; But He wash'd my sins a-way, Turned my
 found me straying blindly in the night; But in love He res-cued me, Touch'd my
 songs of joy I hast-en on my way; For I know at last, thro' grace, To be-



D. S.—Now o'er my re-joic-ing soul waves of



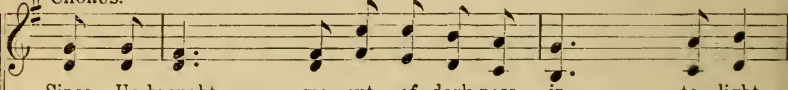
FINE.

dark-ness in - to day, Broke the fet-ters from my soul and set me free.
 eyes and made me see, And He set my err-ing feet in paths of right.
 hold my Sav-ior's face, And for - ev - er dwell in realms of per - fect day.

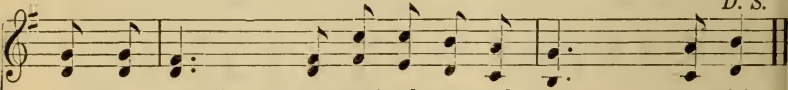
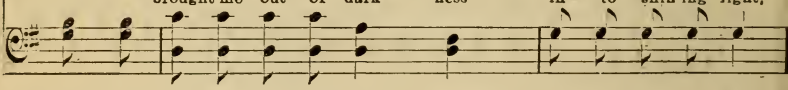


peace for - ev - er roll, Since He brought me out of dark-ness in - to light,

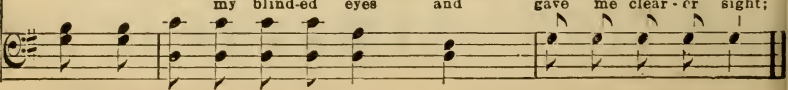
CHORUS.



Since He brought me out of dark-ness in - to light
 brought me out of dark - ness in - to shin-ing light,



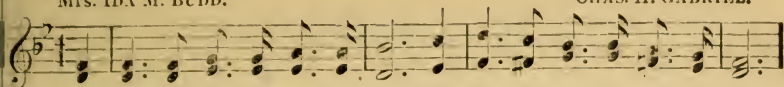
Since He touched my blind-ed eyes and gave me sight;
 my blind-ed eyes and gave me clear - er sight;



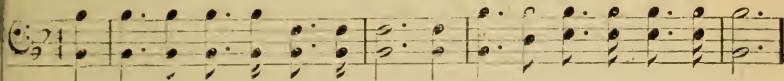
D. S.

Mrs. IDA M. BUDD.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



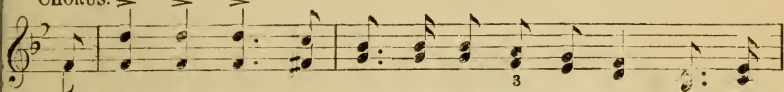
1. Why i - die rest the hands to - day, That should the sharpened sickle wield?
2. Waste not the hours in vain re - gret; Go forth with will - ing heart and true;
3. Stay not to choose your place or task, Take that which near - est lies to you:
4. And when the "harvest home" shall ring Thro' all the heav'ns its glad re - frain,



The Mas - ter calls! a - rise, a - way To la - bor in the rip - ened field.
 Sheaves wait the reapers' sick - le yet, And much may still be done by you.
 The bless - ing waits for those who ask,—"What wilt Thou have me, Lord, to do?"
 They, at the feet of Christ, their King, Shall lay their sheaves of gold - en grain.



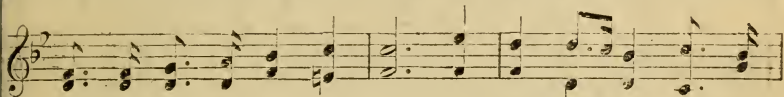
CHORUS.



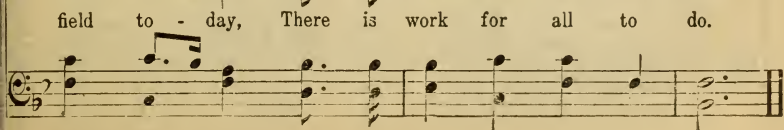
The Mas - ter calls, the har - vest tru - ly is great, But the



la - bor - ers, a - las, are few. Go forth, go forth to the



field to - day, There is work for all to do.



No. 148. The Man Born Blind.

INA M. SLUSSER.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. O sight-less eyes and grop-ing hands! The weight of dark - ened years
 2. The learn-ed doc - tors of the law Looked on him in sur - prise
 3. "Dost thou be-lieve on God's own Son?" (No priest nor Rab - bi near.

Has stayed thy feet and dulled thy brain To hope-less doubts and fears.
 Their cold hearts saw no proof of love. "How o-pened He thine eyes?"
 "Who is He, that I may be-lieve?" Blest an-swer: "He is here!"

What gave thy fame to all man-kind? One an-swer on-ly,—He,
 Nor scorn nor threats can change the man. One an-swer on-ly,—He,
 "Lord, I be-lieve!" O see-ing heart! Thou speak'st for all man-kind.

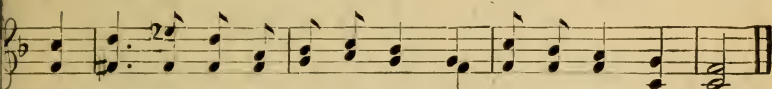
"I know where-as I once was blind, By His touch, now I see."
 "I know where-as I once was blind, By His touch, now I see."
 The heart that asks: "Who gave me help?" Must wor-ship the Di-vine.

The Man Born Blind.

CHORUS.



O Love, that came to find our need And prove Thy sav - ing grace,



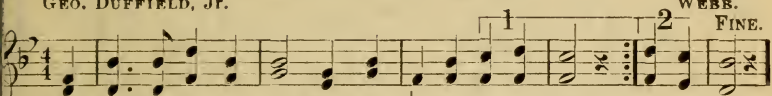
We too are blind, Touch Thou our eyes That we may see Thy face.



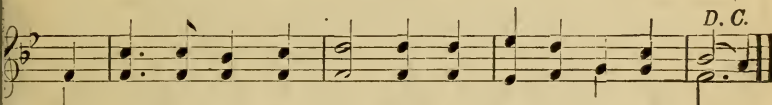
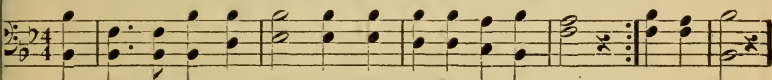
No. 149. Stand Up For Jesus.

GEO. DUFFIELD, JR.

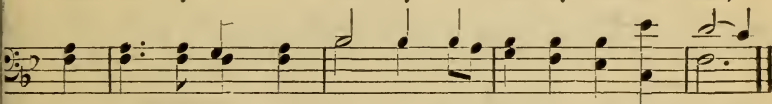
WEBB. FINE.



1. { Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Ye sol-diers of the cross; }
 { Lift high His roy - al ban - ner, It must not [Omit . . .] } suf-fer loss;
 C.-Till ev - 'ry foe is vanquished and Christ is [Omit . . .] Lord in-deed.



From vic - t'ry un - to vic - t'ry His ar - my shall He lead,



2 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
 Stand in His strength alone;
 The arm of flesh will fail you;
 Ye dare not trust your own;
 Put on the gospel armor,
 And, watching unto prayer,
 Where duty calls, or danger,
 Be never wanting there.

3 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
 The strife will not be long;
 This day the noise of battle,
 The next the victor's song:
 To Him that overcometh
 A crown of life shall be;
 He with the King of glory
 Shall reign eternally.

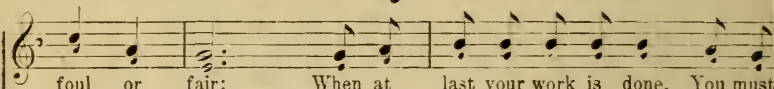
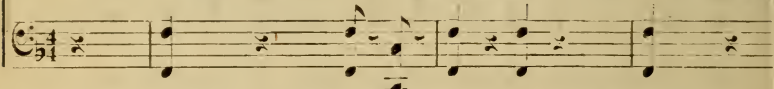
No. 150. The Books Will All Be Opened.

C. M. F.

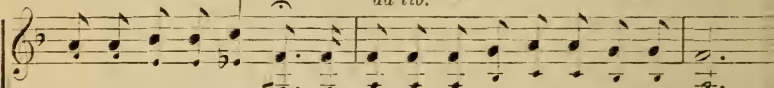
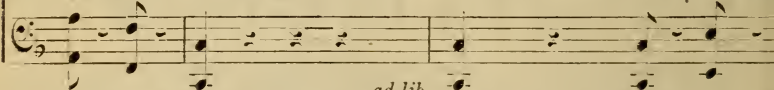
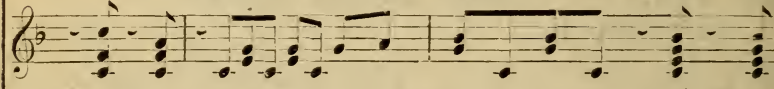
CHAS. M. FILLMORE.



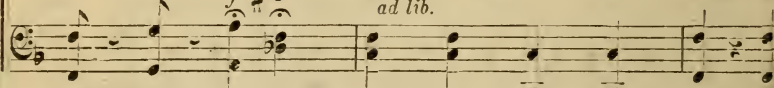
- | | |
|--|--------------------------|
| 1. You are writ-ing your own book of life, | Day by day, a rec-ord |
| 2. You are writ-ing down the thoughts you think, | You are writ-ing down th |
| 3. What is writ - ten once can not be changed, | But for - ev - er must |
| 4. There is just one way to write it true, | Just one way to make you |



foul or fair;	When at last your work is done,	You must
deeds you do;	You are writ - ing ev - 'ry word,	Whet-er
main the same,	Oh! how great should be your care	That you
rec - ord clear—	Pen each sen-tence and each word	In the



face the judgment throne; Then the books will all be opened o - ver there.
 spok - en or un - heard; And in judgment they will all be brought to view.
 make that rec - ord fair, In that book which you are writing in your name.
 name of Christ the Lord, Then your o - pen book you'll nev - er, nev - er fear.



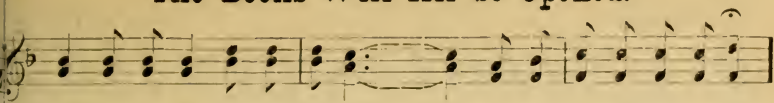
CHORUS.



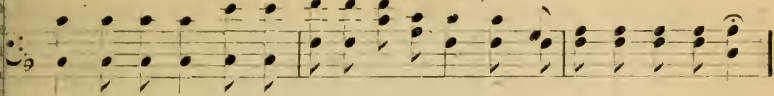
Oh! the books will be o - pened, my broth - er, (o - ver there,) You'll be



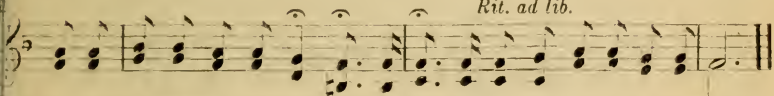
The Books Will All be Opened.



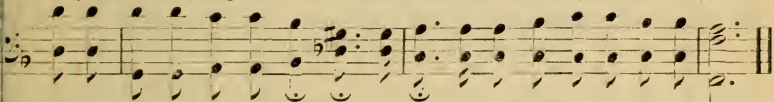
judged by your own, not an - oth - er; Then my brother, O be - ware,
o - ver there;



Rit. ad lib.



Write your record with great care, For the books will all be opened o - ver there.



No. 151. Jesus Died for Me.

I. WATTS.

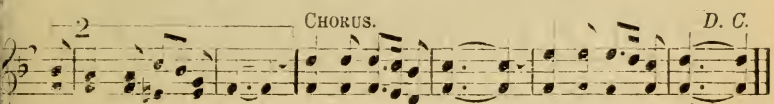


FINE.

1. { A - las! and did my Sav - ior bleed? And did my Sovereign die? }
{ Would He de - vote that sa - cred head [Omit.] }



D. C. - Yes, Je - sus died for all man - kind; Bless God, sal - va - tion's free!



CHORUS.

D. C.

For such a worm as I? Je - sus died for you, Je - sus died for me,
for you, for me,

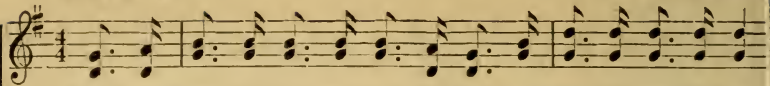


- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>2 Was it for crimes that I have done,
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!</p> <p>3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ, the mighty Maker, died
For man, the creature's sin!</p> | <p>4 Thus might I hide my blushing face
While His dear cross appears;
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes to tears.</p> <p>5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe:
Here, Lord, I give myself away,
'Tis all that I can do.</p> |
|---|---|

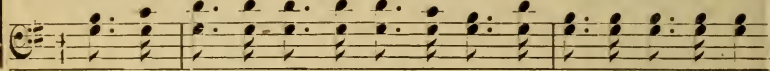
No. 152. Keep the Battle Raging.

JAMES ROWE.

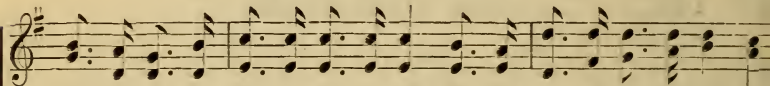
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



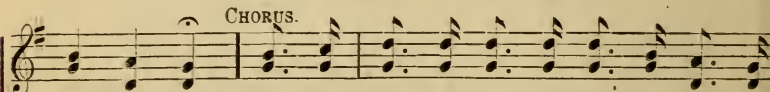
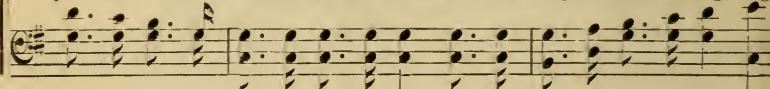
1. Would we free our fa-vored coun-try from the aw-ful curse of drink,
2. Would we aid the ma-ny mill-ions whom the mon-ster now con-trols.
3. Would we con-quer, o-ver-come it, ev-'ry one must prove his wort-



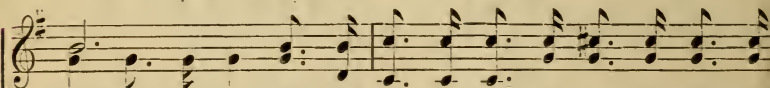
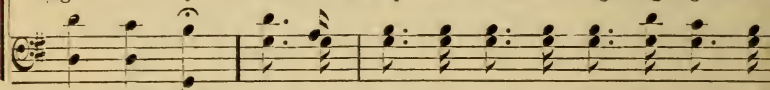
We must show de-ter-mi-na-tion in the fray; Nev-er fal-ter, nev-er
 Would we keep our loved ones from it's gates a-way, We must swell our ranks wi-
 Not a sol-dier from the bat-tle-field must stay; For, un-til its dens an-



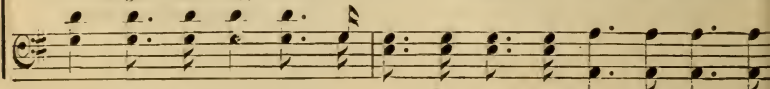
wav-er, and from dan-ger nev-er shrink-We must keep the bat-tle rag-ing
 fight-ers who, a-cross the wave and shoal Will re-lent-less-ly pur-sue it
 pal-ac-es are lev-elled to the earth, We must keep the bat-tle rag-ing



night and day. We must keep the bat-tle rag-ing night and



day, night and day, Loud-er, fierc-er than it ev-er raged be-



Keep the Battle Raging.

fore, night and day, Let us then the fight re-new with de-ter-min-a-tion
 true, Till we drive this might-y e-vil from our shore.

No. 153. Blessed Jesus.

FLORA KIRKLAND.

O. A. OLIVER.

1. Bless-ed Je-sus, we would ev-er Shape our dai-ly lives by Thine;
2. Bless-ed Je-sus, teach us wis-dom, Teach us to be wise and true;
3. Bless-ed Je-sus, in Thy child-hood Our ex-am-ple Thou did'st set;

FINE.

We would serve Thee, seek-ing nev-er From Thy lead-ing to de-cline.
 Keep our eyes up-on Thy beau-ty, Teach us Thy dear will to do.
 We would fol-low that ex-am-ple, Let us not Thy life for-get.

S.—Lead us ev-er, leave us nev-er, Chose the way in which we go.

CHORUS. D. S.

Bless-ed Je-sus! Bless-ed Je-sus! Thou dost love us, this we know;

LAURENE HIGHFIELD.

Dr. S. B. JACKSON.

1. Re-joice, ye chil-dren of the Lord, O go ye out with gladness
 2. Re-joice, ye chil-dren of the Lord, The hills break forth with singing
 3. Re-joice, ye chil-dren of the Lord, All na - ture sounds His praise
 4. Re-joice, ye chil-dren of the Lord, In Him be all your pleasure

The val-leys shall ex - alt - ed be, The mountains shall His glo - ry see,
 The ver - y trees now clap their hands And grateful hearts in ma - ny lands
 The glo - ry of the Lord is seen, Where ev - er plant or tree of green
 Rich bless-ings in a - bun-dant store Up - on His chil-dren He doth pour,

There shall be no more sad-ness, There shall be no more sad-ness.
 To Him are tri - bute bring-ing, To Him are tri - bute bring-ing.
 Its leaf - y ban - ner rais - es, Its leaf - y ban - ner rais - es.
 In o - ver flow - ing meas-ure, In o - ver flow - ing meas-ure.

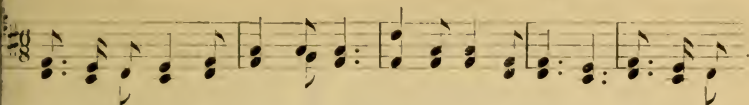
CHORUS.

Re-joice! the whole wide world shall be Full of the Sav-iors ma - jes - ty

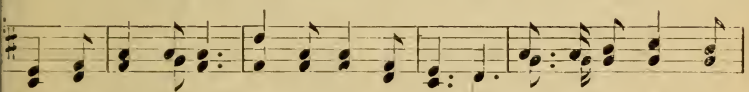
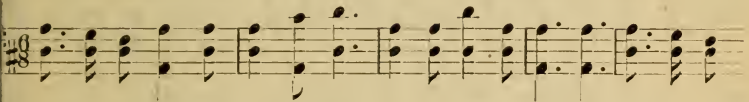
With love and ad - o - ra - tion sweet Your homage pay at Je - sus' feet.

F. J. CROSBY.

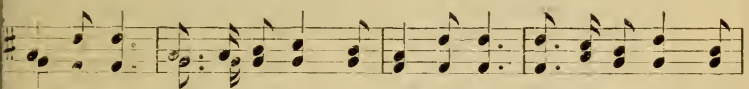
Mrs. J. F. KNAPP.



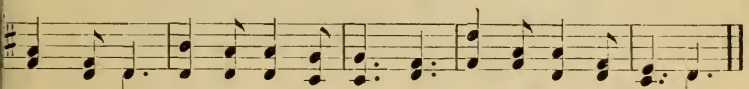
"Near - er the cross!" my heart can say, I am com - ing near - er, Near - er the
 Near - er the Christian's mer - cy-seat, I am com - ing near - er, Feasting my
 Near - er in pray'r my hope as - pires, I am com - ing near - er, Deep - er the



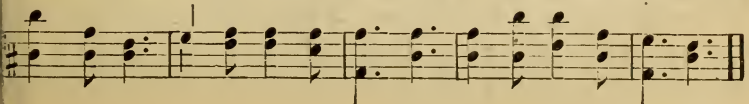
cross from day to day, I am com - ing near - er; Near - er the cross where
 soul on man - na sweet, I am com - ing near - er; Strong - er in faith, more
 love my soul de - sires, I am com - ing near - er; Near - er the end of



Je - sus died, Near - er the fount - ain's crim - son tide, Near - er my Sav - ior's
 clear I see Je - sus who gave Him - self for me; Near - er to Him I
 toil and care, Near - er the joy I long to share, Near - er the crown I



wound - ed side, I am com - ing near - er, I am com - ing near - er.
 still would be, Still I'm com - ing near - er, Still I'm com - ing near - er.
 soon shall wear; I am com - ing near - er, I am com - ing near - er.



No. 156. I Shall be Satisfied.

REV. T. O. CHISHOLM.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. O what a joy and peace are mine, Be-yond the pow'r of words to tel
 2. I find it sweet to work for Him, To bear the cross He bids me bea
 3. Earth is a fair a - bid - ing place, The ties of home and friend-ship do
 4. Full soon my long - ing eyes will see The glo - ries of that heav'n - ly sta

Since that bright hour when Je - sus came, With - in my heart to dwell
 To suf - fer, if thro' pain or loss, I may His glo - ry share
 The lines in pleas - ant plac - es fall, And I am hap - py here
 Life's lit - tle day will quick - ly pass, I have not long to wait.

I know not what di - vin - er bliss A - waits me on the oth - er side
 But when He calls my soul a - way, This mor - tal frame is cast a - side
 Yet still some - times my heart will sigh, With yearn - ings that I can - not hide
 Hail! bless - ed morn when I shall wake With - in His pres - ence to a - bide

But when I see His glo - rious face I shall be sat - is - fied
 And with His like - ness I a - wake, I shall be sat - is - fied
 To be with Christ, where, home at last, I shall be sat - is - fied
 When, Hope and Faith's rich guer - don won, I shall be sat - is - fied.

D.S. - And wak - ing in His like - ness there, I shall be sat - is - fied.

CHORUS.

O hap - py change! for thee I wait, When earth - ly gar - ments laid a - side,

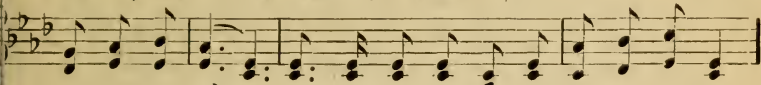
No. 157. Let Jesus Come Into Your Heart.

C. H. M.

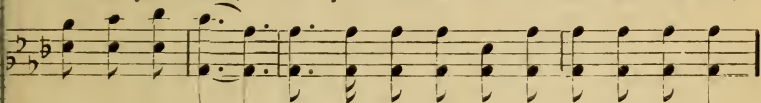
Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.



1. If you are tired of the load of your sin, Let Je - sus come
2. If 'tis for pu - ri - ty now that you sigh, Let Je - sus come
3. If there's a tem-pest your voice can - not still, Let Je - sus come
4. If friends, once trusted, have prov - en un - true, Let Je - sus come
5. If you would join the glad songs of the blest, Let Je - sus come



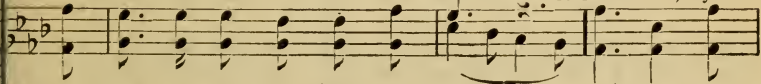
in - to your heart; If you de - sire a new life to be - gin,
 in - to your heart; Fount - ains for cleans - ing are flow - ing near by,
 in - to your heart; If there's a void this world nev - er can fill,
 in - to your heart; Find what a Friend He will be un - to you,
 in - to your heart; If you would en - ter the man - sions of rest,



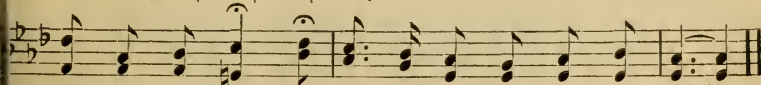
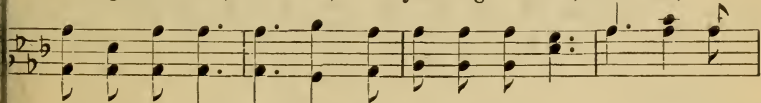
CHORUS.



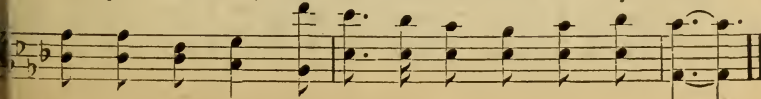
Let Je - sus come in - to your heart. 1-4. Just now, your
 5. Just now, my



doubt - ings give o'er; Just now, re - ject Him no more; Just now, throw
 doubt - ings are o'er, Just now, re - ject - ing no more; Just now, I



o - pen the door; Let Je - sus come in - to your heart.
 o - pen the door; And Je - sus comes in - to my heart.

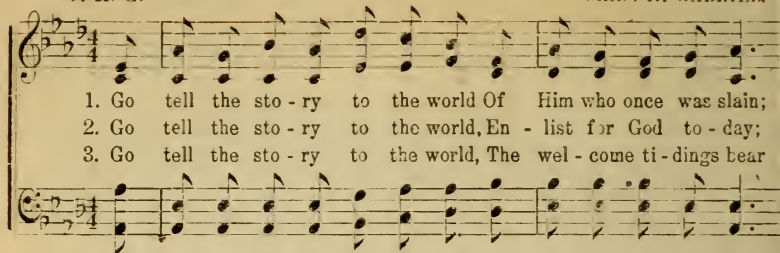


No. 158.

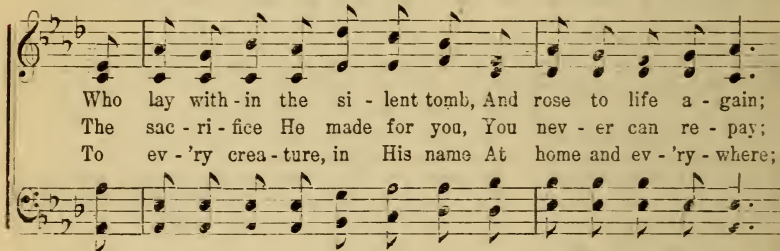
Go Tell the Story.

C. H. G.

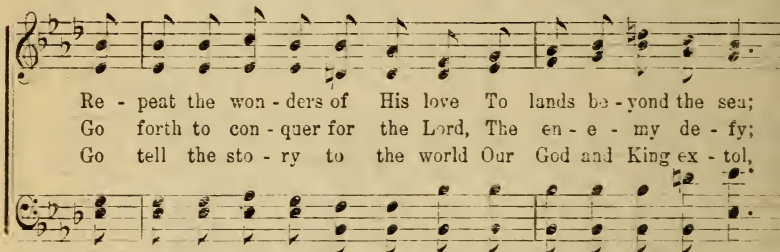
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



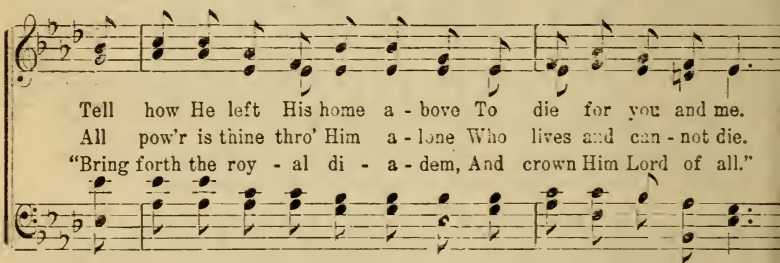
1. Go tell the sto-ry to the world Of Him who once was slain;
 2. Go tell the sto-ry to the world, En - list for God to - day;
 3. Go tell the sto-ry to the world, The wel - come ti-dings bear



Who lay with - in the si - lent tomb, And rose to life a - gain;
 The sac - ri - fice He made for you, You nev - er can re - pay;
 To ev - 'ry crea - ture, in His name At home and ev - 'ry - where;

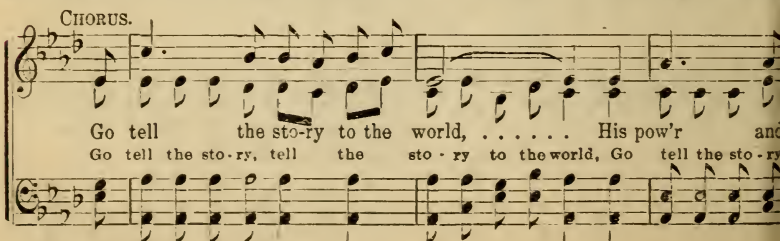


Re - peat the won - ders of His love To lands be - yond the sea;
 Go forth to con - quer for the Lord, The en - e - my de - fy;
 Go tell the sto - ry to the world Our God and King ex - tol.



Tell how He left His home a - bove To die for you and me.
 All pow'r is thine thro' Him a - lone Who lives and can - not die.
 "Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all."

CHORUS.



Go tell the sto-ry to the world, His pow'r and
 Go tell the sto-ry, tell the sto-ry to the world, Go tell the sto-ry

Go Tell the Story.

love pro - claim, Tell of His righteousness and
to the world, His pow'r and love proclaim, Tell of His righteousness and

mag - ni - fy Our great Im - man - uel's name.
mag - ni - fy His name. O, mag - ni - fy our great Im - man - uel's name,

No. 159. Glory to His Name.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

J. H. STOCKTON.

1. Down at the cross where my Sav - ior died, Down where for cleans-
2. I am so won - drous - ly sav'd from sin, Je - sus so sweet-
3. Oh, pre - cious fount - ain, that saves from sin, I am so glad
4. Come to this fount - ain, so rich and sweet; Cast thy poor soul

ing from sin I cried; There to my heart was the blood ap - plied;
ly a - bides with - in; There at the cross where He took me in;
I have en - tered in; There Je - sus saves me and keeps me clean,
at the Sav - ior's feet; Plunge in to - day and be made com - plete;

D. S.—There to my heart was the blood ap - plied;

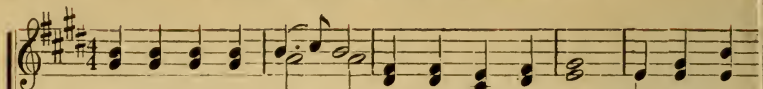
FINE. CHORUS.

D. S.

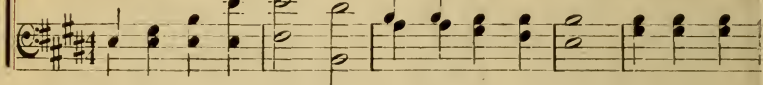
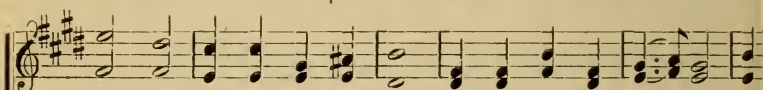
Glo - ry to His name. Glo - ry to His name, Glo - ry to His name;

Glo - ry to His name.
Used by per.

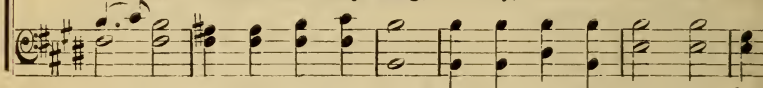
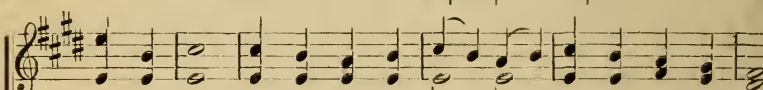
No. 160. Onward, Christian Soldiers!



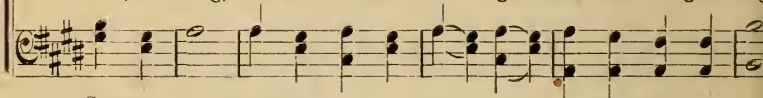
1. Onward Christian sol - diers! marching as to war, With the cross
 2. At the sign of tri - umph, Sa-fan's host doth flee; On then, Christ
 3. Like a might-y ar - my moves the Church of God; Broth-ers, we
 4. On-ward, then, ye peo - ple, join our hap-py throng, Blend with ours y

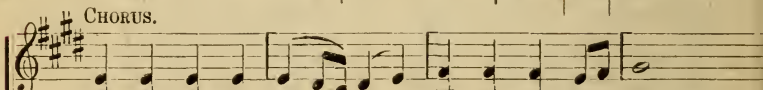
Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore; Christ, the roy - al Mas - ter, Lead
 sol-diers, On to vic - to - ry! Hell's foun-da-tions quiv - er At
 tread - ing Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed, All
 voic - es In the tri - umph song; Glo - ry, laud and hon - or Un -

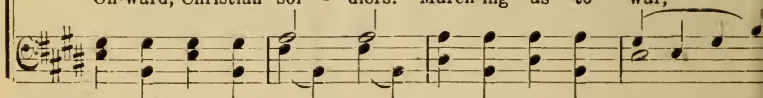
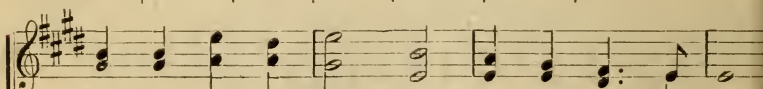
gainst the foe; For - ward in - to bat - tle, See His ban - ner go
 shout of praise; Broth-ers, lift your voic - es, Loud your an-thems rai-
 bod - y we, One in hope and doc - trine, One in char - i - ty
 Christ, the King, This thro' countless a - ges Men and an - gels sing



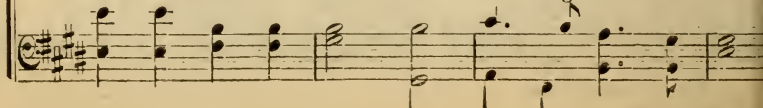
CHORUS.



On-ward, Christian sol - diers! March-ing as to war,

With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore.



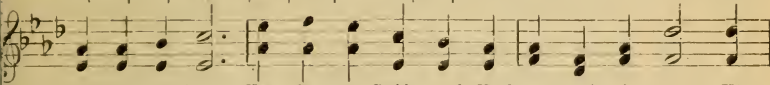
No. 161. His Grace is Sufficient for Me.

C. H. G.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. Glad - ly the will of my Lord I o - bey; He is my keep - er from
2. Not o - ver things of the world will I grieve; All that He sends I will
3. Tho' I may see but one step at a time, As up the path - way to
4. Liv - ing, I'll serve Him, where - ev - er I go, E'en tho' it be where the
5. When I shall stand face to face with my King, Still to the word of His



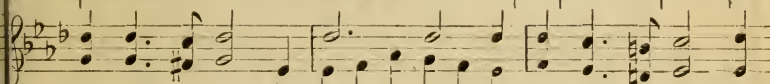
day un - to day; He is my Guide, and He know - eth the way, His
glad - ly re - ceive, Sat - is - fied just to look up and be - lieve, His
glo - ry I climb, Yet I be - lieve in the prom - ise di - vine, His
dark wa - ters flow; Dy - ing, I'll praise Him, for well do I know His
prom - ise I'll cling, And with the ran - somed for - ev - er I'll sing—His



CHORUS.



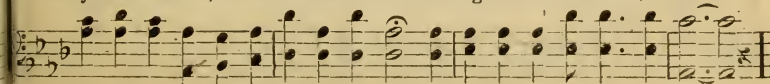
grace is suf - fi - cient for me. His grace is suf -
grace is suf - fi - cient for me, His grace is suf - fi - cient, suf -



fi - cient for me, His grace is suf - fi - cient for me; Then
fi - cient for me, His grace is suf - fi - cient,



why should I fear, with a Sav - ior so dear? His grace is suf - fi - cient for me.



No. 162. Steadily Marching On.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

H. R. PALMER.

1. Praise ye the Lord, joy-ful-ly sing ho - san - na, Praise the Lord with glad ac
2. Praise we the Lord, He is the King e - ter - nal, Glo - ry be to God

claim. Lift up your hearts un - to His throne with glad - ness, Mag - ni - fy H
high. Praise we the Lord, tell of His lov - ing kind - ness, Join the cho - r

ho - ly name. March - ing a - long un - der His ban - ner bright, Trust - i
of the sky. Still march - ing on, cheer - i - ly march - ing on, In th

in His mer - cy as we go, (trust - ing we go,) His light di - vine ten - der - l
ranks of Je - sus will we go, (ev - er we'll go,) Home to our rest, joy - ful - l

o'er us will shine, We shall be guid - ed by His hand now and for - ev - er
home where the blest, Gather and praise the Savior's name, praise Him for - ev - er

Steadily Marching On.

REFRAIN.

Stead-i - ly marching on, with our banners waving o'er us; Stead-i - ly marching on, while we sing the joy - ful chor-us, Stead-i - ly march-ing on, pil-lar and cloud go-ing be-fore us, To the realms of glo - ry, to our home on high.

No. 163. Jesus Spreads His Banner O'er Us.

R. PARK.

I. B. WOODBURY.

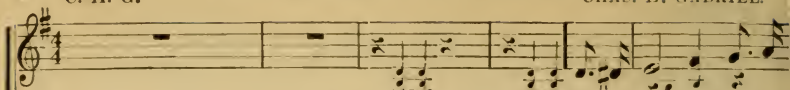
1. Je - sus spreads His ban - ner o'er us, Cheers our fam-ish-ed souls with food;
 2. Pre-cious ban-quet, bread of Heav - en; Wine of glad-ness, flow - ing free;
 3. In Thy tri - al and re - jec - tion; In Thy suf-f'rings on the tree;

He the ban-quet spreads be-fore us, Of His mys - tic flesh and blood.
 May we taste it, kind - ly giv - en In re-mem-brance, Lord, of Thee!
 In Thy glo - rious res - ur - rec - tion; May we, Lord, re - mem - ber Thee!

No. 164. The Tramp of the Host.

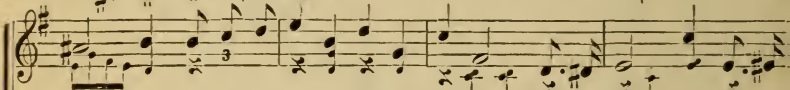
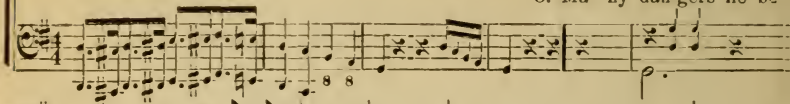
C. H. G.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

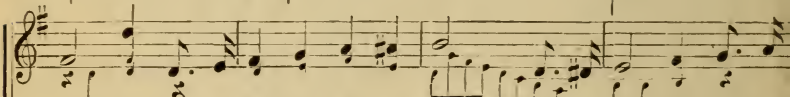
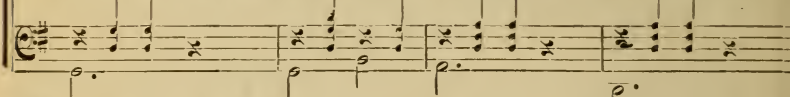


Voices in Unison.

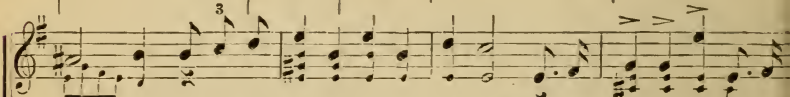
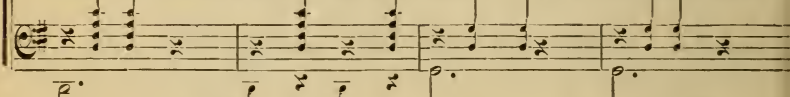
1. Like an arm - y we are
2. Sin and er - ror are ap -
3. Ma - ny dan - gers lie be -



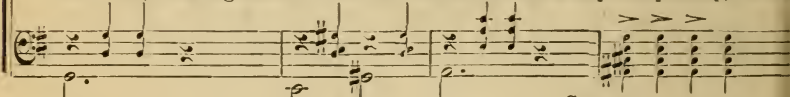
march - ing Un - der a ban - ner grand and glo - rious, Ev - 'ry sol - dier true and
 pall - ing! Per - ish - ing souls are all a - round us; Hea - then na - tions on - be -
 fore us, Wearisome marches, sorrows, losses; Heav - y bur - dens, lone - ly



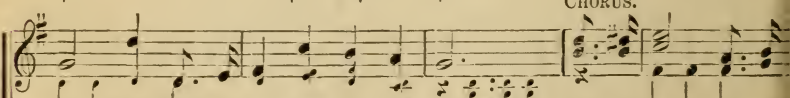
loy - al In the serv - ice of the King. For - ward ev - er on to
 fore us For the gos - pel watch and pray. Noth - ing daunt - ed, noth - ing
 vig - ils To be kept by day and night; Yet de - ter - mined and u -



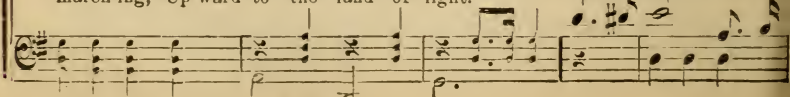
bat - tle, Follow - ing Christ, who goes be - fore us; With a tramp, tramp, tramp, mov - ing
 fear - ing, Joy - ful - ly on - ward to the res - cue With a tramp, tramp, tramp, we are
 nit - ed, Shar - ing alike in cares and sor - rows, With a tramp, tramp, tramp, we are



CHORUS.



on - ward, While the vic - tor's song we sing. Like an arm - y with
 march - ing, Where our Sav - ior leads the way. marching on,
 march - ing, Up - ward to the land of light.



The Tramp of the Host.

ban-ners fly - ing, Against the hosts of sin we march, march away! Souls in
marching on

bond - age of sin are dy - ing; "They must and shall be free" rings the
marching on

war - cry to - day, "They must and shall be free" rings the cry - to - day.

o. 165.

A Prayer.

H. A. H.

H. A. H.

1. A - bide with me Lord! in mer - cy, Stay, stay Thou near my side;
2. A - bide with me Lord! I need Thee, I can - not let Thee go;
3. A - bide with me Lord! in sor - row, My help and com - fort be;

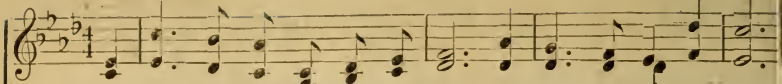
No dan - ger I fear, nor e - vil, While Thou art my guard and guide.
The way is so rough—O lead me, For Thou dost the dan - ger know.
Up - hold me, sus - tain and keep me In life, and e - ter - ni - ty.

No. 166.

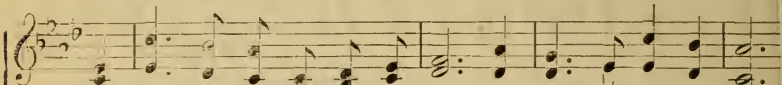
His Love For Me.

A. E. PETERSON.

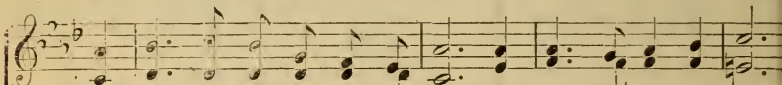
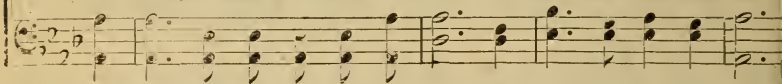
DR. S. B. JACKSON.



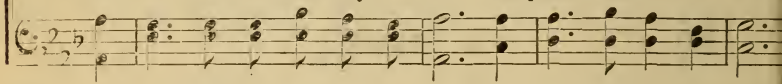
1. I won - der not that Je - sus died A world from sin to free,
 2. I mar - vel not that He should weep At Beth - 'ny's lone - ly tomb;
 3. His won - drous, o - ver - whelm - ing love — It bounds e - ter - ni - ty;



But when I see Him cru - ci - fied And suf - f'ring there for me,
 But when I see Geth - sem - a - ne, Its ag - on - y and gloom,
 Its source, the throne of God a - bove, Its end we ne'er shall see.



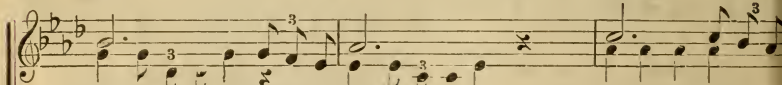
I stand a - mazed! such won - drous love For one so vain as I?
 I'm mys - ti - fied! to think that He, A Prince, with re - gal might,
 It has no end! how may I sound His prais - es while I live



Why should He leave the courts a - bove To suf - fer and to die?
 Should shed those tears and bleed for me To bring me to the light.
 That oth - ers should by Him be found, Who died, His peace to give?



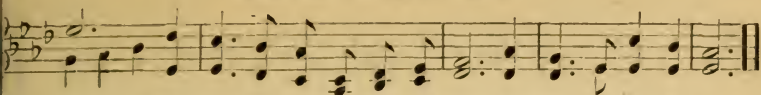
CHORUS.



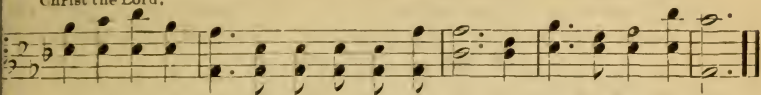
Love, wonderful love, Love, wonderful
 wonderful love. love, wonderful love, Wonderful love, the love of



His Love For Me.



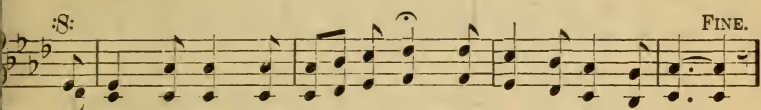
love; Why should He leave the courts above For one so vain as I.
Christ the Lord;



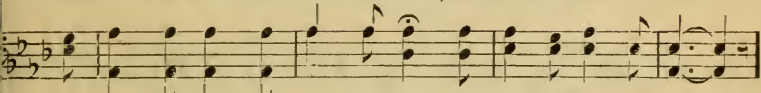
No. 167. Take Me As I Am.



1. Je - sus, my Lord, to Thee I cry; Un - less Thou help me, I must die;
2. Helpless I am, and full of guilt, But yet Thy blood for me was spilt,
3. No prep - a - ra - tion can I make, My best re - solves I on - ly break;
4. I thirst, I long to know Thy love, Thy full sal - va - tion I would prove;

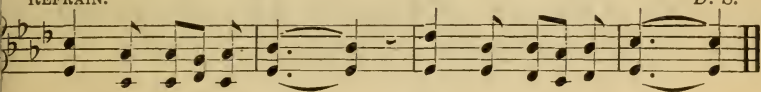


O bring Thy free sal - va - tion nigh, And take me as I am!
And Thou canst make me what Thou wilt, But take me as I am!
Yet save me for Thine own name's sake, And take me as I am!
But since to Thee I can - not move, O take me as I am!



D. S.—O bring Thy free sal - va - tion nigh And take me as I am!

REFRAIN.



Take me as I am, . . . Take me as I am, . . .
Take me, take me as I am, Take me, take me as I am.



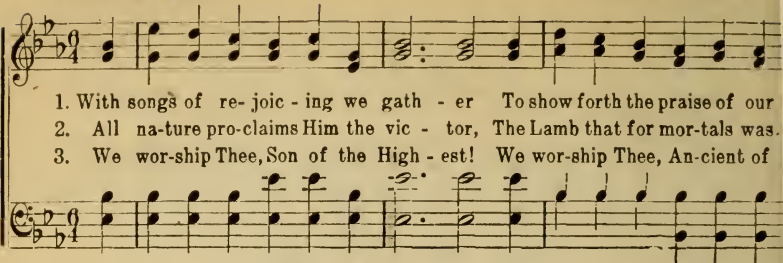
5 If Thou hast work for me to do,
Inspire my will, my heart renew,
And work both in and by me, too,
And take me as I am!

6 And when at last the work is done.
The battle o'er, the vict'ry won,
Still, still my cry shall be alone;
Lord, take me as I am!

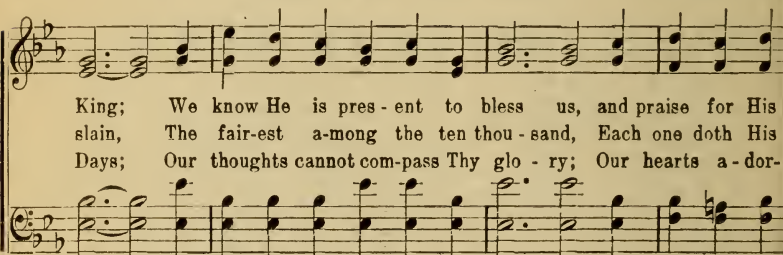
No. 168. With Songs of Rejoicing.

FLORA KIRKLAND.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

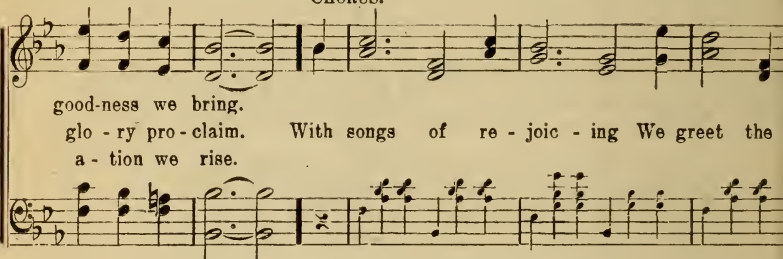


1. With songs of re-joic - ing we gath - er To show forth the praise of our
2. All na-ture pro-claims Him the vic - tor, The Lamb that for mor-tals was
3. We wor-ship Thee, Son of the High - est! We wor-ship Thee, An-cient of

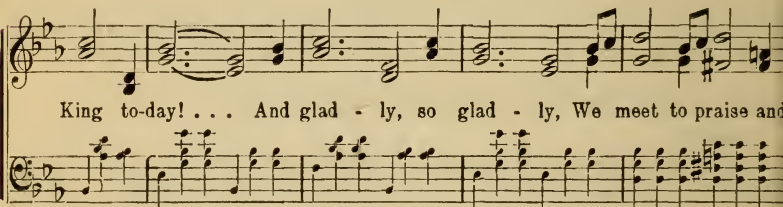


King; We know He is pres - ent to bless us, and praise for His
slain, The fair-est a-mong the ten thou - sand, Each one doth His
Days; Our thoughts cannot com-pass Thy glo - ry; Our hearts a-dor-

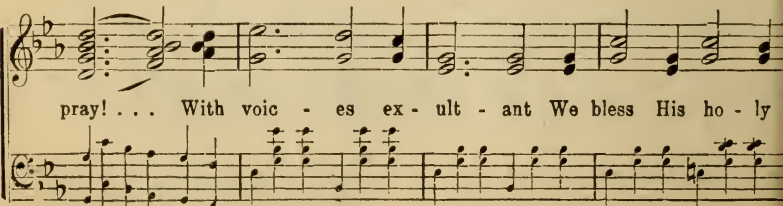
CHORUS.



good-ness we bring.
glo - ry pro - claim. With songs of re - joic - ing We greet the
a - tion we rise.



King to-day! . . . And glad - ly, so glad - ly, We meet to praise and

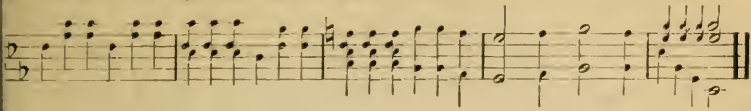


pray! . . . With voic - es ex - ult - ant We bless His ho - ly

With Songs of Rejoicing.



name, . . And glad - ly, so glad - ly His wondrous works pro-claim.

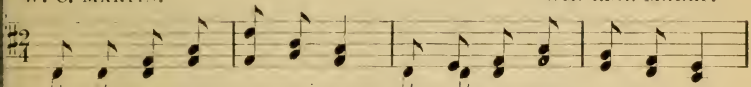


No. 169.

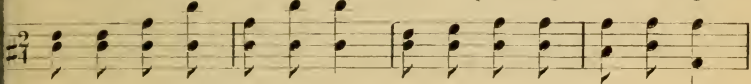
For You.

W. C. MARTIN.

WM. EDIE MARKS.



1. There is par-don full and sweet, At the Fa-ther's mer-cy seat;
2. There is sweet and per-fect rest Where no e-vil can mo-lest,
3. There's a man-sion in the sky, And a gleam-ing throne on high—



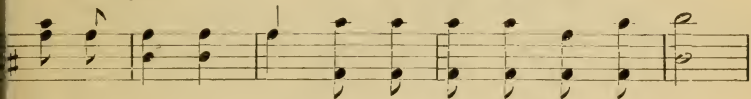
There is peace in that re-treat For you, for you.
 On the Sav-ior's lov-ing breast, For you, for you.
 There is glo-ry by and by, For you, for you.



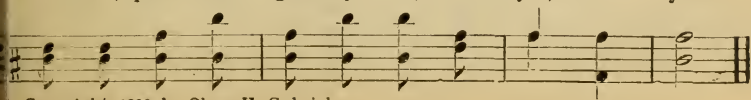
CHORUS.



'Tis for you, for you! If you trust Him, it is true!



Par-don, peace and glo-ry too, For you, for you!

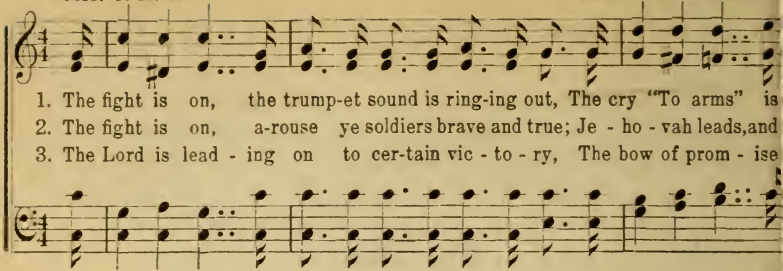


No. 170.

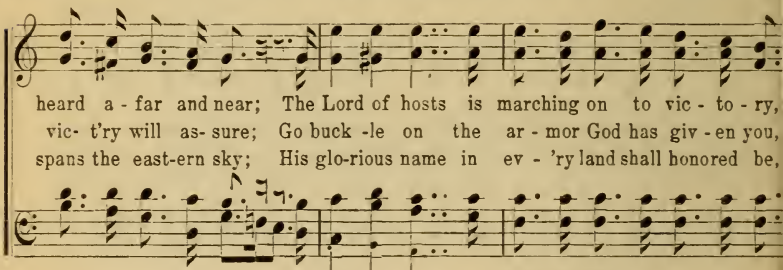
The Fight Is On.

Mrs. C. H. M.

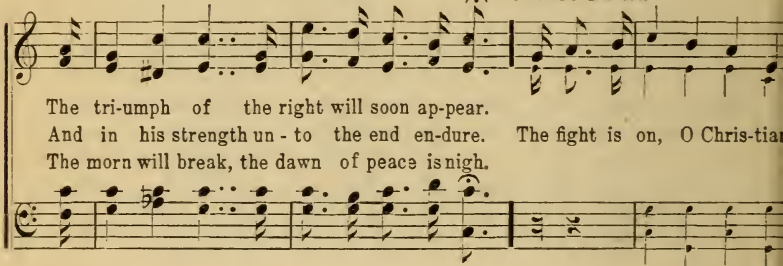
Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.



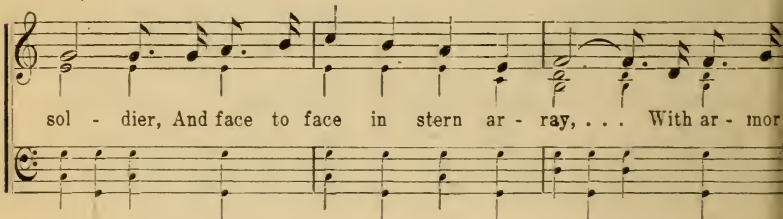
1. The fight is on, the trump-et sound is ring-ing out, The cry "To arms" is
 2. The fight is on, a-rouse ye soldiers brave and true; Je - ho - vah leads, and
 3. The Lord is lead - ing on to cer-tain vic - to - ry, The bow of prom - ise



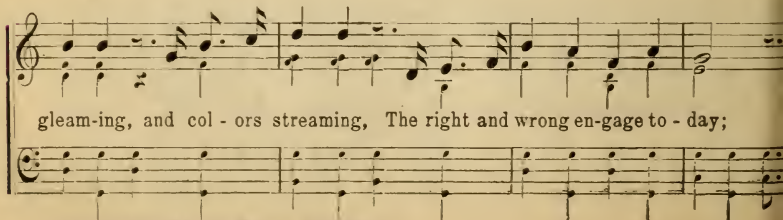
heard a - far and near; The Lord of hosts is marching on to vic - to - ry,
 vic - t'ry will as - sure; Go buck - le on the ar - mor God has giv - en you,
 spans the east-ern sky; His glo-rious name in ev - 'ry land shall honored be,

CHORUS *Unison*


The tri-umph of the right will soon ap-pear.
 And in his strength un - to the end en-dure. The fight is on, O Chris-tian
 The morn will break, the dawn of peace is nigh.



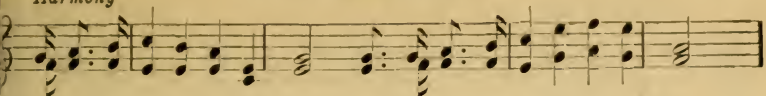
sol - dier, And face to face in stern ar - ray, . . . With ar - mor



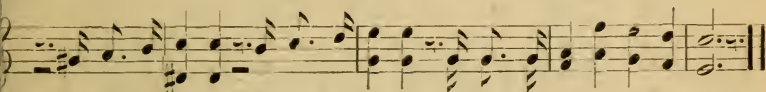
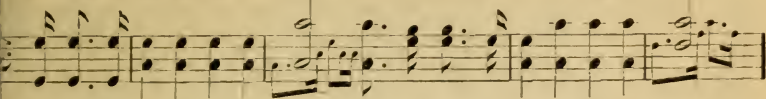
gleam-ing, and col - ors streaming, The right and wrong en-gage to - day;

The Fight Is On.

Harmony



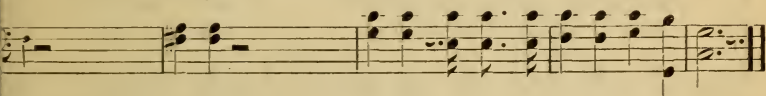
The fight is on, but be not wea - ry, Be strong and in His might hold fast;



If God be for us, His ban-ner o'er us, We'll sing the victor's song at last.

Vic-t'ry!

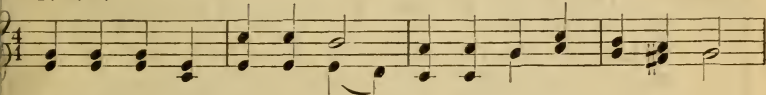
Vic-t'ry!



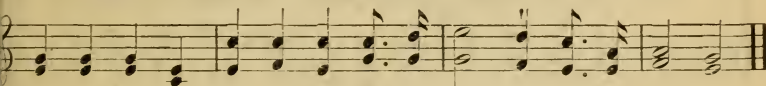
No. 171. Hallelujah, What a Savior.

P. P. B.

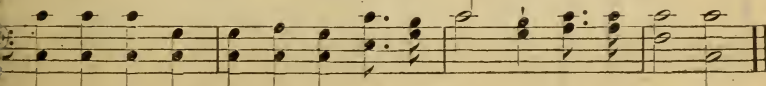
P. P. BLISS.



- | | |
|---------------------------------------|----------------------------------|
| 1. "Man of Sor-rows," what a name | For the Son of God who came, |
| 2. Bear-ing shame and scoff-ing rude, | In my place con-demned He stood, |
| 3. Guilt-y, vile and help-less we, | Spot-less Lamb of God was He; |
| 4. Lift-ed up was He to die, | "It is fin-ished," was His cry, |
| 5. When He comes, our glo-rious King, | All His ran-somed home to bring, |



Ru - ined sin - ners to re-claim! Hal - le - lu - jah! what a Sav - ior!
 Sealed my par-don with His blood; Hal - le - lu - jah! what a Sav - ior!
 "Full a-tone-ment!" can it be? Hal - le - lu - jah! what a Sav - ior!
 Now in heav'n ex - ait - ed high, Hal - le - lu - jah! what a Sav - ior!
 Then a - new this song we'll sing, Hal - le - lu - jah! what a Sav - ior!



No. 172.

Soldiers of God.

EFFIE S. BLACK.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. O sol - dier of the liv - ing God, Press on, His vic - t'ries win!
 2. O sol - dier of the liv - ing God, Pray on! pray'r is the Pow'
 3. O sol - dier of the liv - ing God, Fight on, nor fear the foe

Tho' prin - ci - pal - i - ties and pow'rs You fight with - out, with - in.
 That nerves the heart with brav - er - y In each un - guard - ed hour.
 Led by a might - y Con - quer - or, De - feat you can - not know

A blood - stained ban - ner goes be - fore, Once borne by mar - tyred throng
 When Sa - tan and his might - y host Their toils a - round you fling,
 Go forth His pow - er to pro - claim, To bat - tle for your King;

And, while a cross of shame they bore, Their lips pro - claimed the song
 Mount on the wings of faith and pray'r, Tri - umph - ant - ly to sing
 And, as you con - quer in His name, The song of tri - umph sing,

CHORUS.

Of . . . "vic - to - ry!" vic - to - ry!"
 Of "vic - to - ry!" vic - to - ry!" Loud - ly in tri - umph sing

Soldiers of God.

Musical notation for the song "Soldiers of God". It features a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The melody is written on a single staff, and the accompaniment is on a second staff. The lyrics are: "Vic - to - ry! vic - to - ry Thro' Je - sus, Im-man-uel, King." The word "rit." is written above the final measure of the melody.

No. 173. The Cross Will be the Glory Song.

C. D. MARTIN.

CARL FISCHER.

Musical notation for the first part of "The Cross Will be the Glory Song". It features a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The melody is on a single staff, and the accompaniment is on a second staff. The lyrics are: "1. To - day we glo - ry in the cross, No oth - er boast have we; 2. In yon - der land of pure de - light, Where dwell the ron-somed throng, 3. Oh, how we love to praise Him now, In ac - cents clear and strong;"

Musical notation for the second part of "The Cross Will be the Glory Song". It features a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The melody is on a single staff, and the accompaniment is on a second staff. The lyrics are: "Our dai - ly praise is ev - er this: Christ died to set us free! The cross on which the Sav - ior died Will be the glo - ry - song. How grand will be the mo - ment when We sing the glo - ry - song."

REFRAIN.

Musical notation for the first part of the refrain. It features a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The melody is on a single staff, and the accompaniment is on a second staff. The lyrics are: "The cross shall be the glo - ry - song, When we shall see His face,"

Musical notation for the second part of the refrain. It features a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The melody is on a single staff, and the accompaniment is on a second staff. The lyrics are: "And with the heav'n - ly host we'll sing The won - ders of Eis grace."

No. 174.

God Is Not Far Away.

ADA POWELL and C. H. G.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. This tho't gives sweet-est com - fort, How - ev - er dark the day, As
 2. My heart grows faint and wea - ry, But I can tru - ly say, I
 3. His love is strong and change-less, And bears methro' the fray, When

long and drear the jour - ney — God is not far a - way; Whe
 trust Him thro' tem - ta - tion — God is not far a - way; No
 fierce the bat - tle rag - es — God is not far a - way; The

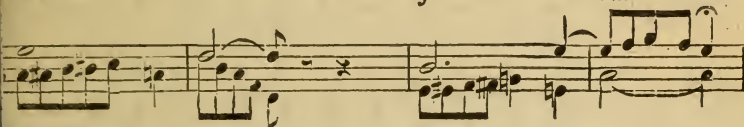
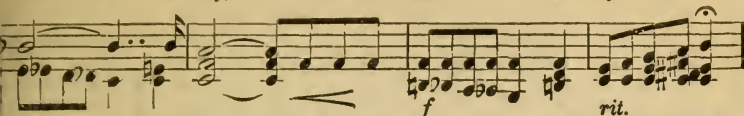
clouds hang dark - ly o - ver me, And sor - row's ash - es cov - er me, Al
 mat - ter where He lead - eth me, I'll go - for there He need - eth me; He
 come what e'er He send - eth me, For grace and strength He lead - eth me, An

might - y to de - liv - er me, — God is not far a - way. . . . God is not
 lov - eth, keep - eth, feed - eth me —
 from all harin de - fend - eth me —

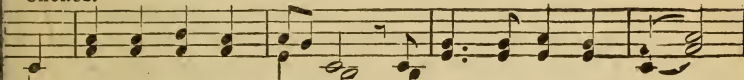
God Is Not Far Away.



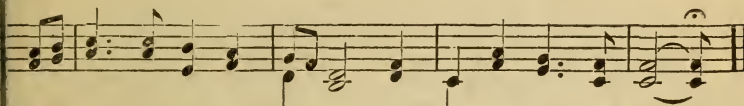
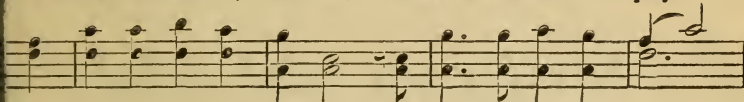
far a-way, . . God is not far a-way.



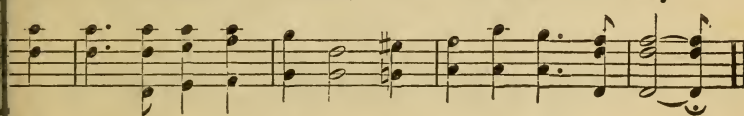
CHORUS.



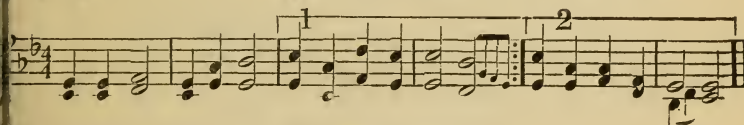
I would be near - er, near - er, And ev - er will I pray



To have the sweet as - sur-ance, God is not far a - way.



175. Invocation.



While we bow, humbly now, Hear us, heav'nly Fa-ther!

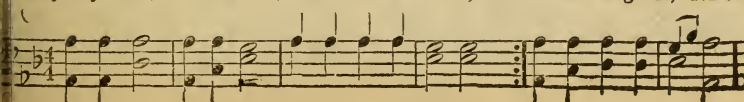
But to Thee can we flee, (*Omit.*) Hear us, heav'nly Fa-ther!

Life is brief, filled with grief, Thou canst help, O Father!

Weak and frail, oft we fail, (*Omit.*) Thou art strong, O Fath-er!

Help - less, blind, slow of mind, Guide us still, O Fath-er!

By Thy hand, to that land (*Omit.*) Where Thou reignest, Fath-er!



No. 176.

At the Fountain.

MAGGIE E. GREGORY.

H. A. HENRY

1. We are dwell-ing at the fount-ain where we ev - er would a - bid
 2. At the fount-ain is sal - va - tion, oh, what joy our bos - oms thr
 3. At the fount-ain I am dwell-ing, where my Sav - ior's face I see

Pre - cious fount of life e - ter - nal, flow - ing from the Sav - ior's sid
 For the sav - ing of the na - tions Christ His prom - ise will ful - fill;
 There my heart with joy is swell - ing for His bound - less love to me,

We will bathe our wea - ry spir - its in its cleans - ing heal - ing tide
 Hear His bless - ed in - vi - ta - tion: "Come ye, who - so - ev - er will
 And to oth - ers I am tell - ing of sal - va - tion full and free

CHORUS.

Pre - cious fountain of His love. O that fount - - - ain, glorious fount -
 To the fount-ain of His love.
 Of the fount-ain of His love. O that fountain, glorious fount-ain flow - ing now

ain, Flow - ing out from Cal - v'ry's mount - - - ain We a
 me. Flow - ing out from Cal - v'ry's mount - ain, flow - ing now for thee; We a

At the Fountain.

dwelling at the fountain, flowing full and free,
 dwell - - - ing at the fount - - ain, At the fountain of His love.

No. 177. This Moment Only is Ours.

REV. W. R. FITCH.

C. F.

1. This mo - ment on - ly is our own, A les - son all should learn;
 2. To - mor - row is not ours, as yet; Its dawn we may not see;
 3. The mo - ments has - ten! So from birth He makes his life sub - lime,

Those which are past, a - las! have flown, And nev - er can re - turn.
 The task which now for us is set Must not neg - lect - ed be.
 Who sees that all his work on earth Keeps e - ven with his time.

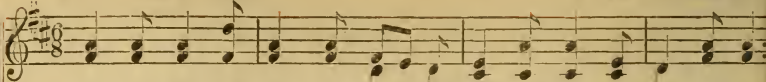
CHORUS.

That which our hands then find to do, This mo - ment should be done;

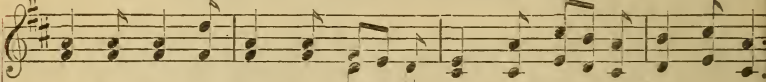
Wait not for clouds, nor rain, nor dew, For rise nor set of sun.

Mrs. FRANK A. BRECK.

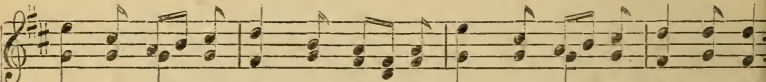
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



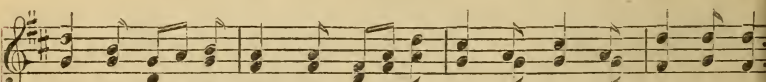
1. Sing for joy, O sons of glo - ry, Sing of Him who came to save
2. Sing of love so great a-bound - ing, Fear of death could have no pow'r
3. Oh, the joy of res - ur - rec - tion! Sing with mel - o - dy sub - lime!



Sing the sweet re - demp - tion sto - ry, Sing of vic - t'ry o'er the grave
When the earth-quake ech - oes, sound - ing, Told of tri - umph in death's hour
He who met with scorn, re - jec - tion, Tri - umphs o'er the things of time

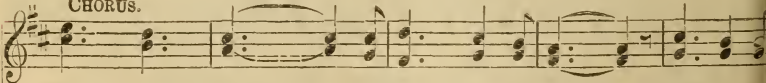


Sing of Je - sus' lov - ing kind - ness, Of His life so pure and strong
It is fin - ished, all is fin - ished, And the way to heav'n is plain,
Praise the Lord! with gladness praise Him, Who hath borne from death its sting



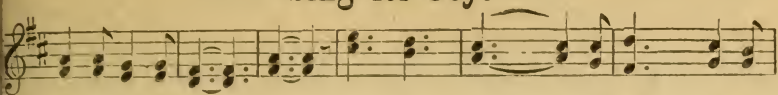
Of His won - drous res - ur - rec - tion, And the glad an - gel - ic thron
Not the grave, nor guard, nor pris - on Long could hold our Je - sus slain.
Praise the ris - en Lord of glo - ry, He hath tri - umph - ed! He 'is King!

CHORUS.

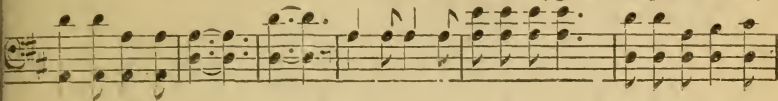


Sing for joy, O won - der - ful joy! . . . Sing of the
Sing for joy, O won - der - ful joy, Joy on earth and joy in heav'n;

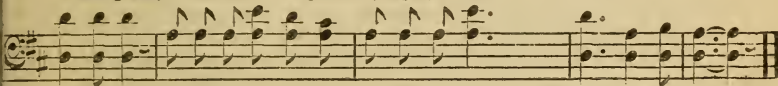
Sing for Joy.



bless-ed King of glo - ry! Un - to lost . . . hu - man - i - ty
Un - to lost hu - man - i - ty giv'n Sing of His vict'ry



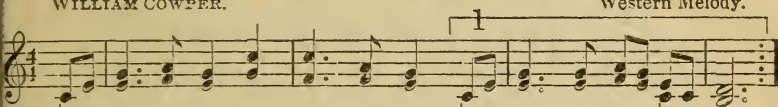
giv'n; Je - sus the Con - quer - or, migh - ty to save!
o'er the grave; Je - sus the Con - quer - or, mighty to save,



No. 179. There is a Fountain.

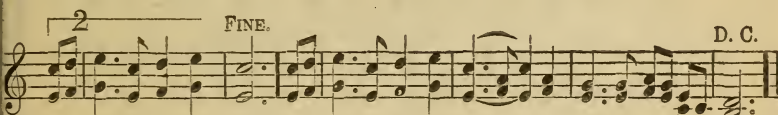
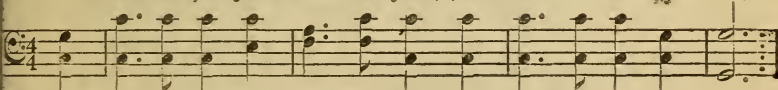
WILLIAM COWPER.

Western Melody.

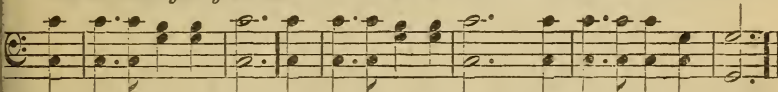


1. { There is a fount - ain filled with blood, Drawn from Im - man - ual's veins; }
{ And sin - ners plunged beneath that flood, (*Omit.*) }

D. C. — *And sin - ners plunged be - neath that flood, (*Omit.*)*



Lose all their guilty stains, Lose all their guilty stains, Lose all their guilty stains;
Lose all their guilty stains.



The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

Dear dying Lamb! Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Are saved to sin no more.

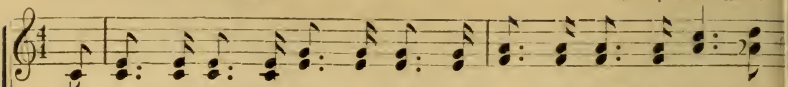
4 E'er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song
I'll sing thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave.


No. 180. The Palace of the King.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN.

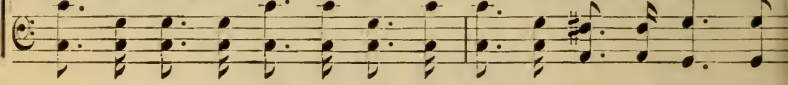
J. B. HERBERT.



1. My heart goes bound-ing on a-head, As through the world I roam, And
 2. There I will nev-er know a care, A sor-row or, a sigh; There
 3. When I shall pass the pearl-y gate, what glo-ry I'll be-hold! The
 4. E'en now my soul would break its bonds and strug-gle to be free, That



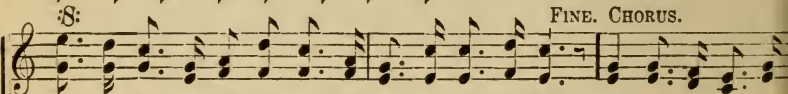
bids me think of joy to come in my e-ter-nal home; Al-
 God Him-self will wipe the tear from ev-ry weep-ing eye; There,
 walls are made of jas-per, and the streets are paved with gold; There
 it might reach that cit-y where the ma-nay man-sions be; Then



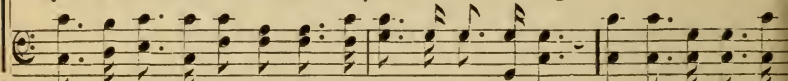
though the earth is beau-ti-ful in Au-tumn and in Spring, It's
 grave, where is thy vic-to-ry? There, death, where is thy sting? For
 I will hear the Cher-u-bim and Ser-a-phem all sing Their
 like a dove from out its cage, 'twould spread each snow-y wing; And



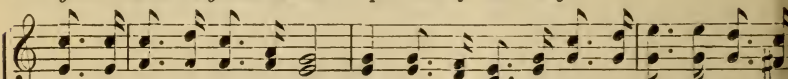
8: FINE. CHORUS.



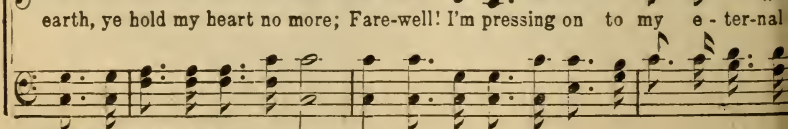
beau-ty is as noth-ing to the pal-ace of the King.
 death shall nev-er en-ter in the pal-ace of the King. Fare-well, ye scenes of
 "Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly" in the pal-ace of the King.
 fly to rest with Je-sus, in the pal-ace of the King.



D.S.—yonder stands my mansion in the pal-ace of the King.



earth, ye hold my heart no more; Fare-well! I'm pressing on to my e-ter-nal

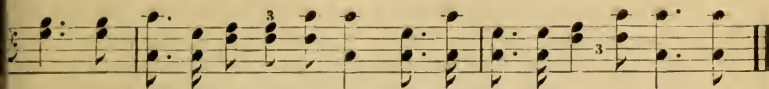


The Palace of the King.

D. S.



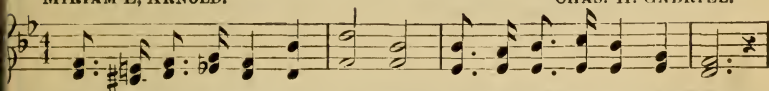
home; There saints are sing-ing the new song, There harps of an - gels ring; And



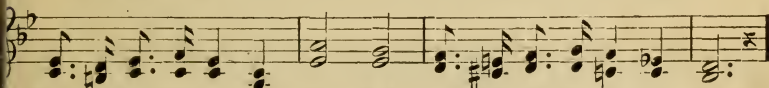
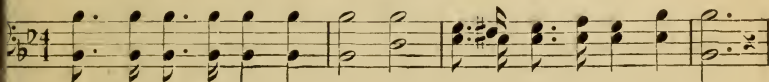
No. 181. Casting All Your Care Upon Him.

MIRIAM E. ARNOLD.

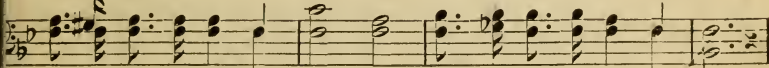
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



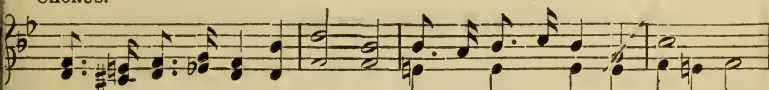
1. "Cast - ing all your care up - on Him." O what words can sweet - er be
2. "Cast - ing all your care up - on Him." Let Him walk with you life's way,
3. "Cast - ing all your care up - on Him." Soon His bless - ed face we'll see,



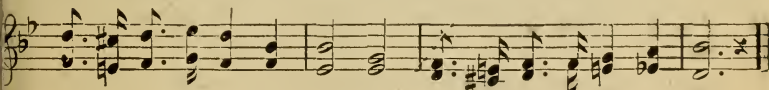
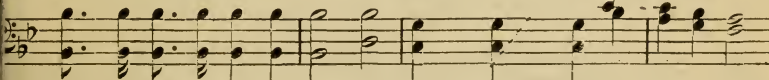
Than these pre-cious words of com - fort That are giv'n to you and me?
Shar - ing with you all your bur - dens Ev - 'ry hour of ev - 'ry day.
And, where care can nev - er en - ter, Dwell with Him e - ter - nal - ly.



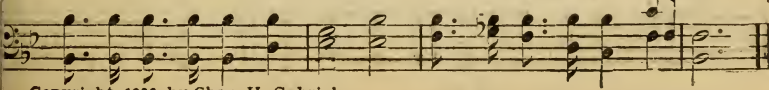
CHORUS.



"Cast - ing all your care up - on Him." Heav - y - lad - en'd tho' you be;
Heav - y - lad - en'd tho' you be;



All your sin, and pain, and heart - ache, "For He car - eth" still for thee.

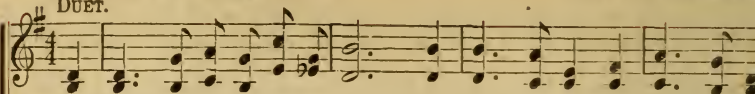


No. 182. The Lord Knows Why.

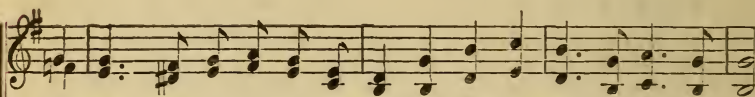
Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL

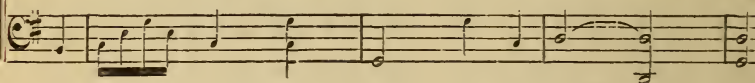
DUET.



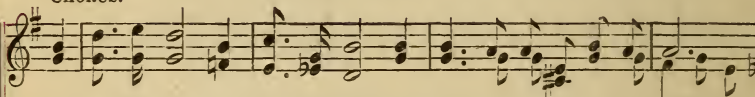
1. I may not know the reason why Dark clouds so oft - en veil the sky
2. I may not know why I am led, So oft - en in the paths I dre
3. I may not know why death should come To take the dear ones from my ho
4. So, tho' I may not un - der - stand The lead - ings of my Fa - ther's ha



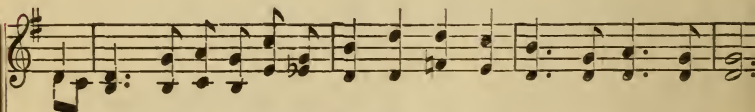
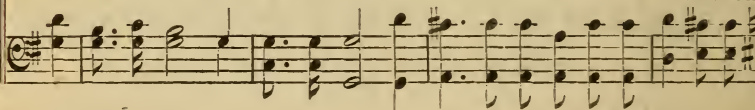
But tho' my sea be smooth or rough The Lord knows why, and that's e - noug
 But, trust - ing Him I'll press my way; The Lord knows why—I will o - bey
 But, tho' mine eyes with tears be dim, The Lord knows why—I'll trust in Him
 I know to all He has the key,—He un - der - stands each mys - ter - y.



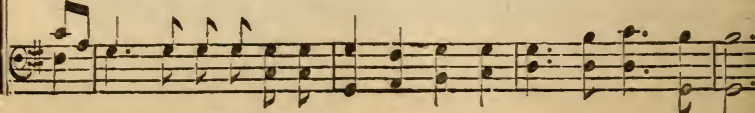
CHORUS.



O yes, He knows, the Lord knows why! These things are ordered from on high,
 from on h



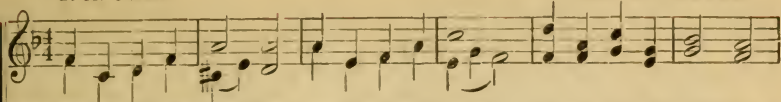
And tho' dark clouds may hide the sun, The Lord knows why—His will be done.



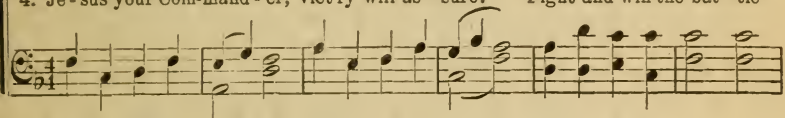
No. 183. Rouse Ye, Christian Soldiers.

T. A. OWEN.

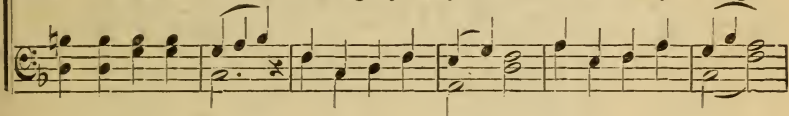
VICTOR H. BENKE.



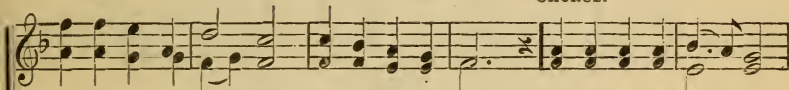
- | | |
|--|--------------------------------|
| 1. Rouse ye, Christian soldiers, hear the battle roar? | Up for God and coun-try, |
| 2. Fierce the foe re-lent-less wages now the fight, | Bat'ling 'gainst the weak ones |
| 3. Arm ye for the strug-gle, soldier, brave and true! | Buck-le on the ar - mor |
| 4. Je-sus your Com-mand - er, vict'ry will as - sure! | Fight and win the bat - tle— |



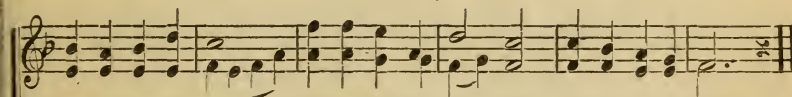
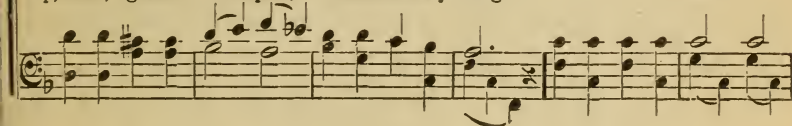
vic - t'ry ev - er - more; Vic - t'ry thro' the Sav - ior, o - ver self and sin;
struggling for the right; Up and to the res - cue, by the cross ye love!
free - ly giv - en you; Faith to quench the ar - rows, burning deep of sin;
to the end en - dure; Crowns of glory wait you, thrones with Christ your King;



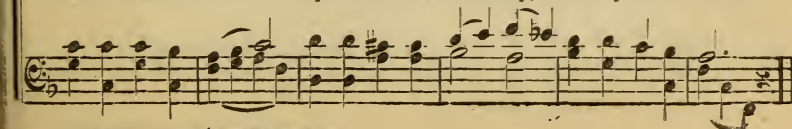
CHORUS.



All the world for Je - sus, He will help you win.
Christ the Lord will lead you, if ye faithful prove. Rouse ye, Christian sol-diers,
Truth your life sur-round-ing, heart all pure with-in.
Up, then, fight and con - quer, He will vic-t'ry bring!



Hear the bat-tle roar! Up for God and coun-try, Vic-t'ry ev-er-more!



Rev. W. B. WILLIAMS.

O. A. OLIVER.

1. What-ev - er work you have to do, Do it now! Wait not un - til the
 2. If you with God would make your peace, Do it now! If you from wrong would
 3. If you in Je-sus would be-lieve, Do it now! If you sal - va-tion

day is thro', Do it now! Now is the one ap-point - ed time!
 have re-lease, Do it now! If you would oth-ers' faults for-give,
 would re-ceive, Do it now! Would you the race for heav'n be - gin,

If you the Mount of God would climb, The pres - ent is your
 Would for your neigh-bor's wel - fare live, And to the Lord your
 Would you o'er-throw the pow'r of sin, And all the world for

CHORUS.

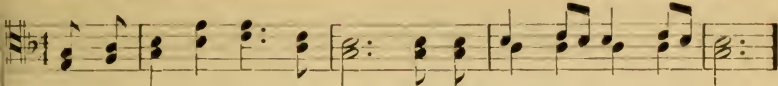
chance sublime, Do it now. { What-ev - er work you have to do, If
 all would give, Do it now. { When life and health are in their prime, For
 Je - sus win? Do it now.

you your du - ty would pur-sue, Do it now, Do it now. }
 you is God's ap-point - ed time, (Omit) } Do it now!

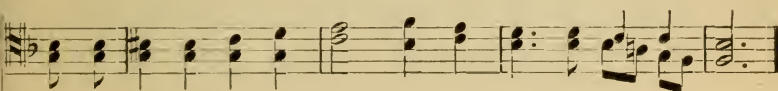
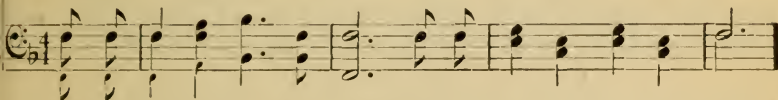
No. 185. There Is No Night There.

REV. N. A. MCAULAY.

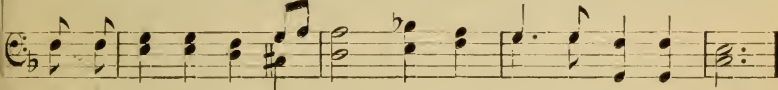
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. There's a land of night-less day, Where no shadows ever fall;
2. There's a home prepared above For the children of the King;
3. There's a crown of life on high, For the faithful here below,

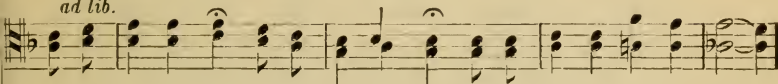


All a-long that shining way, There is perfect light for all.
Where the Sav-ior's might-y love All His ransomed ones will bring.
Which the Mas-ter, by and by, On His ser-vants will be-stow.

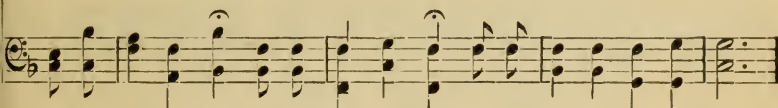


CHORUS.

ad lib.



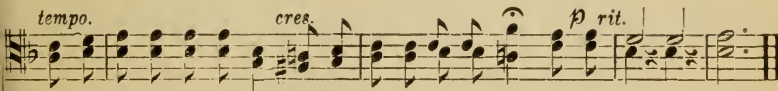
There is no night there; There is no night there; In that land of glo-ry bright,



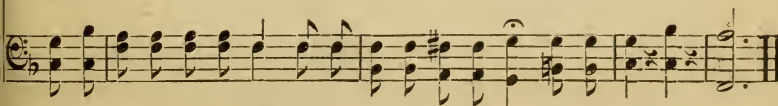
tempo.

cres.

p rit.



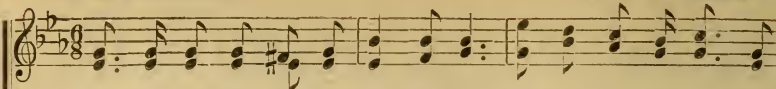
Where our faith is lost in sight, God himself is perfect light; There is no night there.



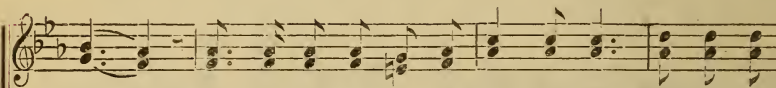
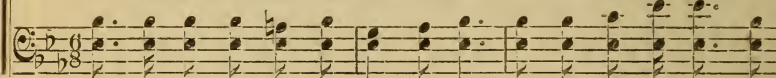
No. 186 Someone is Looking to You.

W. M. LIGTHALL.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. Let your light shine where-so-e'er you go, Some-one is look-ing to
2. Some-one is grop-ing His way to God, Some-one is look-ing to
3. Some-one your coun-sel will sure-ly take, Some-one is look-ing to
4. Some-one has al-most ac-cept-ed Him, Some-one is look-ing to



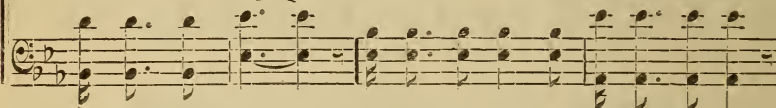
you! Bright-er each day let it gleam and glow, Some-one is
you! Fol-low-ing on where your feet have trod, Some-one is
you! And by your life his de-ci-sion make, Some-one is
you! And may be lost if your light grows dim, Some-one is



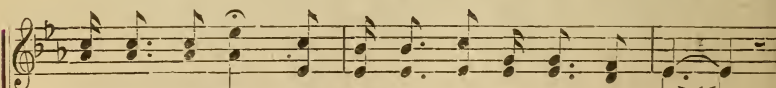
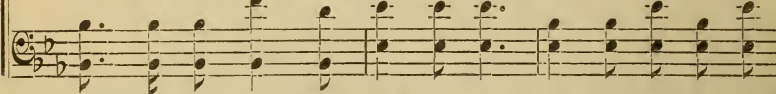
CHORUS.



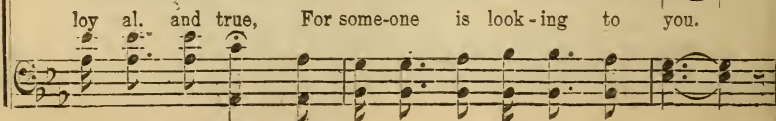
look-ing to you. Look-ing to you, yes, look-ing to you!



Let your light shine the dark-ness through, O be faith-ful, and



loy al, and true, For some-one is look-ing to you.

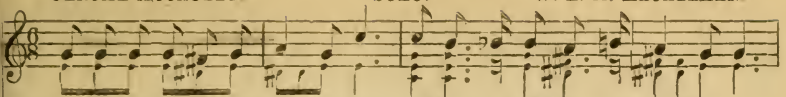


No. 187. What Will You Do With Jesus?

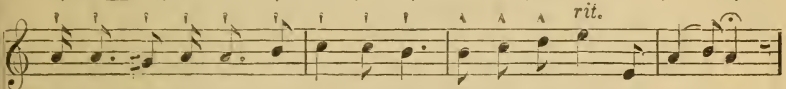
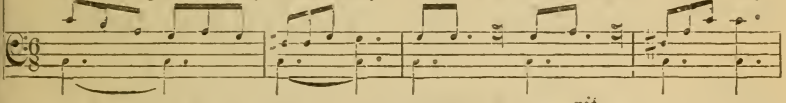
JEROME McCAULEY

SOLO.

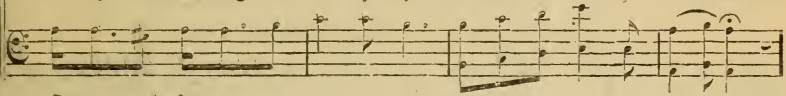
W. E. M. HACKLEMAN



1. Je - sus is standing in Pi - late's hall, Friendless, forsaken, be - trayed by all;
2. Je - sus is standing on tri - al still, You can be false to Him if you will;
3. Will you evade Him as Pi - late tried? Or will you choose Him whate'er betide.
4. Will you like Peter your Lord de - ny, Will you with His foes cry cru - ci - fy,
5. Je - sus, I give Thee my heart to - day, Je - sus, I'll fol - low Thee all the way,



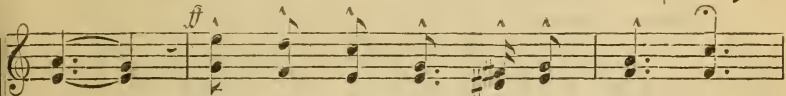
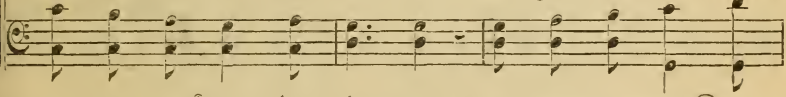
Hear - en! what meaneth the sud - den call? What will you do with Je - sus?
 You can be faith - ful thro' good or ill—What will you do with Je - sus?
 Vain - ly you strug - gle from Him to hide—What will you do with Je - sus?
 Dar - ing not for Him to live or die—What will you do with Je - sus?
 Glad - ly ex - alt - ing Thee ev - 'ry day—This will I do with Je - sus?



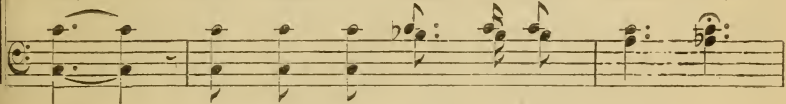
CHORUS, *Andante.*



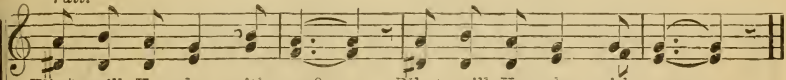
What will you do with Je - sus? Neu - tral you can - not
 5. This will I do with Je - sus, Who gave His life for



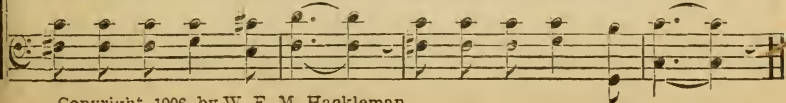
be; Some day your soul will be ask - ing,
 me; Then, when in heav - en I meet Him,



rall.



What will He do with me? What will He do with me.
 He will re - mem - ber me? He will re - mem - ber me?

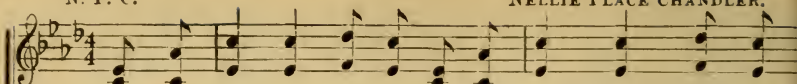


No. 188.


The Banner of Love.

N. P. C.

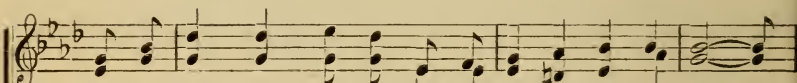
NELLIE PLACE CHANDLER.




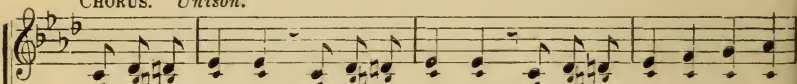
1. See the hosts ad - vanc-ing! Fall in line, O sol - dier
 2. On - ward! for - ward hast - en ye, O loy - al sol - dier,
 3. Not by might or pow - er, but by Spir - it's lead - ing,



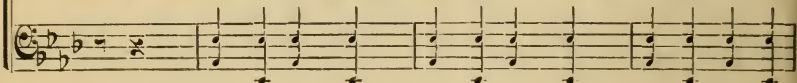


Bound for Ca-naan's land a - bove! Christ, the great Com-mand - er
 Sin, the foe's on ev - 'ry hand! Trust our Cap - tain lead - ing,
 Saith the Lord, O God of love, We will trust Thy guid - ing,

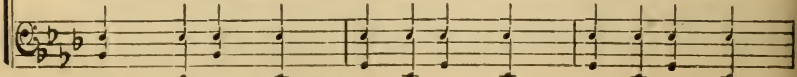
leads us on to vic - t'ry, As we march in faith and love.
 all His or - ders heed - ing, And ye shall pos - sess the land.
 in Thy love a - bid - ing Till we reign with Thee a - bove.


CHORUS. *Unison.*


We come with sing - ing, Our tribute bring - ing To hon - or Him who is our

Lord and King: With banners fly - ing, In meek - ness try - ing The world un -



The Banner of Love.

to His feet to bring; In cho-rus swell-ing, The glad news
 tell-ing Of Him who rules and reigns in heav'n a-bove; If Christ be
 for us We'll be vic-to-rious! His ban-ner o-ver us is love.

No. 189.

Nearer Home.

1. One sweet-ly sol-ern tho't, Comes to me o'er and o'er;
2. Near-er my Fa-ther's house Where ma-ny man-sions be;
3. Near-er the bounds of life, Where bur-dens are laid down,
4. Be near me when my feet Are slip-ping o'er the brink:

I'm near-er home to-day, to-day, Than I have been be-fore;
 Near-er the great white throne to-day, Near-er the crys-tal sea.
 Where I shall leave the heav-y cross, And take my fade-less crown.
 For I am near-er home to-day, Per-haps, than now I think;

No. 190.

Hosanna to His Name.

C. H. H.
Voices in unison.

CHAS H, GABRIEL.

1. Hap - py the songs we sing, Hap - py the hearts we bring In - to the
2. He the Good Shep - herd is, Know - eth He each of His; Call - ing them

pres - ence of the Lord we love; Cheer - ful - ly we would raise Beau - ti - ful
one by one, they hear His cry; Safe in His keep - ing they Fol - low Him

hymns of praise, Join - ing our voic - es with the hosts a - bove. For ten - der
day by day, Whither He leads, the qui - et wa - ters by. Be - neath His

mer - cies nev - er yet de - nied, For ma - ny bless - ings ev - 'ry day sup - plied,
kind and ev - er watch - ful care, With - in His bo - som He the lambs will bear;

For hap - py hearts so ful - ly sat - is - fied, Ho - san - na to His name!
In safe - ty they may rest se - cure - ly there, Ho - san - na to His name!

CHORUS.

Hosanna to His Name.

Let the world re - sound with His glo - - ry, Tell a - new the sweet old - en
Sing, sing, sing. sing, sing, sing. Tell a - new.

sto - ry, Our Lord a-dore! Sing o'er and o'er Ho - san-na to His name!
sing-sing-sing. Ho-san-na to His name!

No. 191. Little Patriots.

Mrs. C. D. MARTIN.

Dr. S. B. JACKSON.

1. We would be a Dan - iel band, Al-ways brave and good; With a pur-
2. We would be a Dan - iel band, Standing ev - 'ry test; Where-so-ev - er
3. We would be a Dan - iel band, Pra - tri - ot - ic, true: Nev - er turn from

CHORUS.
firm and strong, For God and right he stood.
du - ty calls To do our ver - y best. We would be like Dan - iel, Serv-ing
what is right, By what "they say" or do.

God each day, Turn-ing with a pur-
pose strong From ev-'ry wrong a-way.

Copyright, 1906, by Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. "With an ev - er - last - ing love," came the mes - sage from a - bove,
 2. Tho' un - mind - ful we have been, and have wan - der'd on in sin,
 3. O - pen now to Him your heart, lest for - ev - er He de - part,

"I have loved thee," God hath spok-en, tell the news;
 Still His voice is ev - er speak-ing, tell the news; (the glad, good news;)
 And ac - cept the gra-cious bless-ing, tell the news;

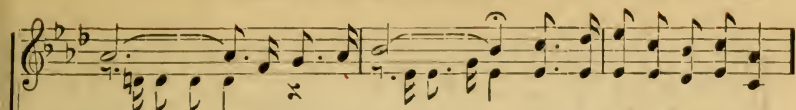
Heark-en, soul, un - to His voice, and for - ev - er - more re-joyce
 He, re - ject - ed o'er and o'er, still is wait - ing at the door,
 "With an ev - er - last - ing love," let us each the mes-sage prove,

That His word can-not be bro - ken, tell the news.
 And thy soul in mer - cy seek-ing, tell the news. (the glad, good news.)
 And with joy His name con-fess - ing, tell the news.

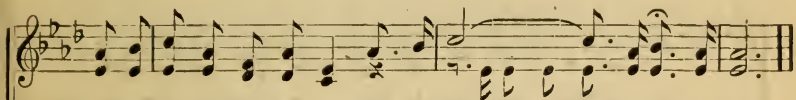
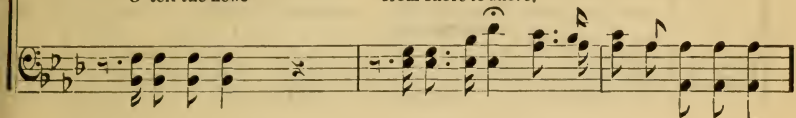
CHORUS.

Tel. the news, the glad, good news, Tell the
 Oh, tell the news, the glad, good news,

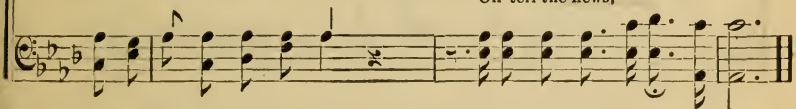
The Glad, Good News.



news from shore to shore, At the door He waits for thee
 O tell the news from shore to shore,



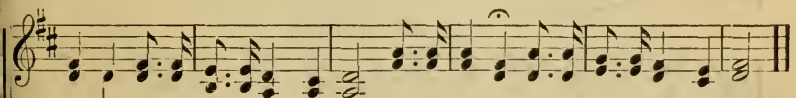
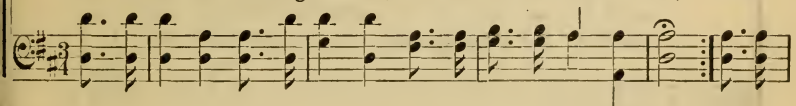
Love di-vine His on - ly plea, Tell the news, the glad good news.
 Oh tell the news,



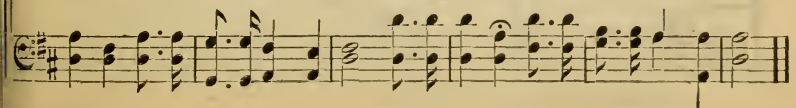
No. 193. Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah.



1. { Guide me, O Thou great Je-ho - vah, Pil-grim thro' this bar-ren land; } Bread of
 { I am weak, but Thou art might-y, Hold me with Thy pow'rful hand; }
2. { O - pen now the crys - tal fountain, Whence the healing waters flow; } Strong de-
 { Let the fier - y, cloud - y pil - lar Lead me all my journey thro'; }
3. { When I tread the verge of Jor-dan, Bid my anx-i-ous fears subside; } Songs of
 { Bear me thro' the swell-ing cur-rent, Land me safe on Canaan's side; }



heaven, Feed me till I want no more, Bread of heaven, Feed me till I want no more.
 liv'rer, Be Thou still my strength and shield, Strong Deliv'rer, Be Thou still my strength and shield,
 prais-es I will ev-er give to Thee, Songs of praises I will ev-er give to Thee.



N. A. McANLAY.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. I stood by the man-ger in Beth-le-hem's cave, And saw God's a-
 2. I stood by the cross on the mountain of shame, I heard men re-

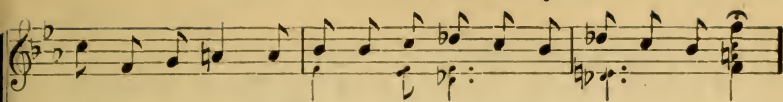
noint-ed whom love gave to save; I heard shin-ing an-gels their
 vile my Re-deem-er's dear name, I saw how they nailed Him on

glad prais-es sing, To Him who was born, our Re-deem-er and King.
 Cal-va-ry's tree, To suf-fer and die for a sin-ner like me.

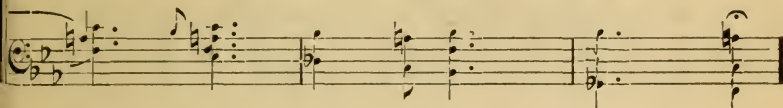
I stood by the gar-den in Ke-dron's dark vale, When cries of deep
 I stood by the tomb as He rose from the grave; And then on the

an-guish mine ears did as-sail; And oh, how I felt as He
 mount-ain where bless-ings He gave; I saw Him as-cend to a

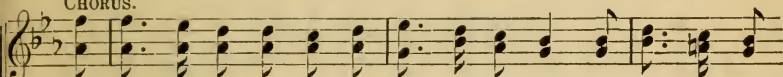
The Wonderful Story.



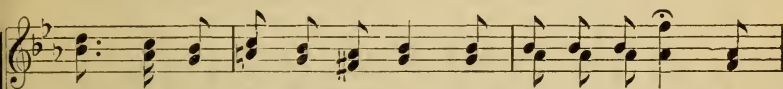
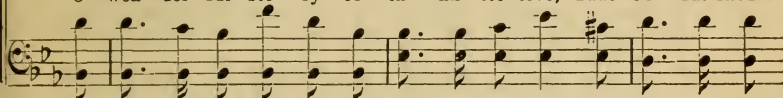
prayed there a - lone, I knew that He came for my sins to a - tone.
glo - ry di - vine, And then I re-joiced that this Sav - ior was mine.



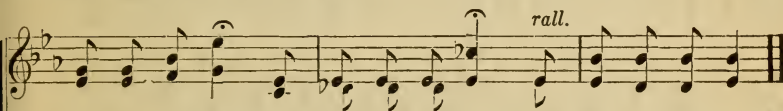
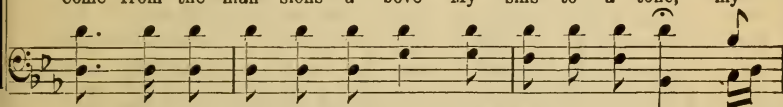
CHORUS.



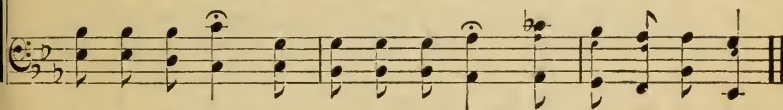
O won - der - ful sto - ry of in - fin - ite love, That Je - sus should



come from the man - sions a - bove My sins to a - tone, my

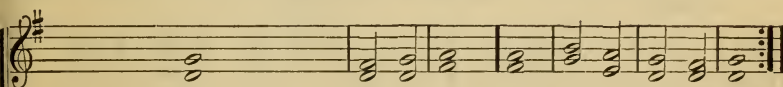


bur - den to share, My soul to re-deem, His glo - ry to share.

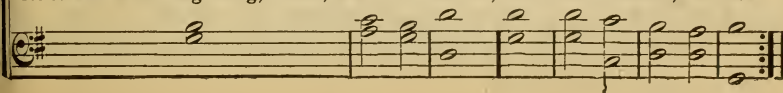


No. 195.

Gloria Patria.



Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, And to the Ho - ly Ghost,
As it was in the beginning, is now, and ev - er shall be, World with - out end, A - men.



No. 196. Praise Our Great Jehovah.

C. H. G.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Bless and praise our great Je - ho - vah, Un - to Him give thanks and sing;
 2. He has crowned us with His good - ness, As the pass - ing sea - sons prove;
 3. We will fol - low in the path - way Where His earth - ly feet have trod;

Come with joy be - fore His pres - ence, Un - to Him your tri - bute bring;
 Ev - 'ry day re - veals His mer - cy, Ev - 'ry hour His changeless love;
 We will bow in glad sub - mis - sion To His kind - ly chast - 'ning rod;

He a - lone is great and glo - ri - ous; O - ver sin and death vic - to - ri - ous,
 From the snares of sin de - fend - ing us; Sun and rain for har - vest send - ing us;
 He a - lone for sin hath paid the price That unlocked the gates of Par - a - dise;

He to - day is watch - ing o - ver us, Re - deem - er, Sav - ior, King.
 Life and health and plent - y lend - ing us, From His great store a - bove.
 His, and His a - lone the sac - ri - fice, To make us heirs of God.

CHORUS.

Bless and praise our great Je - ho - vah! Un - to Him give thanks and sing!

Praise Our Great Jehovah.



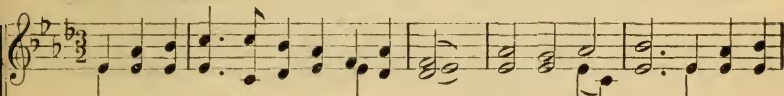
Come with joy be - fore His pres - ence, Un - to Him your tri-bute bring.



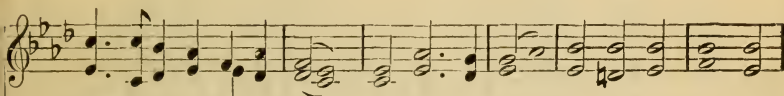
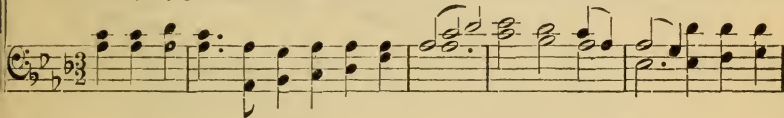
No. 197. Lead Kindly Light.

JOHN H. NEWMAN.

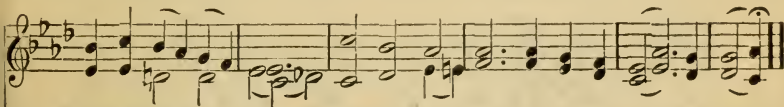
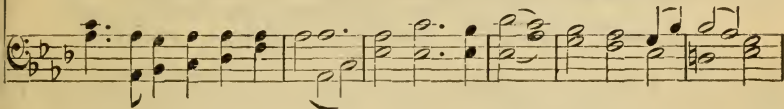
JOHN B. DYKES.



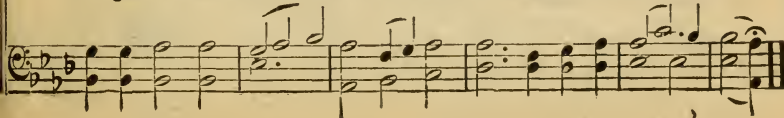
1. Lead, kindly light, amid th'encircling gloom, Lead Thou me on; The night is
2. I was not ever thus, nor pray'd that thou Shouldst lead me on; I lov'd to
3. So long thy pow'r hath blest me, sure it still Will lead me on; O'er moor and



dark and I am far from home, Lead thou me on; Keep thou my feet; I choose and see my path; but now Lead thou me on; I lov'd the gar - ish fen, o'er crag and tor - rent, till The night is gone, And with the morn those



do not ask to see The dis - tant scene; one step e - nough for me.
 day; and, spite of fears, Pride ruled my will; re-mem-ber not past years.
 an - gel fac - es smile, Which I have lov'd long since, and lost a - while.



No. 198. The Angels' Chorus.

IRA B. WILSON.

Introduction. *rit.*

1. Calm on the list - 'ning ear of night, Came heav'ns mel-
 2. Ce - les - tial choirs, from courts a - bove, Shed sa - cred
 3. O'er the blue depths of Gal - i - lee There comes a

Upper notes for Violin Obligato.

o - dious strains, Where wild Ju - de - a
 glo - ries there, And an - gels with their
 ho - lier calm, And Sha - ron waves in

stretches far, Her sil - ver man - tled plains.
 sparkling lyres Make mu - sic on the air.
 sol - emn praise, Her si - lent groves of palm.

cres.

The Angels' Chorus.

CHORUS.

"Glo - ry to God!" the sounding skies Loud with the an-thems ring;

Peace to the earth, good will to men, From heav'n's e-ter-nal king. A-men.

No. 199. Joy to the World.

1. Joy to the world, the Lord is come! Let earth re-ceive her King!
 2. Joy to the world, the Sav-ior reigns Let men their songs em-ploy!
 3. No more let sin and sor-row grow, Nor thorns in-fest the ground;

Let ev-'ry heart pre-pare Him room, And heav'n and na-ture sing,
 While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains, Re-peat the sounding joy,
 He comes to make His bless-ings flow Far as the curse is found.

And heav'n and na-ture sing,
 Re-peat the sounding joy,
 Far as the curse is found,
 sing,

And heav'n and heav'n and na-ture sing.
 Re-peat, re-peat the sound-ing joy.
 Far as, far as the curse is found.

ture sing, And heav'n and nature sing,

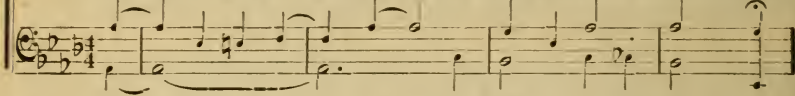
No. 200. Father, Hold the Light.

T. O. CHISHOLM.

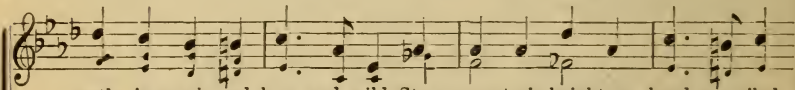
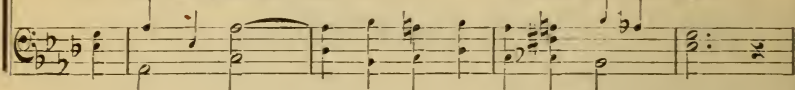
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



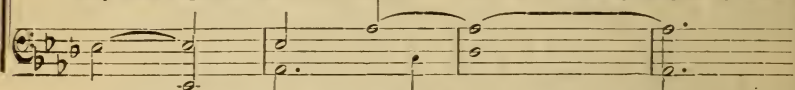
1. The dark-ness hangs a - round my way, I dare not stir lest I should stray,
 2. How ma - ny souls this way have tried, By Sa - tan's arts were turned a - side,
 3. The one true Light pro-ceeds from Him Who dwells be - tween the cher - u - bim,



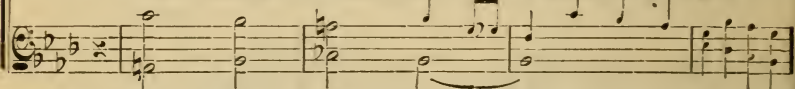
And so I stand, and wait, and pray, O Fa - ther, hold the light! My
 And lost the road to Heav'n and died— O Fa - ther, hold the light! I
 All oth - er lights are false and dim— O Fa - ther, hold the light! O



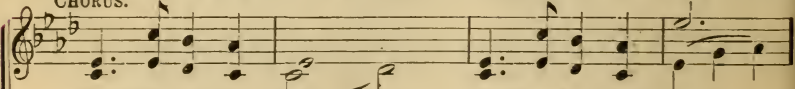
path is rough and lone and wild, Steep mount-ain heights a - head are piled,
 long to gain that fair a - bode Where pil-grims lose earth's we - ry load,
 may that Light of love di - vine Up - on my path-way bright - ly shine



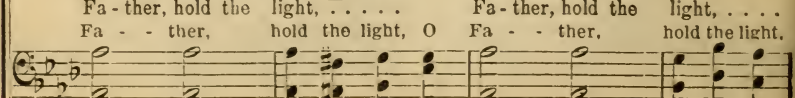
And I am but a lit - tle child— O Fa - ther, hold the light!
 And find e - ter - nal rest with God— O Fa - ther, hold the light!
 Till earth is past and Heav'n is mine— O Fa - ther, hold the light!



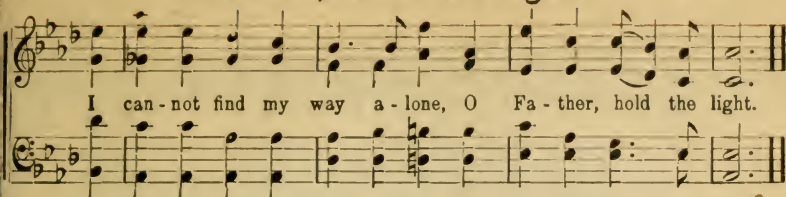
CHORUS.



Fa - ther, hold the light, Fa - ther, hold the light,
 Fa - - ther, hold the light, O Fa - - ther, hold the light.



Father, Hold the Light.



I can-not find my way a-lone, O Fa-ther, hold the light.

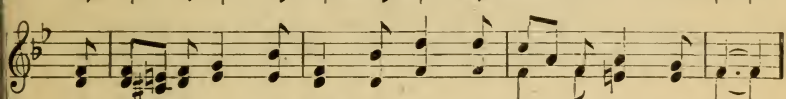
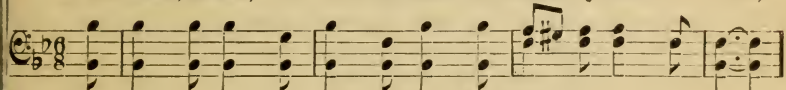
No. 201. Kept by the Power of God.

WM. M. KENDALL.

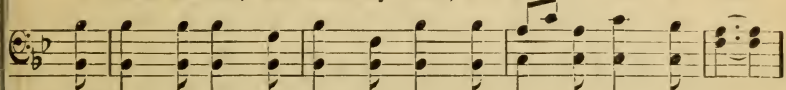
GEO. S. SCHULER.



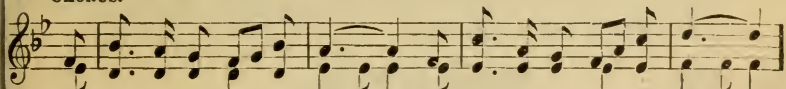
1. A - long life's path I hast - en on, No foe or snare I fear.
2. Tho' Sa-tan's hosts may gath - er round To draw me from the way;
3. Tho' friends with whom I lived in sin Have ceased for me to care,
4. And when, at last, un - to the end Of earth - ly life I come,



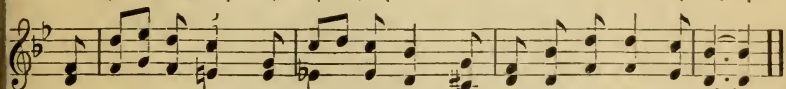
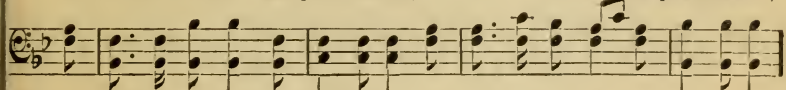
I know I do not walk a-lone, For Christ is al - ways near.
My Sav-ior's grace will still a-bound, He will not let me stray.
I still pos-sess sweet peace with - in, The best of friends is there.
I shall not fear, for Christ my friend, Will wait to lead me home.



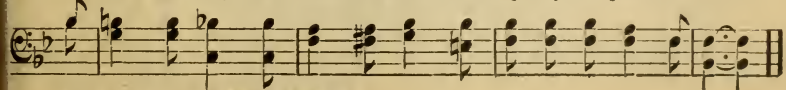
CHORUS.



I'm kept by the pow'r of God, . . . I'm kept by the pow'r of God
the pow'r of God, the pow'r of God,



I fear no foe, be - cause I know I'm kept by the pow'r of God.



No. 202. There's Power in Jesus' Blood.

HOPE TRYAWAY.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. My hap - py soul re - joic - es, The sky is bright a - bove; I'll join the
 2. I heard the bless - ed sto - ry Of Him who died to save; The love of
 3. His gra - cious words of par - don Were mu - sic to my heart; He took a -
 4. Oh, crown Him King for - ev - er! My Sav - ior and my friend; By Zi - on's

CHORUS.

heav'n - ly voic - es, And sing re - deem - ing love.
 Christ swept o'er me, My all to Him I gave. For there's pow'r in Je - sus' blood,
 way my bur - den, And bade my fears de - part.
 crys - tal riv - er, His praise shall nev - er end.

Pow'r in Je - sus blood, there's power in Jesus' blood To wash me white as snow.

Copyright, 1896, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

No. 203. Just As I Am.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

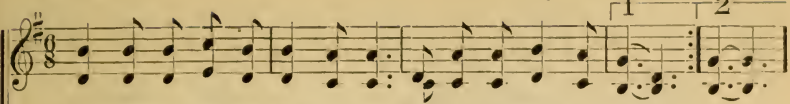
Tunc: WOODWORTH.

1. Just as I am, with - out one plea, But that thy blood washed for me,
 2. Just as I am, and wait - ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot,
 3. Just as I am, tho' tossed a - bout With many a con - flict, many a doubt,
 4. Just as I am, — thou wilt re - ceive, Wilt wel - come, par - don, cleanse, re - lieve;
 5. Just as I am — thy love un - known Hath bro - ken ev - 'ry bar - rier down;

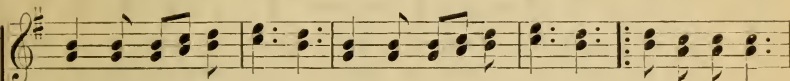
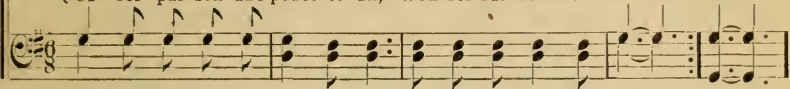
No. 204. Wonderful Words of Life.

P. P. B.

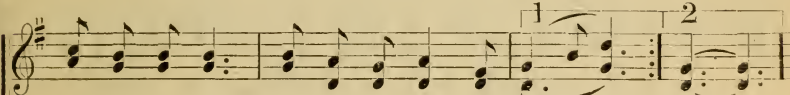
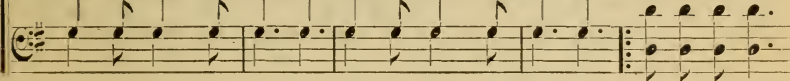
P. P. BLISS.



1. { Sing them o - ver a - gain to me, Won - der - ful words of Life; Life;
2. { Let me more of their beau - ty see, Won - der - ful words of Life; Life;
3. { Christ, the blessed One, gives to all Won - der - ful words of Life; Life;
4. { Sin - ner, list to the lov - ing call, Won - der - ful words of Life; Life;
5. { Sweet - ly ech - o the gos - pel call, Won - der - ful words of Life; Life;
6. { Of - fer par - don and peace to all, Won - der - ful words of Life; Life.



Words of life and beau - ty, Teach me faith and du - ty; Beau - ti - ful words,
 All so free - ly giv - en, Woo - ing us to heav - en. Beau - ti - ful words,
 Je - sus, on - ly Sav - ior, Sanc - ti - fy for - ev - er. Beau - ti - ful words,

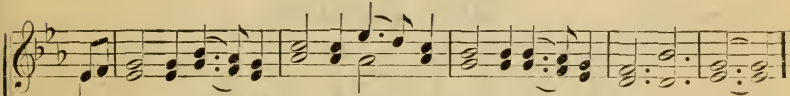


won - der - ful words, Won - der - ful words of Life; Life.

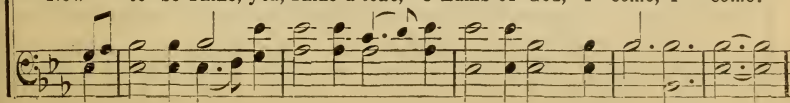


By per. The John Church Co.

Just As I Am.



And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come, I come!
 To Thee whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come, I come!
 Fight - ings with - in, and fears with - out, O Lamb of God, I come, I come!
 Be - cause Thy promise I be - lieve, O Lamb of God, I come, I come!
 Now to be Thine, yea, Thine a - lone, O Lamb of God, I come, I come!



No. 205.

Jesus Is Mine.

MRS. CATHARINE J. BONAR.

T. E. PERKINS

1. Fade, fade, each earthly joy, Je - sus is mine! Break ev - 'ry
 2. Tempt not my soul a - way, Je - sus is mine! Here would I
 3. Fare - well, ye dreams of night! Je - sus is mine! Lost in this
 4. Fare - well, mor - tal - i - ty, Je - sus is mine! Wel - come, e -

ten - der tie, Je - sus is mine! Dark is the wil - der - ness,
 ev - er stay, Je - sus is mine! Per - ish - ing things of clay,
 dawning light, Je - sus is mine! All that my soul has tried
 ter - ni - ty, Je - sus is mine! Wel - come, oh, loved and blest,

Earth has no resting-place, Je - sus a - lone can bless, Je - sus is mine!
 Born but for one brief day, Pass from my heart a - way, Je - sus is mine!
 Left but a dis - mal void; Je - sus has sat - is - fied, Je - sus is mine!
 Welcome, sweet scenes of rest, Welcome, my Savior's breast, Je - sus is mine!

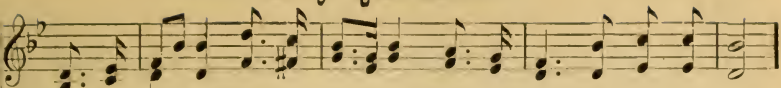
No. 206.

Holy Quietness.

MRS. MAMIE PAYNE FERGUSON.

1. Joys are flow - ing like a riv - er, Since the Com - fort - er has come;
 2. Spring - ing in - to life and glad - ness, All a - round the glorious guest,
 3. Like a rain that falls from heav - en, Like the sun - light from the sky,
 4. What a won - der - ful sal - va - tion, Where we al - ways see His face,

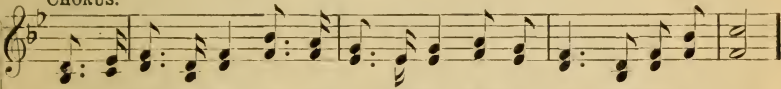
Holy Quietness.



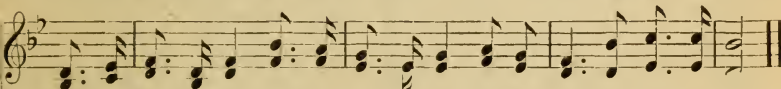
He a - bides with us for - ev - er, Makes the trust - ing heart His home.
 Banished un - be - lief and sad - ness, And we just o - bey and rest.
 So the Ho - ly Ghost is giv - en, Com - ing on us from on high.
 What a peace - ful hab - i - ta - tion, What a qui - et rest - ing place.



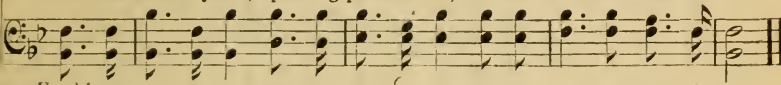
CHORUS.



Bless - ed qui - et - ness, ho - ly qui - et - ness, What as - sur - ance in my soul;



On the storm - y sea, Speaking peace to me, How the bil - lows cease to roll.

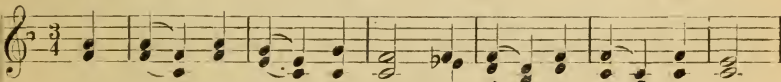


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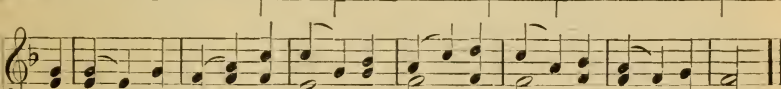
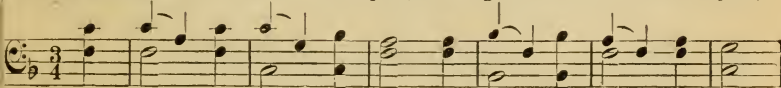
No. 207. Blest Be the Tie.

JOHN FAWCETT.

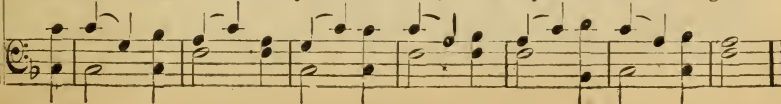
H. G. NAEGELI.



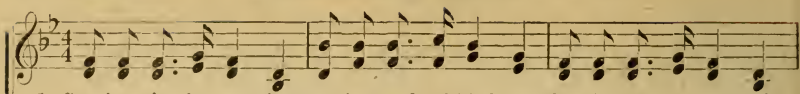
1. Hlest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris - tian love;
2. Be - fore our Fa - ther's throne, We pour our ar - dent pray'rs;
3. We share our mu - tual woes, Our mu - tual bur - dens bear;
4. When we a - sun - der part, It gives us in - ward pain;



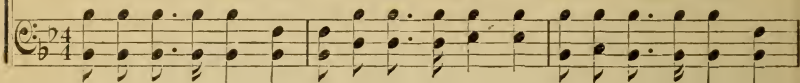
The fel - low - ship of kin - dred minds Is like to that a - bove.
 Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one, Our com - forts and our cares.
 And oft - en for each oth - er flows The sym - pa - thiz - ing tear.
 But we shall still be joined in heart, And hope to meet a - gain.



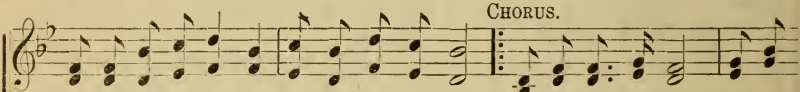
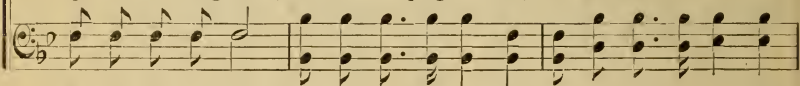
No. 208. Bringing in the Sheaves.



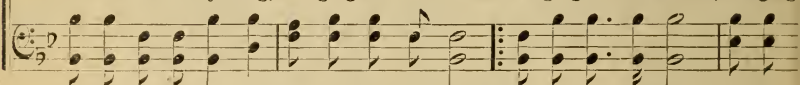
1. Sow-ing in the morn-ing, sow-ing seeds of kind-ness, Sow-ing in the noon-tide
2. Sow-ing in the sun-shine, sow-ing in the shad-ows, Fearing nei-ther clouds nor
3. Go then, ev - er weep-ing, sow-ing for the Mas-ter, Tho' the loss sus-tained our



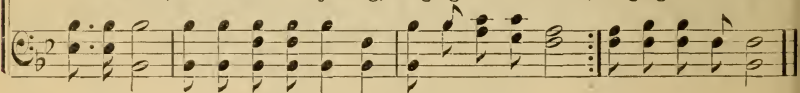
and the dew - y eyes; Wait-ing for the har-vest, and the time of reap-ing,
win-ter's chill-ing breeze; By and by the har-vest and the la - bor end - ed,
spir - it oft - en grieves; When our weep-ing's o - ver, He will bid us wel-come,



CHORUS.
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves. Bringing in the sheaves, Bringing



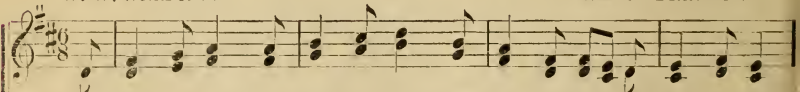
in the sheaves, We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves; bringing in the sheaves.



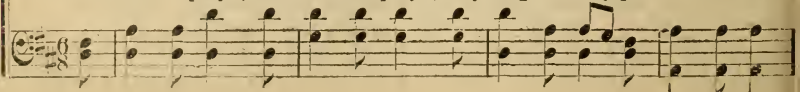
No. 209. Sweet Hour of Prayer.

W. W. WALFORD.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

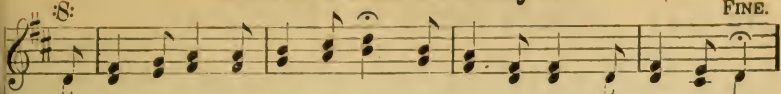


1. Sweet hour of pray'r, sweet hour of pray'r, That calls me from a world of care,
2. Sweet hour of pray'r, sweet hour of pray'r, The joy I feel, the bliss I share,
3. Sweet hour of pray'r, sweet hour of pray'r, Thy wings shall my pe - ti - tion bear

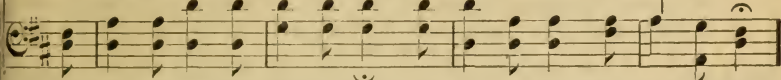


Sweet Hour of Prayer.

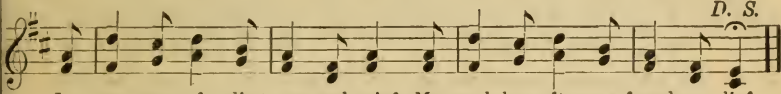
FINE.



And bids me at my Father's throne, Make all my wants and wish-es known;
Of those whose anxious spir - its burn With strong de-sires for thy re - turn!
To Him, whose truth and faith-ful-ness En-gage the wait - ing soul to bless;



D.S.—And oft es-caped the tempter's snare, By thy re-turn, sweet hour of pray'r.
D.S.—And glad - ly take my sta-tion there, And wait for thee, sweet hour of pray'r.
D.S.—I'll cast on Him my ev - 'ry care, And wait for thee, sweet hour of pray'r.



In sea - sons of dis-tress and grief, My soul has oft - en found re - lief,
With such I hast - en to the place Where God, my Savior, shows His face,
And since He bids me seek His face, Be - lieve His word and trust His grace,

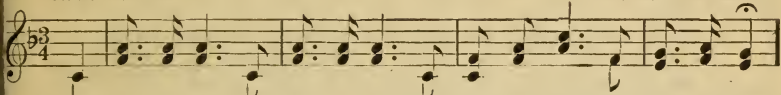


No. 210.

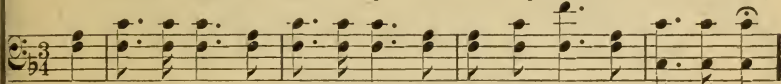
I'll Live for Him.

R. E. HUDSON.

C. H. DUNBAR.



1. My life, my love I give to Thee, Thou Lamb of God, who died for me;
2. I now be-lieve Thou dost re-ceive, For Thou hast died that I might live;
3. O Thou who died on Cal - va - ry, To save my soul and make me free,



CHO:—I'll live for Him who died for me, How hap - py then my life shall be!

Chorus D. C.



Oh, may I ev - er faith - ful be, My Sav - ior and my God!
And now, hence-forth I'll trust to Thee, My Sav - ior and my God!
I'll con se - crate my life to Thee, My Sav - ior and my God!



I'll live for Him who died for me, My Sav - ior and my God!

Copyright, 1882, by R. E. Hudson.

No. 211. Where Jesus Is, 'Tis Heaven.

C. F. BUTLER.

J. M. BLACK.

1. Since Christ my soul from sin set free, This world has been a heav'n to me
 2. Once heav - en seemed a far - off place, Till Je - sus showed His smiling face;
 3. What mat - ters, where on earth we dwell? On mountain top, or in the dell,

And 'mid earth's sor - rows and its woe, 'Tis heav'n my Je - sus here to know.
 Now it's be - gun with in my soul, 'Twill last while end - less a - ges roll.
 In cot - tage, or a man - sion fair, Where Je - sus is, 'tis heav - en there

CHORUS.

O hal - le - lu - jah, yes, 'tis heav'n, 'Tis heav'n to know my sins for - giv'n

On land or sea, what matters where? Where Je - sus is, 'tis heav - en there

No. 212. Rock of Ages.

FINE.

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in thee;
 D. C. - Be of sin the doub - le cure, Save from wrath and make me puere

No. 213.

"Almost Persuaded."

P. P. B.

PHILIP P. BLISS.

1. "Al - most per - suad - ed" now to be - lieve; "Al - most per - suad - ed"
 2. "Al - most per - suad - ed," come, come to - day; "Al - most per - suad - ed"
 3. "Al - most per - suad - ed," har - vest is past; "Al - most per - suad - ed"

Christ to re - ceive; Seems now my soul to say, "Go, Spir - it,
 turn not a - way; Je - sus in - vites you here; An - gels are
 doom comes at last; "Al - most" can - not a - vail; "Al - most" is

go Thy way, Some more con - ven - ient day On Thee I'll call."
 lin - g'ring near; Pray'rs rise from hearts so dear; O wan - d'r'er come!
 but to fail; Sad, sad, that bi - ter wail— "Al - most—but lost."

Used by per. The John Church Co.

Rock of Ages.

D. C.

Let the wa - ter and the blood, From the wound - ed side which flowed,

2 Could my tears forever flow,
 Could my zeal no languor know,
 These for sin could not atone,
 Thou must save and Thou alone;
 In my hand no price I bring,
 Simply to Thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
 When my eyes shall close in death,
 When I rise to worlds unknown,
 And behold Thee on Thy throne,
 Rock of ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in Thee.

No. 214. Nearer, My God, to Thee.

SARAH F. ADAMS.

LOWELL MASON.

1. Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er, to Thee, E'en tho' it
 2. Tho' like a wan - der - er, The sun gone down, Dark - ness be
 3. There let the way ap - pear, Steps un - to heav'n; All that Thou
 4. Then with my wak - ing tho'ts, Bright with Thy praise, Out of my
 5. Or if on joy - ful wing, Cleav - ing the sky, Sun, moon and

be a cross That rais - eth me, Still, all my song shall be -
 o - ver me, My rest a stone, Yet in my dreams I'd be
 send - est me, In mer - cy giv'n; An - gels to beck - on me
 ston - y griefs, Beth - el I'll raise; So by my woes to be
 stars for - got, Up - ward I fly, Still all my song shall be,

Near - er, my God, to Thee! Near - er, my God, to Thee! Near - er to Thee!

No. 215. The Solid Rock.

EDWARD MOTE.

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.

1. My hope is built on noth - ing less Than Je - sus' blood and right - eous - ness;
 2. When darkness veils His love - ly face, I rest on His un - chang - ing grace;
 3. His oath, His cov - e - nant, His blood, Sup - port me in the whelm - ing flood;
 4. When He shall come with trumpet sound, Oh, may I then in Him be found;

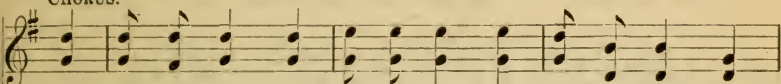
The Solid Rock.



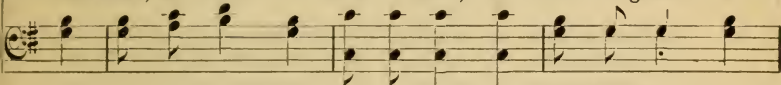
I dare not trust the sweet-est frame, But whol-ly lean on Je-sus' name.
 In ev-'ry high and storm-y gale, My an-chor holds with-in the veil.
 When all a-round my soul gives way, He then is all my hope and stay.
 Drest in His righ-teous-ness a-lone, Fault-less to stand before the throne!



CHORUS.



On Christ, the Sol-id Rock I stand; All oth-er ground is

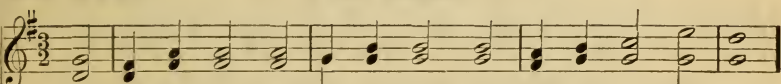


sink-ing sand, All oth-er ground is sink-ing sand.

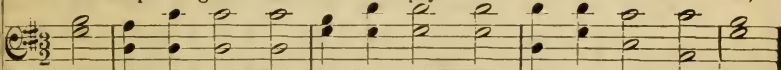


No. 216.

I Do Believe.

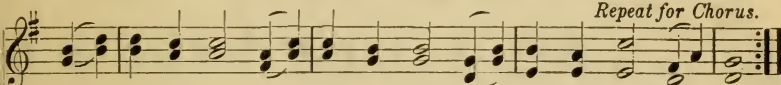


1. A-las! and did my Sav-ior bleed, And did my Sov'-reign die?
2. Was it for crimes that I have done, He groan'd up-on the tree?
3. But drops of grief can ne'er re-pay The debt of love I owe,

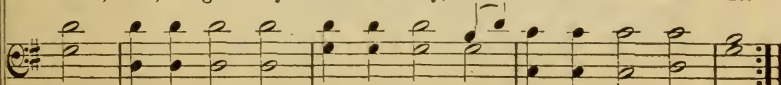


CHO.—I do be-lieve, I now be-lieve, That Je-sus died for me;

Repeat for Chorus.

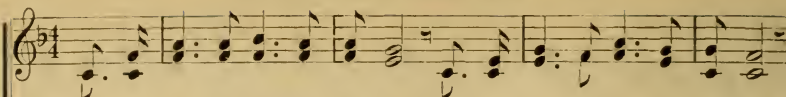


Would He de-vote that sa-cred head For such a worm as I?
 A-maz-ing pit-y, grace un-known, And love be-yond de-gree!
 Here, Lord, I give my-self a-way, 'Tis all that I can do.

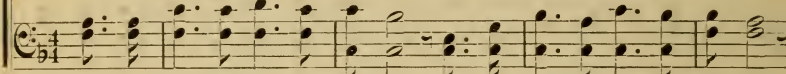


And thro' His blood, His pre-cious blood, I shall from sin...be free.

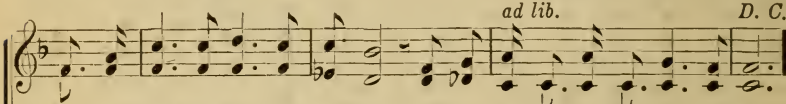
No. 217. The Way of the Cross.



1. I can hear my Sav - ior call - ing, I can hear my Sav - ior call - ing,
2. I'll go with Him thro' the gar - den, I'll go with Him thro' the gar - den,
3. I'll go with Him thro' the judg - ment, I'll go with Him thro' the judg - ment
4. He will give me grace and glo - ry, He will give me grace and glo - ry,

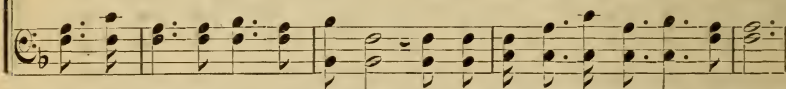


D. C. - Where He leads me I will fol - low, Where He leads me I will fol - low,



ad lib. D. C.

I can hear my Sav - ior call - ing: "Take Thy cross, and fol - low, fol - low me."
 I'll go with Him thro' the gar - den, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
 I'll go with Him thro' the judg - ment, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
 He will give me grace and glo - ry, And go with me, with me all the way.



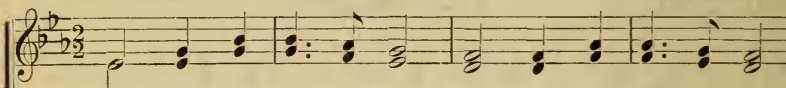
Where He leads me I will fol - low, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

No. 218. My Faith Looks Up to Thee.

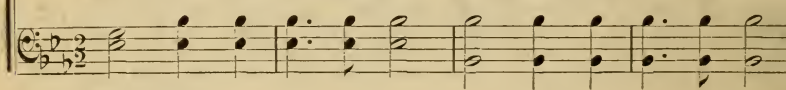
RAY PALMER.

(Olivet.)

LOWELL MASON.



1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry,
2. May Thy rich grace im - part Strength to my faint - ing heart
3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs a - round me spread
4. When ends life's tran - sient dream, When death's cold sul - len stream



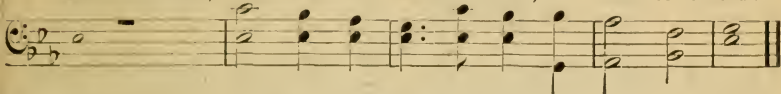
Sav - ior di - vine! Now hear me while I pray, Take all my
 My zeal in - spire; As Thou hast died for me, O may my
 Be Thou my Guide; Bid dark - ness turn to day, Wipe sor - row's
 Shall o'er me roll, Blest Sav - ior, then, in love, Fear and dis -



My Faith Looks Up to Thee.



guilt a - way, O let me from this day Be whol - ly Thine.
 love to Thee Pure, warm, and change-less] be, A liv - ing fire.
 tears a - way, Nor let me ev - er stray From Thee a - side.
 trust re - move; O bear me safe a - bove, A ran - somed soul.



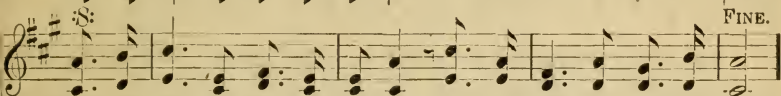
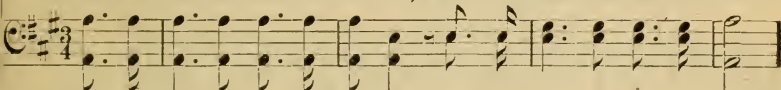
No. 219. Shall We Meet?

H. L. HASTINGS.

ELISHA S. RICE.



1. Shall we meet be - yond the riv - er, Where the surg - es cease to roll?
2. Shall we meet in that blest har - bor, When our stormy voy - age is o'er?
3. Shall we meet in yon - der cit - y, Where the tow'rs of crys - tal shine?
4. Where the mu - sic of the ran - som'd Rolls its har - mo - ny a - round,
5. Shall we meet there many a lov'd one, Who were torn from our em - brace?
6. Shall we meet with Christ our Sav - ior, When He comes to claim His own?

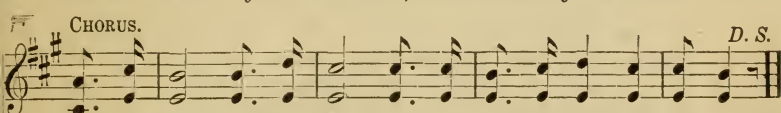


FINE.

Where in all the bright for - ev - er Sor - row ne'er shall press the soul?
 Shall we meet and cast the an - chor By the bright ce - les - tial shore?
 Where the walls are all of jas - per, Built by work - man - ship di - vine?
 And cre - a - tion swells the cho - rus With its sweet me - lo - dious sound?
 Shall we list - en to their voic - es, And be - hold them face to face?
 Shall we know His bless - ed fa - vor, And sit down up - on His throne?



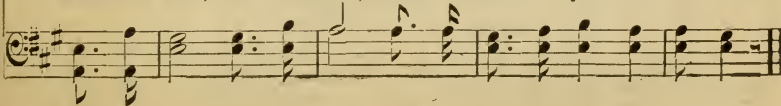
D.S.—Shall we meet be - yond the riv - er, Where the surg - es cease to roll?



CHORUS.

D. S.

Shall we meet, shall we meet, Shall we meet be - yond the riv - er?



No. 220.

Revive Us Again.

1. We praise Thee, O God, for the Son of Thy love,
 2. We praise Thee, O God, for Thy Spir - it of Light,
 3. All glo - ry and praise to the Lamb that was slain,
 4. All glo - ry and praise to the God of all grace,

For Je - sus who died and is now gone a - bove.
 Who has shown us our Sav - ior and scat - tered our night.
 Who has borne all our sins and has cleansed ev - 'ry stain.
 Who has bought us and sought us and guid - ed our ways.

REFRAIN.

Hal - le - lu - jah! thine the glo - ry; Hal - le - lu - jah! a - men! Re - vive us a - gain.

No. 221.

Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me.

EDWARD HOPPER.

J. E. GOULD.

1. Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me O - ver life's tem - pest - uous sea;
 D. C.—Chart and com - pass come from Thee; Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me.
 2. As a moth - er stills her child, Thou canst hush the o - cean wild;
 D. C.—Won - drous Sov - reign of the sea, Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me.
 3. When at last I near the shore, And the fear - ful break - ers roar
 D. C.—May I hear Thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pi - lot Thee."

Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me.

D. S.

Un-known waves be-fore me roll, Hid - ing rock and treach'rous shoal;
Boist'rous waves o - bey Thy will, When Thou say'st to them, "Be still!"
'Twixt me and the peace-ful rest, Then, while lean - ing on Thy breast,

No. 222. O Happy Day.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

E. F. RIMBAULT.

1. { O hap-py day, that fixed my choice On Thee, my Sav - ior and my God! }
 { Well may this glow-ing heart re-joice, And tell its rapt - ures all a - broad }
 2. { O hap-py bond, that seals my vows To Him who mer - its all my love! }
 { Let cheerful an-thems fill His house, While to that sa - cred shrine I move. }

REFRAIN.

FINE.

Hap - py day, hap - py day, When Je - sus washed my sins a - way;
D. S.—Hap - py day, hap - py day, When Je - sus washed my sins a - way.

D. S.

He taught me how to watch and pray, And live re - joic - ing ev - 'ry day;

3 'Tis done, the great transaction's done;
I am my Lord's, and He is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

4 Now rest, my long-divided heart;
Fixed on this blissful center, rest;
Nor ever from thy Lord depart,
With Him of every good possessed.

No. 223. I Gave My Life For Thee.

MISS FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

P. P. BLISS.

1. I gave my life for thee, My pre-cious blood I shed,
 2. My Fa-ther's house of light; My glo-ry-cir-cled throne
 3. I suf-fered much for thee, More than thy tongue can tell,
 4. And I have brought to thee, Down from my home a-bove,

That thou might'st ran-somed be, And quick-ened from the dead;
 I left, for earth-ly night, For wan-d'rings sad and lone;
 Of bit-t'rest ag-o-ny, To res-cue thee from hell;
 Sal-va-tion full and free, My par-don and my love;

f
 I gave, I gave my life for thee, What hast thou giv'n for me?
 I left, I left it all for thee, Hast thou left aught for me?
 I've borne, I've borne it all for thee, What hast thou borne for me?
 I bring, I bring rich gifts to thee, What hast thou brought to me?

By per. of The John Church Co.

No. 224. He Leadeth Me.

J. H. GILMOUR.

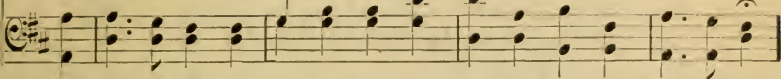
WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. He lead-eth me; Oh, bless-ed tho't! Oh, words with heav'nly com-fort fraught!
 2. Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom, Sometimes where E-den's bow-ers bloom,
 3. Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine, Nor ev-er mur-mur or re-pine;
 4. And when my task on earth is done, When by Thy grace the vic-t'ry's won,

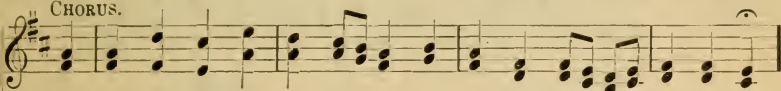
He Leadeth Me.



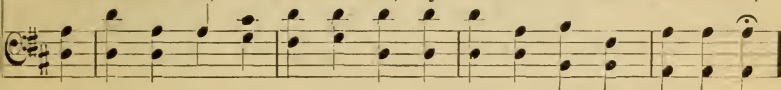
What-e'er I do, wher-e'er I be, Still, 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me.
 By wa-ters still, o'er troub-led sea—Still, 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me.
 Con-tent, what-ev-er lot I see, Since 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me.
 E'en death's cold wave I will not flee, Since God thro' Jor-dan lead-eth me.



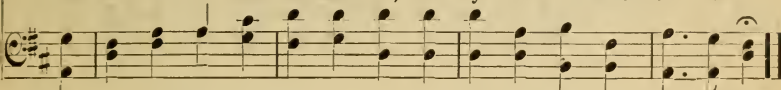
CHORUS.



He lead-eth me, He lead-eth me; By His own hand He lead-eth me;



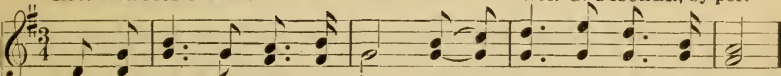
His faith-ful fol-lower I would be, For by His hand He lead-eth me.



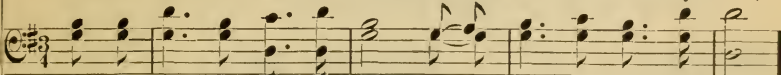
No. 225. I Am Coming to the Cross.

REV. WM. McDONALD.

WM. G. FISCHER, by per.

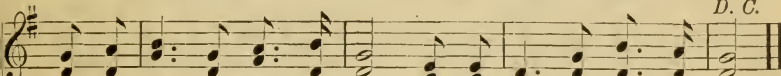


1. I am com-ing to the cross, I am poor and weak and blind;
2. Long my heart has sighed for Thee, Long has e-vil reign'd with-in,
3. Here I give my all to Thee, Friends and time and earth-ly store;

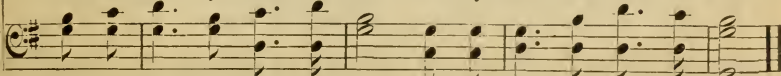


CHO:—I am trust-ing, Lord, in Thee, Blest Lamb of Cal-va-ry;

D. C.



I am count-ing all but dross, I shall full sal-va-tion find.
 Je-sus sweet-ly speaks to me, "I will cleanse you from all sin."
 Soul and bod-y Thine to be—Whol-ly Thine for-ev-er-more.



Hum-bly at Thy cross I bow, Save me Je-sus, save me now.

No. 226.

Deeper Yet.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. In the blood from the cross I have been wash'd from sin; But to be
 2. Day by day, hour by hour, Bless-ings are sent to me; But for more
 3. Near to Christ I would live, Fol-low - ing Him each day; What I ask
 4. Now I have peace, sweet peace, While in this world of sin; But to pray

CHORUS.

free from dross Still I would en - ter in.
 of His pow'r Ev - er my pray'r shall be. Deep - er yet, deep - er yet,
 He will give, So then with faith I pray.
 I'll not cease Till I am pure with - in.

In-to the crim-son flood; Deep-er yet, deep-er yet, Un-der the pre-cious blood.

Copyright, 1896. by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

No. 227.

Room for All

L. B. BATES.

C. H. G.

1. { There's room in God's e - ter - nal love; To save thy pre - cious soul; }
 { Room in the Spir - its grace a - bove, To heal and make thee whole. }
 2. { There's room with-in the church, re-deem'd With blood of Christ di - vine; }
 { Room in the white-rob'd throng, conven'd For that dear soul of thine. }

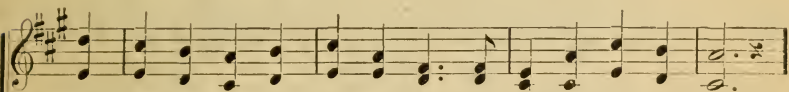
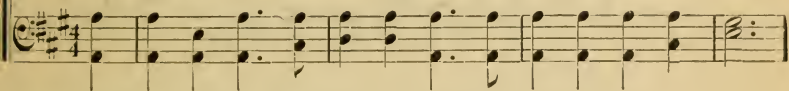
Copyright, 1894, by Chas. H. Gabriel.

No. 228.

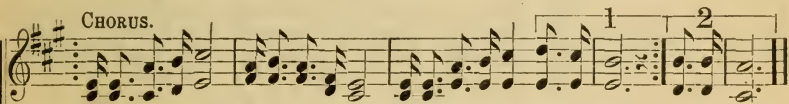
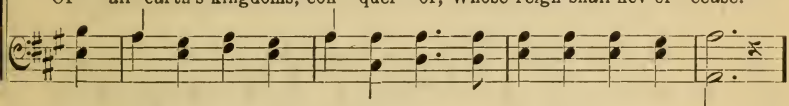
All Praise to Him.



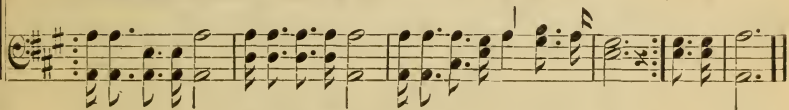
1. All praise to Him who reigns a - bove, In maj - es - ty su - preme;
2. His name a - bove all names shall stand, Ex - alt - ed more and more,
3. Re - deem - er, Sav - ior, Friend of man Once ru - ined by the fall,
4. His name shall be the Coun - sel - lor, The might - y Prince of Peace,



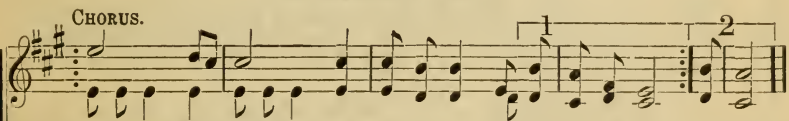
Who gave His son for man to die, That He might man re - deem.
 At God the Fa - ther's own right hand, Where an - gel hosts a - dore.
 Thou hast de - vised sal - va - tion's plan, For Thou hast died for all.
 Of all earth's kingdoms, con - quer - or, Whose reign shall nev - er cease.



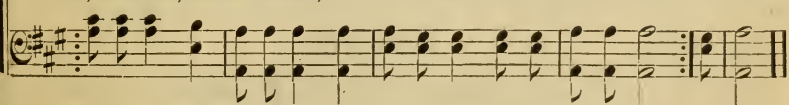
Blessed be the namé, blessed be the name, blessed be the name of the Lord; of the Lord.



Room for All.



Yes, there's room, There's room for thee, and there's room for all; for all.
 Yes, there's room, there's room for thee,



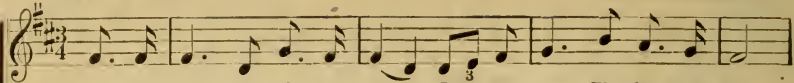
- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>3 There's room in heav'n among the choir,
 And harps and crowns of gold,
 And glorious palms of vict'ry there,
 And joys that ne'er were told.</p> | <p>4 There's room around thy Father's board
 For thee and millions more;
 Oh, come and welcome to the Lord,
 Yea, come this very hour.</p> |
|---|--|

No. 229.

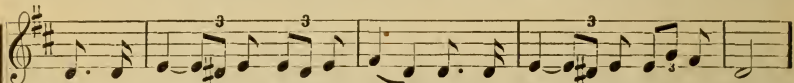
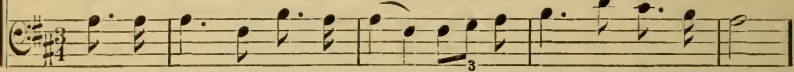
Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

CHAS. WESLEY.

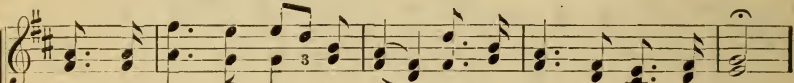
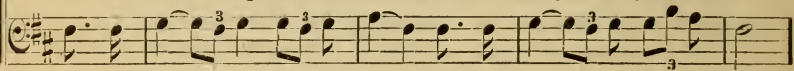
J. P. HOLBROOK.



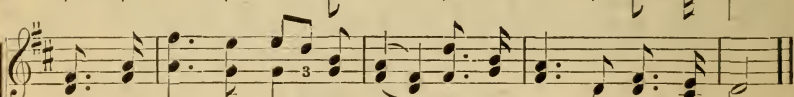
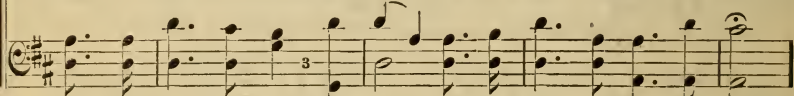
1. Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly,
 2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none; Hangs my help - less soul on Thee;
 3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want; More than all in thee I find;
 4. Plenteous grace in Thee is found, Grace to cov - er all my sin;



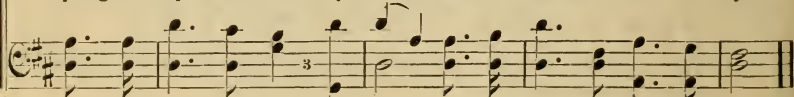
While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high.
 Leave, ah, leave me not a - lone, Still sup - port and strengthen me.
 Raise the fall - en, cheer the faint, Heal the sick and lead the blind.
 Let the heal - ing streams abound; Make and keep me pure with - in.



Hide me, O my Sav - ior, hide, Till the storm of life is past;
 All my trust on Thee is stayed, All my help from Thee I bring;
 Just and ho - ly is Thy name, I am all un - right - eous - ness;
 Thou of life the fount - ain art, Free - ly let me take of thee;



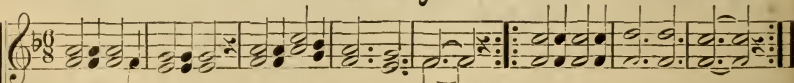
Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O re - ceive my soul at last!
 Cov - er my de - fense - less head With the shad - ow of Thy wing.
 Vile and full of sin I am, Thou art full of truth and grace.
 Spring Thou up with - in my heart, Rise to all e - ter - ni - ty.



No. 230.

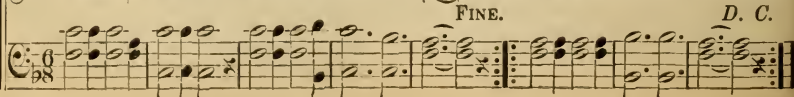
Martyn.

S. B. MARSH.



FINE.

D. C.



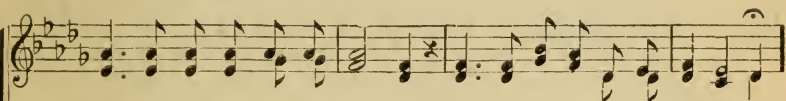
No. 231. God Be With You.

J. E. RANKIN, D. D.

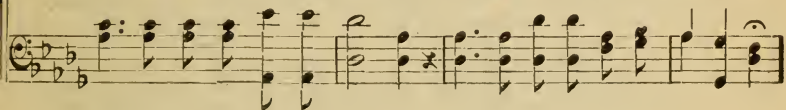
W. G. TOMER.



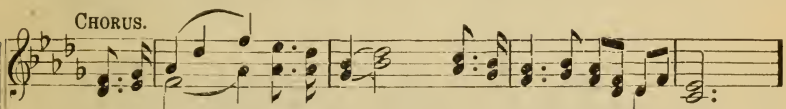
1. God be with you till we meet a-gain, By His counsels guide, uphold you,
2. God be with you till we meet a-gain, 'Neath His wings securely hide you,
3. God be with you till we meet again, When life's perils thick confound you,
4. God be with you till we meet again, Keep love's banner floating o'er you,



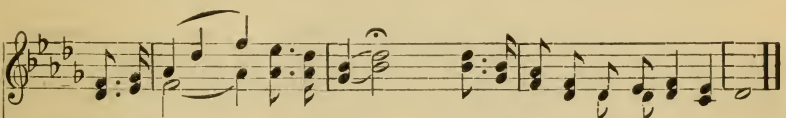
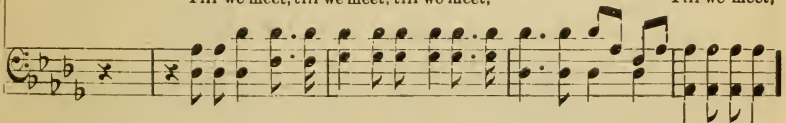
With His sheep se - cure-ly fold you, God be with you till we meet a-gain.
 Dai - ly man - na still di - vide you, God be with you till we meet a-gain.
 Put His arms un - fail-ing round you, God be with you till we meet a-gain.
 Smite death's threat'ning waue before you, God be with you till we meet a-gain.



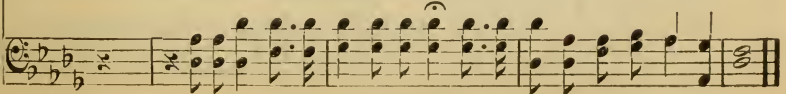
CHORUS.



Till we meet, till we meet, Till we meet at Je - sus' feet,
 Till we meet, till we meet, till we meet, Till we meet,



Till we meet, till we meet, God be with you till we meet a-gain.
 Till we meet, till we meet, till we meet,

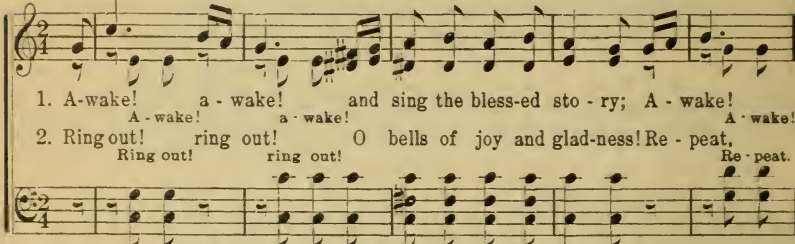


Special Selections.

No. 232. Awakening Chorus.

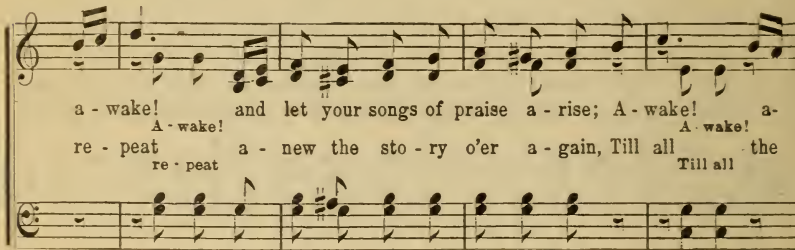
CHARLOTTE G. HOMER.
Moderato.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

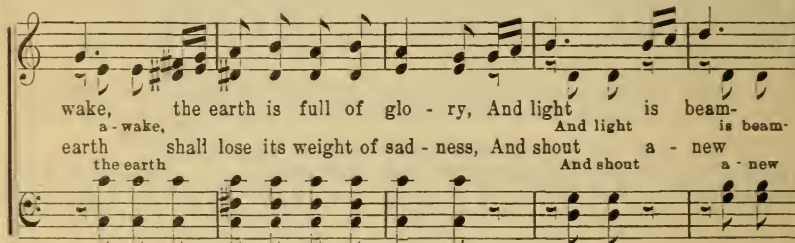


1. A-wake! a - wake! and sing the bless-ed sto - ry; A - wake!
A - wake! a - wake! A - wake! A - wake!

2. Ring out! ring out! O bells of joy and glad-ness! Re - peat,
Ring out! ring out! Re - peat.

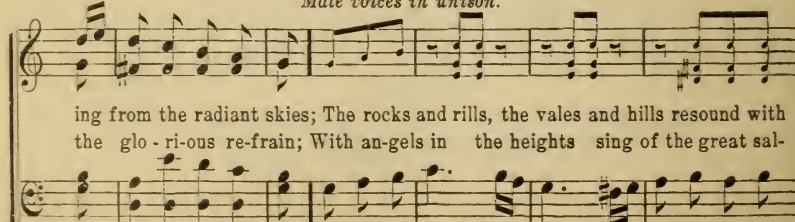


a - wake! and let your songs of praise a - rise; A - wake! a -
A - wake! re - peat a - new the sto - ry o'er a - gain, Till all A - wake! a -
re - peat re - peat Till all the



wake, the earth is full of glo - ry, And light is beam-
a - wake, And light is beam-
earth shall lose its weight of sad - ness, And shout a - new
the earth And shout a - new

Male voices in unison.



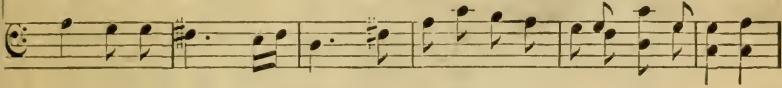
ing from the radiant skies; The rocks and rills, the vales and hills resound with
the glo - ri-ous re-frain; With an-gels in the heights sing of the great sal-

Awakening Chorus.

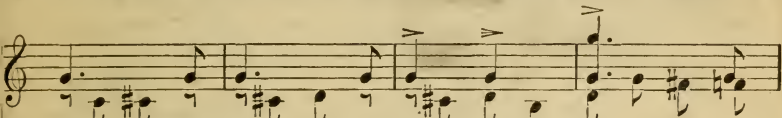
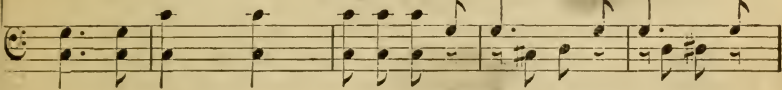
Full Harmony.



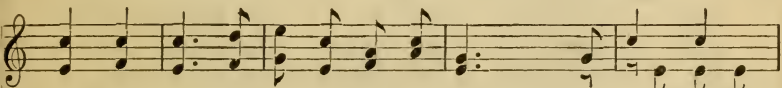
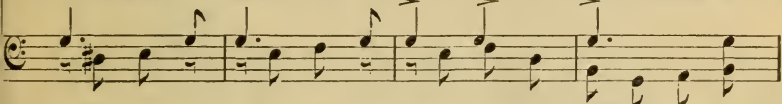
glad-ness, All na - ture joins to sing the triumph song. The Lord Jehovah
va - tion He wrest - ed from the hand of sin and death.



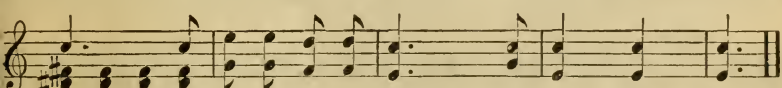
reigns and sin is back-ward hurled! Re-joyce! re-joyce! lift
sin is backward hurled! Re-joyce! re-joyce!



heart and voice, Je - ho - vah reigns! Pro-
lift heart and voice, Je - ho - vah reigns! He reigns!



claim His sov'-reign pow'r to all the world, And let His
pow'r to all the world, And let His



glo - rious ban-ner be un - furled! Je - ho - vah reigns!
grand and glo-rious ban-ner be un - furled! Je - ho - vah reigns! Je - ho - vah reigns!



No. 233. Lo! I Am With You.

INA M. SLUSSER.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. My spir - it cri - eth out for Thee, Thou liv - ing One who chang - eth
 2. My soul is faint, my hope is gone, Thou liv - ing One who gav - est
 3. Oh, pur - blind soul, the light is here! Self's shad - ows on - ly blind thing

not. Earth's noises flood and fol - low me The while I try to call to
 sight To those born blind, I grope a - lone With none to help or hear my
 eyes, Nor hand is to thy - self more near Than He who spake that all might

rit.
 Thee:— I call and find Thee not, I call and find Thee not!
 moan; Is there for me no light! Is there for me no light!
 hear His mes - sage from the skies, His mes - sage from the skies.

CHORUS.

His work is done! The ris - en Lord Speaks to His friends this part - ing word:

Lo! I Am With You.

“Lo! I am with you now,—al - way, Lo! I am with you now—al - way!”

No. 234. The Guiding Light.

REV. E. S. UFFORD.

CARL FISCHER.

1. While the storms of life are rag-ing, There is light a-bove; And the waves their
 2. All the sails of pray'r are lift-ed, Fra-grant breezes blow; Ma-ny in the
 3. So with-in the ship I'm sail-ing, As the days go by, With no fear of

CHORUS.

strife are waging, God, I know, is love.
 night have drifted, But I on-ward go. O'er the sea of life I'm steering hour by
 ev - er fail-ing, With my Cap-tain nigh. steer - ing

hour, And the gold-en portals nearing by His pow'r; All is well! the
 hour by hour, near - ing by His pow'r;

Pilot's guiding t'ward the bay, And I see the light that gilds the homeward way.
 guid - ing t'ward the bay,

No. 235.

Camping on the Field.

CHARLOTTE G. HOMER.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

March tempo.

1. We're encamped up - on the bat - tle field,
 2. Ear - nest, bold and watch-ful we must be;

D. S.—We're encamped up - on the bat - tle field,

Du - ty plain - ly un - to us re - vealed, And our po - si - tion nev - er
 Brave in ac - tion, true in loy - al - ty; Firm as a rock un - shak - en

Du - ty plain - ly un - to us re - vealed, And our po - si - tion nev - er

FINE.

will we yield Till the fin - al vic - t'ry's won.
 by the sea, Fight - ing for the King of kings.

will we yield Till the fin - al vic - t'ry's won.

Foes are strong, but in Je - ho - vah's might we stand; Trusting in Him from
 Toil and dan - ger tho' to us He may ac - cord, Yet will our du - ty

day to day, Fol - low - ing where He leads the way; In His name we
 well be done, Un - til the vic - tor's crown is won; For we know the

In His name we a

Camping on the Field.

a u - nit - ed, loy - al band Nev - er will quit the field, Nor the bat - tle
morn - ing light will bring re - ward, Ush - er - ing in [re - lease, And e - ter - nal
u - nit - ed

yield, Till we march at our Lead - er's com - mand. Loud ho - san - nas
peace, As we en - ter the joy of our Lord. Loud ho - san - nas
Loud hosannas then we

then, we joy - ful - ly sing Un - til the dis - tant isles shall hear Ech - oes re -
sing;

bounding far and near; Praise and hon - or give we un - to our King!
Praise and hon - or give we,

We shall the vic - tors be, And e - ter - ni - ty shall with His prais - es ring.

No. 236. While the Heavenly Breezes Blow.

FRED WOODROW.

GEO. H. CROSEY.

1. Spread the sail to heav'n-ly breez-es Ere the bless-ing, pass-ing by,
 2. Storms are sud-den, rocks are ma-ny Dan-gers ev-'ry-where a-bound,
 3. Spread the sail to heav'n ly breez-es, God Him-self thy guide shall be,

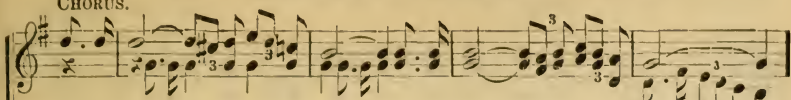
Leaves thee where in doubt and darkness All who lin-ger, stay to die;
 Ere up-on the shore of heav-en, Home and hap-pi-ness are found;
 Till you an-chor in the har-bor Shin-ing o'er the troubled sea;

Waits the Pi-lot not for-ev-er, Swift the mo-ments speed a-way,
 All who love the bless-ed Sav-ior Safe-ly ride the stormy gale,
 Spread the sail to heav'nly breez-es, Ere the bless-ing, pass-ing by,

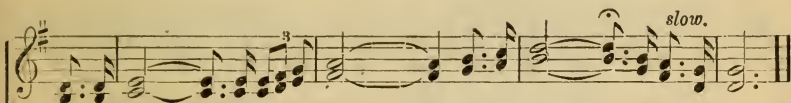
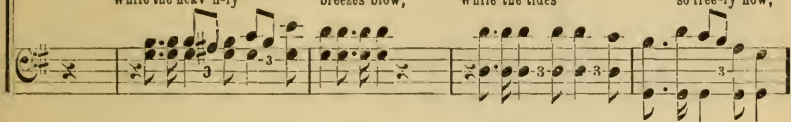
And the night that has no mor-row, Clos-es in on mer-cy's day.
 And in heav-en's port of glo-ry, With the an-gels furl the sail.
 Leaves thee where in doubt and dark-ness, All who tar-ry, wait to die.

While The Heavenly Breezes Blow.

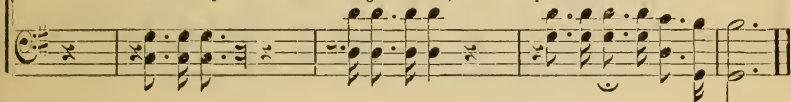
CHORUS.



While the heav'n - ly breezes blow While the tides . . . of mercy flow
 While the heav'n-ly breezes blow, While the tides so free-ly flow,



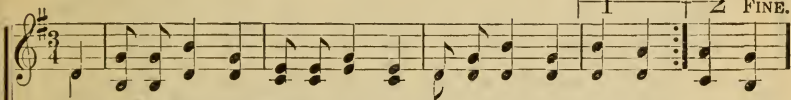
Ere the day . . . of grace is o'er . . . Spread the sail for heav'n's bright shore.
 Ere the day of grace is o'er, Spread the sail of



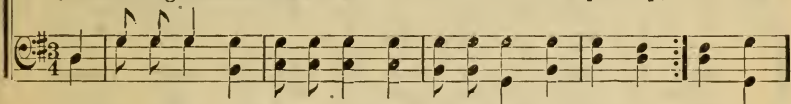
No. 237. The Sweetest Name.

GEO. W. BETHUNE.

WM. B. BRADBURY.



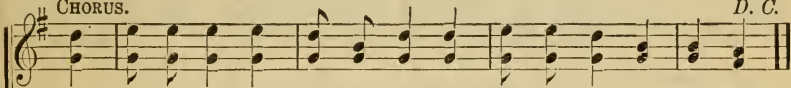
1. { There is no name so sweet on earth, No name so sweet in heav-en; }
 { The name, before His wondrous birth, To Christ the Savior [Omit .] } giv - en.
2. { And when He hung up-on the tree, They wrote this name above Him; }
 { That all might see the rea-son we For-ev - er-more must [Omit] } love Him.



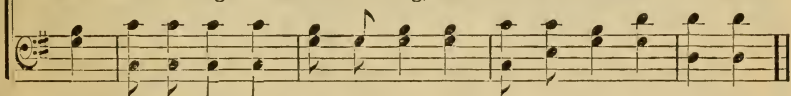
D. C.—For there's no word ear ever heard, So dear, so sweet as [Omit] "Je- sus!"

CHORUS.

D. C.



We love to sing of Christ our King, And hail Him bless-ed Je - sus!



3 So now, upon His Father's throne—
 Almighty to release us
 From sin and pain—He ever reigns,
 The Prince and Savior, Jesus.

4 O Jesus! by that matchless name,
 Thy grace shall fail us never;
 Today as yesterday the same,
 Thou art the same forever!

CHARLOTTE G. HOMER.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Loud - ly un - to the world is a cho - rus re - sound - ing
 2. Press - ing on to the bat - tle, each sol - dier re - joic - es,
 3. Glo - ry! glo - ry to God in the high - est for - ev - er!

From the hosts of the Lord, as they march a - long,
 Sing - ing joy - ful - ly un - to the gra - cious King;
 For the King in His beau - ty shall yet ap - pear;

Rare in har - mo - ny, send - ing the ech - oes re - bound - ing,
 Earth is quiv - er - ing un - der the tu - mult of voic - es,
 Shout a - loud, for Je - ho - vah, our God, will de - liv - er!

Swell - ing might - i - ly from the vic - to - rious throng.
 While the arch - es of heav - en with mu - sic ring.
 His the bat - tle, and vic - to - ry draw - eth near.

CHORUS.

Vic - to - ry! vic - to - ry rings a - loud the bat - tle cry,
 Vic - to - ry! rings a - loud the bat - tle cry, vic - to - ry!

A Song of Victory.

Un - til the glo - ri - ous ech - oes reach the vault - ed sky;
Till the glad ech - oes reach the vault - ed sky, vic - to - ry!

O - ver the world now be un - furled His flag from shore to shore;
O'er the world be un - furled now His flag from shore to shore;

Loy - al and true in the ranks each faith - ful sol - dier stands,
Loy - al, true in the ranks each sol - dier stands, brave - ly stands,

Glad - ly o - bey - ing in what - so - ev - er He com - mands;
Glad - ly His will o - bey - ing in what - e'er He com - mands;

He is the King and the king - dom His for - ev - er - more.
He the King,

No. 239. Hurrah for the Flag.

CHARLOTTE G. HOMER.

A. O. T. ASTENIUS, and C. H. G.

1. Hur - rah for the flag, "Old Glo - ry, All hal - lowed in song and
 2. Hur - rah for the flag, we love it! It's folds light the heav'ns a -
 3. Hur - rah for the flag all glo - rious! Hur-rah for the flag vic-

sto - ry! Long, long may it wave in beau - ty, O'er scions of
 bove it! Un - sul - lied, tri - um - phant ev - er, It floats o'er op -
 to - rious! The sym - bol of love un - spok - en, The em - blem of

faith and du - ty. No ty - rant shall mar one stripe or a star, No
 pres - sion nev - er. Each star in its field is sworn as a shield Of
 slave - chains brok - en! Till time is no more, from shore un - to shore, Shall

trai - tor un - challenged, stain it; No al - ien de - ny, no foe - man de -
 jus - tice to home and na - tion; All hon - or to thee, O flag of the
 fol - low thy right - eous se - quel; In truth, love and right, in jus - tice and

CHORUS.

cry The blood that was shed to gain it.
 free, Thine, thine is our ob - li - ga - tion. Hur - rah for the flag, "Old
 might, All men shall be free and e - qual!

Hurrah for the Flag.

Glo - ry," All hal - lowed in song and sto - ry! For it hearts have
lan - guished, Suf - ered in an - guish On fields of bat - tle go - ry.

No. 240. God's Majesty and Power.

Rev. W. R. FITCH.

C. H. G.

1. Lord God of Host to Thee we raise Our grate - ful hearts in songs of praise,
2. Sun moon and stars with light a - flame Thy glo - rious maj - es - ty pro - claim,
3. Be - fore Thy throne the heav'n - ly host Praise Fa - ther Son and Ho - ly Ghost,
4. Thy name a - bove all names shall be; There is no oth - er God but Thee,

And count Thy mer - cies o'er;
Thy won - drous love and grace;
And wor - ship and a - dore
Thou art our Lord and King!

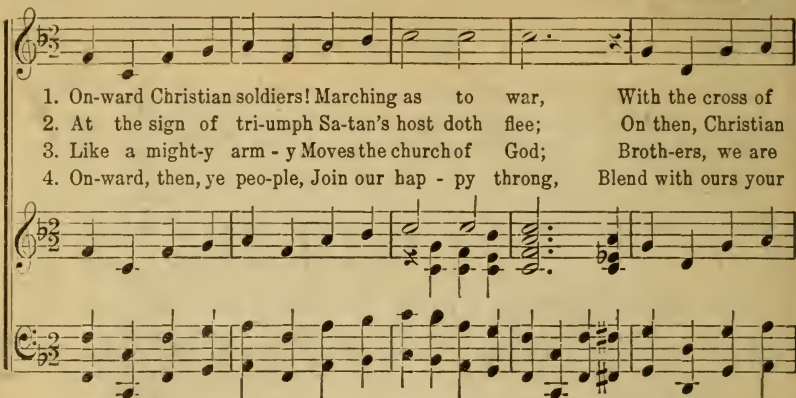
In ev - 'ry land, by ev - 'ry tongue,
They tell us of Thy match - less pow'r,
The Fa - ther Spir - it and the Son,
O migh - ty One, An - cient of days,

rit.

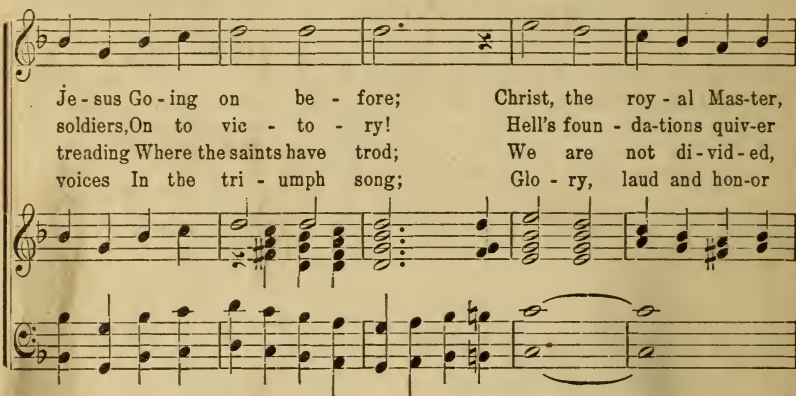
Thro' all the earth Thy praise be sung Till time shall be no more.
The hand that guides them hour by hour, And holds them in their place.
Thy Ho - ly Trin - i - ty in One, Bless - ed for - ev - er - more.
Let heav'n and earth join in Thy praise, And of Thy glo - ry sing.

No. 241. Onward, Christian Soldiers!

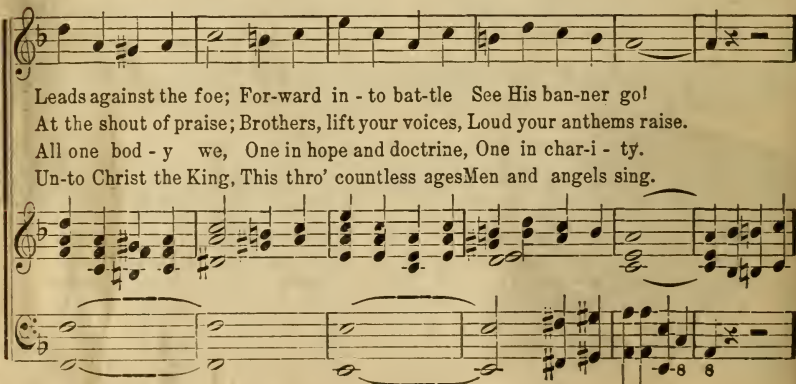
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. On-ward Christian soldiers! Marching as to war, With the cross of
 2. At the sign of tri-umph Sa-tan's host doth flee; On then, Christian
 3. Like a might-y arm - y Moves the church of God; Broth-ers, we are
 4. On-ward, then, ye peo-ple, Join our hap - py throng, Blend with ours your



Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore; Christ, the roy - al Mas - ter,
 soldiers, On to vic - to - ry! Hell's foun - da - tions quiv - er
 treading Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed,
 voices In the tri - umph song; Glo - ry, laud and hon - or



Leads against the foe; For - ward in - to bat - tle See His ban - ner go!
 At the shout of praise; Brothers, lift your voices, Loud your anthems raise.
 All one bod - y we, One in hope and doctrine, One in char - i - ty.
 Un - to Christ the King, This thro' countless ages Men and angels sing.

Onward Christian Soldiers!

CHORUS.

On - ward!
On - ward, Chris-tian Sol-diers!

On - ward! with the cross of Je - sus

go - ing on be - fore! Christ, the roy - al Mas - ter, leads a-

gainst the foe; For - ward in - to bat - tle see His ban - ner go.

No. 242.

Gloria Patri,

Glo - ry be to the Fa - ther, and to the Son, and to the Ho - ly Ghost: As

was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. A-men, A-men.

No. 243.

He Careth for Me.

MRS. GRACE WEISER DAVIS.

DR. H. R. PALMER.

1. As our heav-en-ly Fa-ther the spar-row's fall doth know,
 2. As our heav-en-ly Fa-ther, for lil-ies too, doth care,
 3. Take no tho't for the mor-row; Thy heav'n-ly Fa-ther knows,

As wav-ing leaf on the tree-top He notes as it fall-eth low,
 Doth clothe with exquisite beau-ty in pur-i-ty, O so fair;
 The things ye stand in need of, He in-fi-nite mer-cy shows;

As e'en thy hairs are num-bered, let this thy com-fort be,
 As spar-rows toil and spin not, yet by thy God are fed,
 Seek first for God's own king-dom set up with-in thy heart,

Much more, O pre-cious loved one, thy fa-ther cares for thee.
 Much less will He for-get thee; thou safe-ly shalt be led.
 And all things shall be add-ed; then choose "the bet-ter part."

He Careth For Me.

CHORUS.

f *cres.*

ff

He cares for me! He cares for me! Sing to thy-self each day!

f He cares for me! *p* He cares for me! *cres.* In all things and *dim.* al-way.

No. 244. Wait, Work, Pray.

ADAM CRAIG.

ORAN WILLIAMS.

1. Are you doubt-ing? God still reigns! Thro' the dark-ness, Hope re-mains!
 2. Don't stop work-ing! God says "work," Do your du-ty—Nev-er shirk.
 3. Don't stop pray-ing—God says "pray," He will nev-er An-swer "nay."

REFRAIN.

Then trust Him and o - bey, He will clear the clouds a-
 trust Him and o - bey,

way, And bring the gold - en day } Wait, wait, wait.
 a - way, gold - en day } Work, work, work.
 } Pray, pray, pray.

No. 245. What Would You Have Done!

JENNIE E. HUSSEY.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

SOLO, BARITONE OR ALTO.

1. Had you dwelt in Beth'hem cit - y When from heav'n to earth came down
2. Had you dwelt in some fair val - ley 'Mong the hills of Gal - i - lee,
3. Had your eyes be - held the scourging, Pur - ple robe, and crown of thorn,
4. Had you like the lov - ing Ma - ry, Ear - ly hastened thro' the gloom,

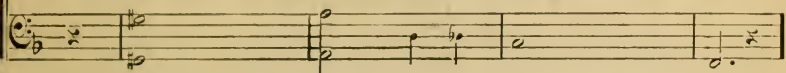
Je - sus Christ, the King of glo - ry, Who for us left throne and crown,
 When the Christ with His dis - ci - ples Walked and talk - ed be - side the sea,
 When the un - be - liev - ers mocked Him Would you then have shared their scorn?
 Would your lips have framed the question, "Who has borne Him from the tomb?"

Would you then, like watch - ing shep - herds Ear - nest - ly the Child have sought -
 Teach - ing les - sons from the lil - ies, How they neith - er toil nor spin,
 Or, like quick, im - pet - uous Pet - er, Read - y e'en with Him to die,
 Then what joy to hail Him ris - en, On that morn - ing fair and bright,

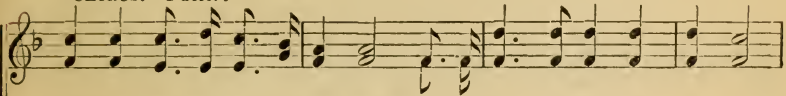
What Would You Have Done.



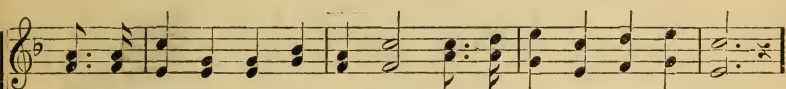
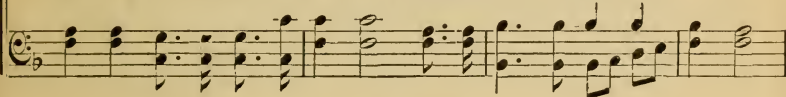
Would you, like the three who journeyed, Pre - cious gifts to Him have brought?
Yet your heav'nly Fa - ther robes them—Would your heart have let Him in?
O - ver - come by Sa - tan's pow - er, Just as read - y to de - ny?
From the grave that could not pris - on Christ, the Lord of life and light.



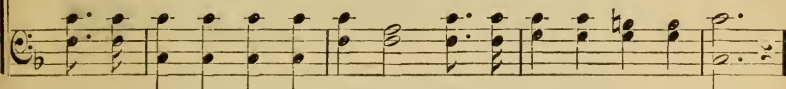
CHORUS. *Faster.*



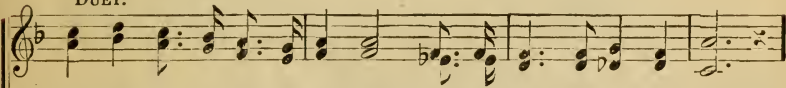
Tell me, tell me, had you been there In the land of blest Ju - de - a,



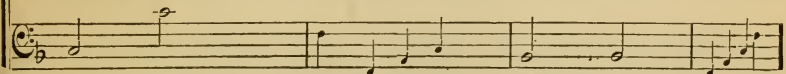
Would you then the star have followed, Till you found the Guest so dear,



DUET.



Ly - ing in a low - ly man - ger, In the sta - ble dim and drear?



ALL VOICES.



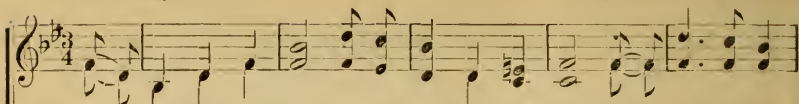
Ly - ing in a low - ly man - ger, In a sta - ble dim and drear?



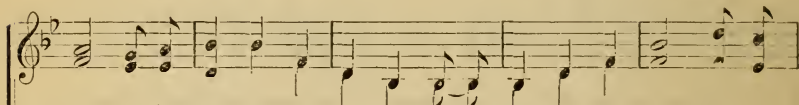
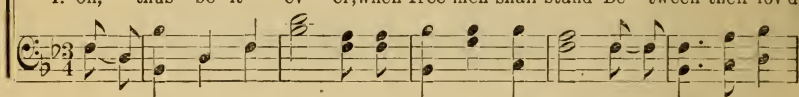
No. 246. The Star-Spangled Banner.

SOLO OR QUARTET.

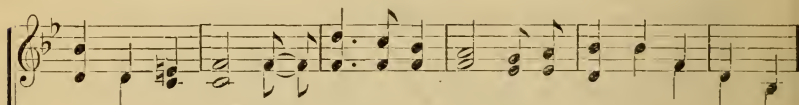
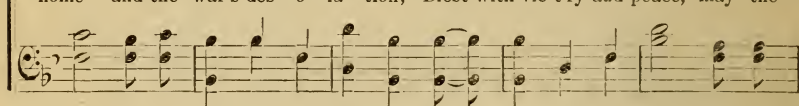
FRANCIS SCOTT KEY.



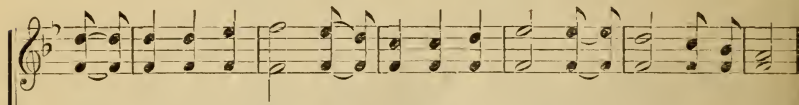
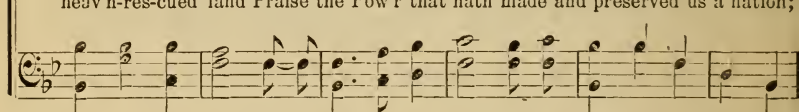
1. Oh, say, can you see by the dawn's ear-ly light, What so proud-ly we
2. On the shore, dim-ly seen thro' the mists of the deep, Where the foe's haughty
3. And where is that band, who so vaunt-ing - ly swore, That the hav - oc of
4. Oh, thus be it ev - er, when free-men shall stand Be - tween their lov'd



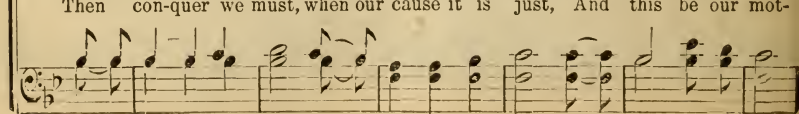
hailed at the twilight's last gleaming; Whose broad stripes and bright stars, thro' the
hosts in dread si - lence re - pos - es, What is that which the breeze, o'er the
war and the bat - tle's con - fu - sion A home and a coun - try should
home and the war's des - o - la - tion; Blest with vic-t'ry and peace, may the



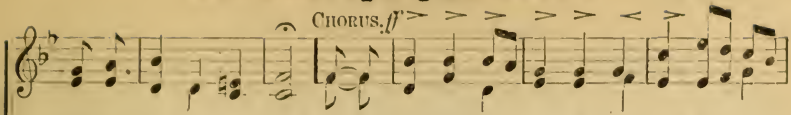
per - il - ous fight, O'er the ramparts we watch'd, were so gal-lant-ly streaming?
tow - er - ing steep, As it fit - ful - ly blows, half conceals, half dis-clo-s - es?
leave us no more? Their blood has wash'd out their foul footsteps' pol-lu-tion;
heav'n-res-cued land Praise the Pow'r that hath made and preserved us a nation;



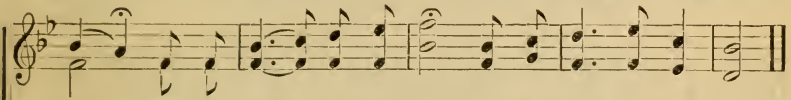
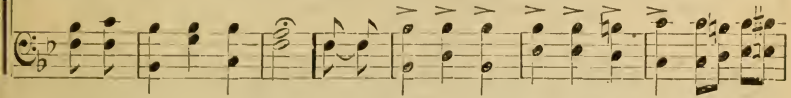
And the rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air, Gave proof thro' the night
Now it catch-es the gleam of the morning's first beam, In full glo - ry re-reflect-
No ref - uge could save the hire-ling and slave, From the ter - ror of flight,
Then con-quer we must, when our cause it is just, And this be our mot-



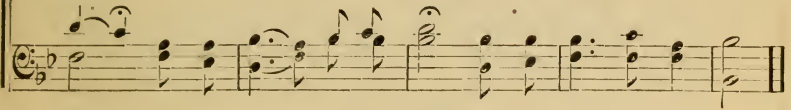
The Star-Spangled Banner.



that our flag was still there, Oh, say, does that star-span-gled ban-ner yet
ed, now shines on the stream; 'Tis the star-span-gled ban-ner; oh, long may it
or the gloom of the grave; And the star-span-gled ban-ner in tri-umph doth
to: "In God is our trust!" And the star-span-gled ban-ner in tri-umph shall



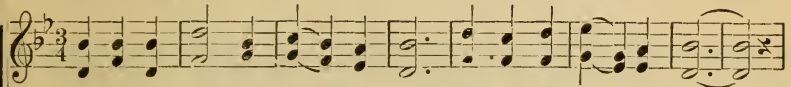
wave O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave!



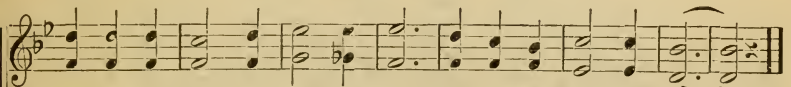
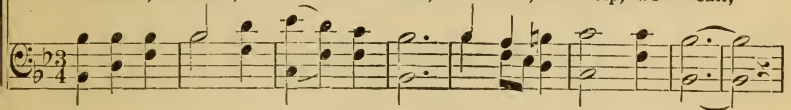
No. 247. Thy Kingdom Come.

REV. S. F. SMITH.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. Thy kingdom come! we watch and wait, With fer-vent lips we pray;
2. Oh, joy-ful scene! oh, world-wide rest, When land, and stream, and main,
3. So let Thy glo-ri-ous king-dom come, As comes the morn-ing ray,
4. We watch, we work, for Thee a-lone; On Thee, our help, we call;



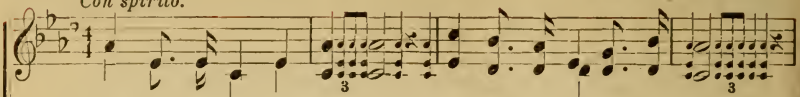
Ride on, O King, in re-gal state, Oh, come the glo-ri-ous day!
From north to south, from east to west, Shall own Thy peace-ful reign.
And fills heav'n's wide ex-pand-ing dome, With pure and per-fect day.
O King of saints, come, take Thy throne, Tri-umph-ant Lord of all.



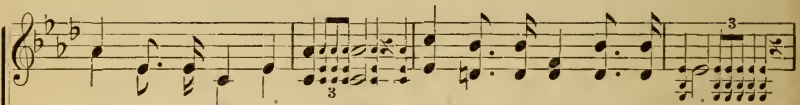
(Princely Knights' National Hymns.)

A. W. CONNER.
Con spirito.

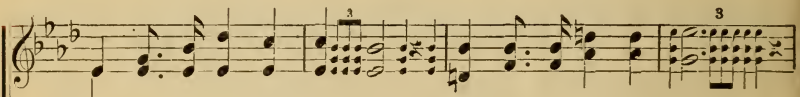
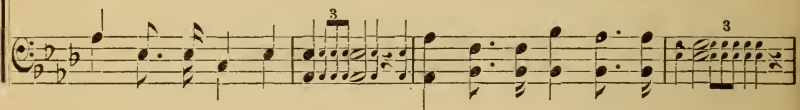
W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.



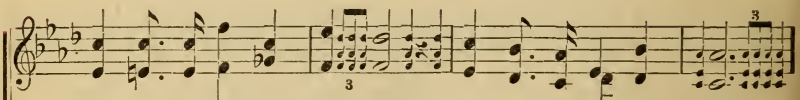
1. Flag of a thou-sand bat-tles! Beau-ti-ful flag of the free,
 2. Flag of a thou-sand vic-t'ries! Vic-t'ries of right o-ver wrong,
 3. Flag of Im-pe-rial Man-hood! Un-der thy glo-ri-ous fold,



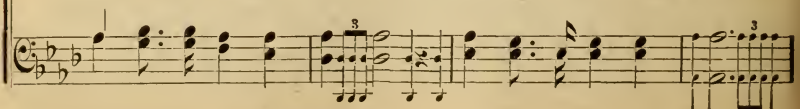
Wav-ing from hill and mount-ain, Wav-ing o'er land and the sea;
 Daughters and sons most loy-al, Ev-er shall praise thee in song,
 Man shall at-tain his glo-ry— Glo-ry by pro-phets fore-told;



Out-ward and sea-ward ev-er, Proud-ly and grand-ly wave;
 Tell-ing the bless-ed Un-ion, Lib-er-ty joined with Law!
 Truth shall pro-claim her mes-sage; Broth-er-ly love in-crease;



Un-der thy folds of splen-dor, Gath-er the true and brave.
 Na-tions shall give thee rev'rence; Ty-rants shall stand in awe.
 Wave on, thou flag of glo-ry— Wave till op-pres-sion cease.



Old Glory.

CHORUS.

Old Glo - ry! Old Glo - ry! The world a - waits thy

sto - ry Float on!..... float on!..... Pro-
Float on! float on!

claim - ing lib - er - ty; Old Glo - ry! Old

Glo - ry! Thy world a - waits thy sto - ry; Float

on!..... float on!..... Thou em - blem of the free.
Float on! float on!

No. 249. When I Think of Jesus.

C. H. G.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

The piano introduction consists of two staves in 4/4 time. The right hand features a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving lines.

CONTRALTO SOLO.

The Contralto Solo begins with a single staff in 4/4 time, showing the vocal line with a series of eighth and sixteenth notes.

1. When I think of Je - sus and His love for me,
2. When I think of Je - sus in Geth-sem - a - ne,
3. When I think of Je - sus— of His thorn-crowned brow,

The piano accompaniment for the first vocal line consists of two staves in 4/4 time, providing harmonic support with chords and moving lines.

The second vocal line is shown on a single staff in 4/4 time, continuing the melodic development.

Of the years of tri - al He en-dured in Gal - i - lee; Of the sor-row,
 Of His pray'r, and of the tears of blood He shed for me; Of the bit-ter
 And be-hold Him meekly to the cru - el scourging bow; When up - on the

The piano accompaniment for the second vocal line consists of two staves in 4/4 time, providing harmonic support with chords and moving lines.

The third vocal line is shown on a single staff in 4/4 time, continuing the melodic development.

words of mine can-not ex-press; Of His love and mer-cy, grace and
 heart-ache He en-dured a - lone, E - ven doubt-ed and neg-lect - ed
 cross I see my Sav-ior there, Plead-ing for the sin - ner with His

The piano accompaniment for the third vocal line consists of two staves in 4/4 time, providing harmonic support with chords and moving lines.

When I Think of Jesus.*

ten - der - ness, How I long to serve Him to be clean and
 by His own— How my sins ap - pall me, as to Him I
 dy - ing pray'r, How my soul is lift - ed, puls - ing with de-

pure, Faith-ful, will - ing ev - er all things for Him to en - dure!
 cry: "Mer - cy, Lord, have mer - cy! let me not, a sin - ner, die."
 sire To be wor - thy, e - ven tho' I must be purged with fire.

HYMN REFRAIN. FINE.

After 1st stanza.

1. { Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly, }
 { While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high; }

After 2d stanza.

2. { Oth - er ref - uge have I none, Hangs my help - less soul on Thee; }
 { Leave, oh, leave me not a - lone, Still sup - port and com - fort me; }

After 3d stanza.

3. { Thou, O Christ, art all I want, More than all in Thee I find; }
 { Raise the fall - en, cheer the faint, Heal the sick and lead the blind; }

D. C. - Vile and full of sin I am, Thou art full of truth and grace.

D. C.

Just and ho - ly is Thy name; I am all un - right - eous - ness,

* After 1st stanza of solo, choir sings, very softly, the first two lines of "Hymn Refrain" likewise after 2d stanza of solo, sing first two lines of 2d stanza of hymn; after last stanza of solo sing entire last stanza of hymn.

LAURENE HIGHFIELD.

KATHRYNE LINEHAN.

1. A - wake! a - wake! and sing with joy and glad - ness, Come,
 2. A - wake! a - wake! come from your tents in tri - umph, Ye
 3. A - wake! a - wake! and shout a - loud re - joic - ing! Let

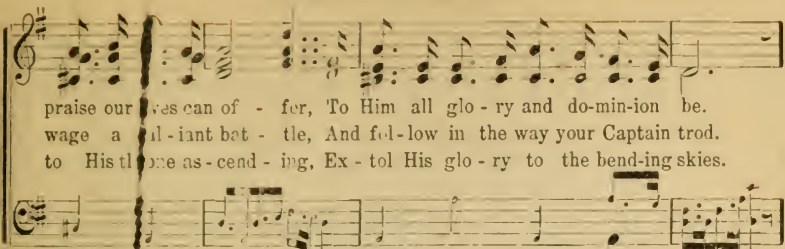
praise the King who reigns in pow'r on high! His ra-diance drives a-
 sol - diers who are pledged to do His will; Put on the ar - mor
 songs of vic - t'ry ring up - on the air Ye ran-somed of the

way all gloom and sad - ness, His love su-preme has bro't sal - va - tion
 that He has pro - vid - ed, And "Up - ward! on - ward!" be your watch - word
 Lord re - peat His prais - es, Se - cure - ly ye shall rest with - in His

nigh! The Lord of hosts, the might-y One in bat - tle, The
 still; The shield of faith, the hel - met of sal - va - tion, The
 care; Come bow be - fore Him; at His feet low bend - ing Ac -

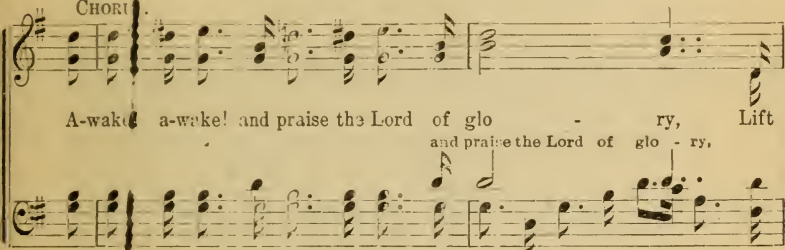
Prince of Peace, who rules the earth and sea, He mer - its all the
 Spir - it's sword, the might-y word of God; Go forth equipped to
 knowl - edge Him your Sovereign true and wise, Your hap - py voic - es

Awake! Awake!

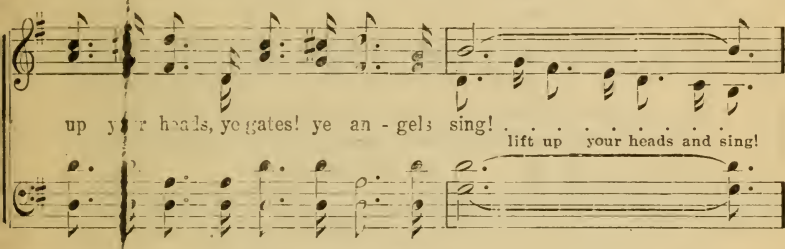


praise our lives can of - fer, To Him all glo - ry and do - min - ion be.
wage a sul - iant bat - tle, And fol - low in the way your Cap - tain trod.
to His throne as - cend - ing, Ex - tol His glo - ry to the bend - ing skies.

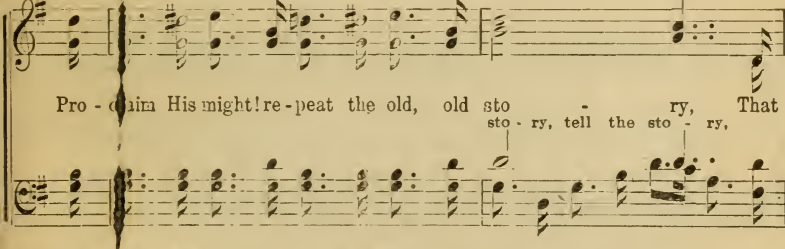
CHORUS



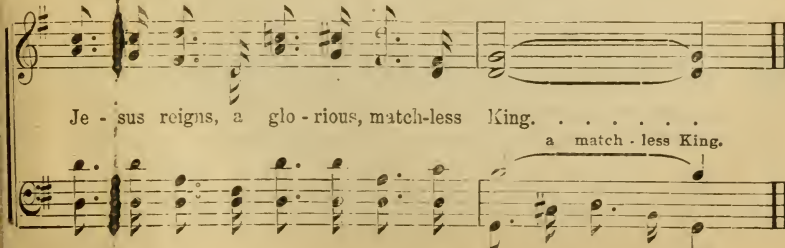
A - wake a - wake! and praise the Lord of glo - ry, Lift
and praise the Lord of glo - ry,



up your heads, ye gates! ye an - gels sing! lift up your heads and sing!



Pro - claim His might! re - peat the old, old sto - ry, That
sto - ry, tell the sto - ry,



Je - sus reigns, a glo - rious, match - less King.
a match - less King.

No. 251.

A Battle Song.

C. H. G.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. With a song on our lips and our flag un-furled, We are out in the field
 2. All the day lo! the cloud in the sky leads on! Thro' the night burns the pil-

to reclaim the world! We are fighting for the King of kings; Long and loud our
 lar of fire 'till dawn! Ev'-ry soldier's heart with cour-age burns, As a - far the

song of bat-tle rings! At the call from the throne we our names enroll'd, And with
 vict'ry each discerns. We'll forsake not the field nor our arms lay down Till the

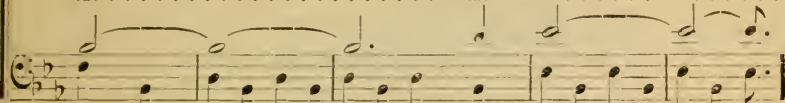
hearts brave and true, We our du-ty will do Un - til vict'ry's gates un-fold! And with
 tumult shall cease, And the glo - ry of peace Shall our loy - al service crown. Till the

hearts brave and true We our du - ty will do Un - til vict'ry's gates un - fold
 tu - mult shall cease, And the glo - ry of peace Shall our loy - al serv - ice crown.

A Battle Song.



Like a mighty ar-my on we move! Faithful unto death we each will prove, . . .



On! . . . on! on!

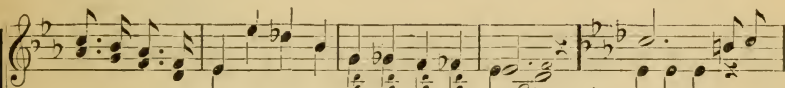
Like an ar-my on we move, And un-to death we each will faith-ful prove,



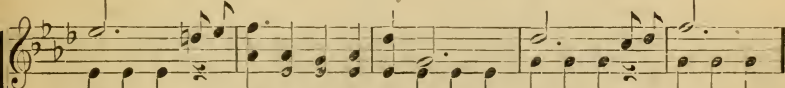
For lo! our God still reigns and ever glorious We keep His banner proudly waving



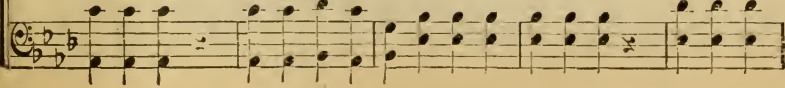
o'er us; For-ev-er He shall rule, a King vic-to-rious, All glo-ry be un-



to His ho-ly name; All glo-ry be un-to His name! He is the
He is King,



King! He is a-ble to de-liv-er! He is the King!
He is King! He is a-ble to de-liv-er! He is King! He is King!



A Battle Song.

He shall rule from shore to shore! He is the King! He a-lone shall
 He shall rule from shore to shore, He is King! He is King! He a-

reign for-ev-er, He is the King And His name shall all adore!
 lone shall reign for- ev- er, He is King! He is King!

Like a mighty ar-my on we move! Faithful unto death we each will prove, . . .
 On! . . . on! on! . . .

Like an ar-my on we move, And un-to death we each will faith-ful prove,

{ For lo! our God still reigns and ever glorious We keep His banner proudly waving
 { For-ev-er He shall rule, a King vic-to-ri-ous, All glo-ry (*Omit*)

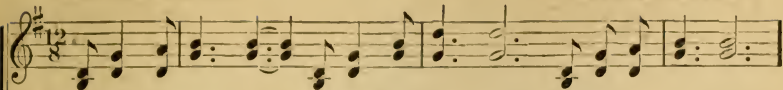
o'er us; be un-to His name, all glo-ry be un-to His name, Amen, A-men.

No. 252.

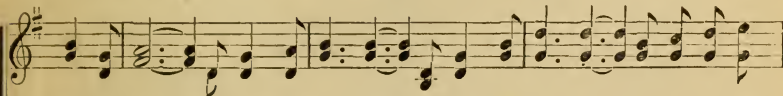
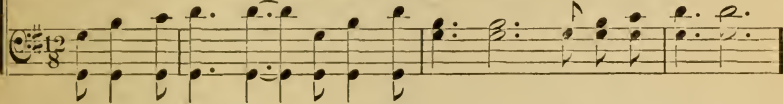
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MRS. IDA M. BUDD.

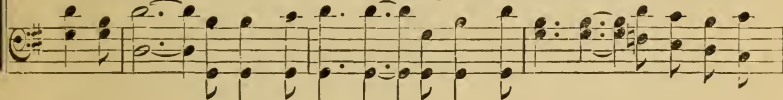
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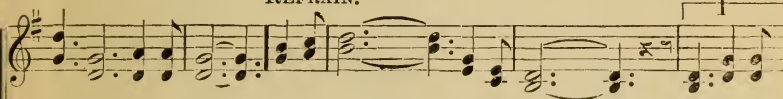
1. There will be sing - ing and great re - joic - ing Yon - der in glo - ry
2. There will be wail - ing, sad lam - en - ta - tions, Bit - ter - est weep - ing,
3. In heav - en's mor - row shall we be chant - ing Praise and thanks - giving
4. Grant us, O Fa - ther, that not with sad - ness Our souls shall meet Thee,



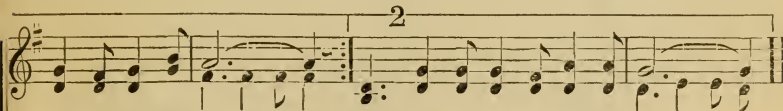
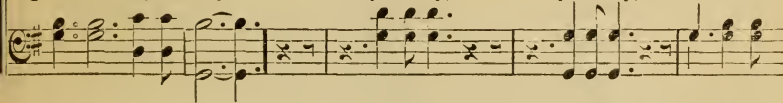
by and by; Sweet anthems ring - ing, in glad - ness voic - ing Salvation's sweet,
 by and by; Grief un - a - vail - ing, vain sup - pli - ca - tion, And sor - row - full
 by and by? Or, in our sor - row, be there la - ment - ing Our prod - i - gal
 by and by, But let, us rath - er, with joy and glad - ness Haste onward to,



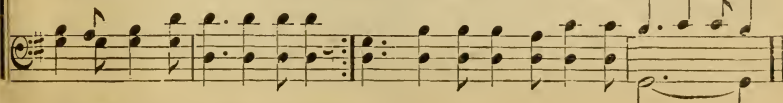
REFRAIN.



sto - ry, by and by. By and by, By and by, Singing and
 reaping, by and by. Weeping and
 liv - ing, by and by? Gladness and
 greet Thee, by and by. By and by, by and by, Our souls shall



praising by and by; Sing - ing and prais - ing by and by;
 wail - ing by and by; Weeping and wail - ing by and by;
 sor - row by and by; Gladness and sor - row by and by;
 meet Thee, by and by, by and by; Our souls shall meet Thee, by and by, by and by.



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